



OPEN DOOR to HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD lures. It fascinates. It holds a thrill for every man and woman. Now it gives something it has denied for years—opportunity, a wonderful chance of a screen career, and fame, and fortune.

THIS really wonderful opportunity comes through The Australian Women's Weekly-Paramount Search for Beauty contest, which closes in a few days—but there is still time for you to join the hundreds of beautiful Australian girls and handsome men who have entered this thrilling and dignified competition.

Many of Australia's most distinguished girls have entered, all attracted by the magnificent prizes and opportunities offered.

Hollywood is seeking new talent, and is conducting a world-wide quest for it through all the English-speaking countries. One man and one woman will be chosen from Australia to go to Hollywood—and it is this man and woman for whom Paramount and The Australian Women's Weekly are searching.

It might be you! Have you entered? Any Australian-born man and woman between 17 and 30 is eligible.

A noteworthy feature of the last few days of the competition has been the entering of some of Sydney's and Melbourne's best-known girls.

Miss Audrey Connell, whose beautiful figure and perfect poise attracted much attention at recent mannequin parades in Sydney, has entered because she is determined to prove the truth of her own words, "that she would seize every opportunity that offered to help her get to Hollywood." A striking picture of Miss Connell is published on this page.

Miss Jean Black, another well-known Sydney society girl, who has entered,

thinks that the time has arrived when screen opportunities should be added to the many other chances which America has offered Australians in other spheres. Miss Black sees in this competition the chance of achieving a lifelong ambition—a screen career.

Still another well-known entrant is Miss Joan Hannam, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hannam, of Darling Point, who says: "The few days I spent at the Cinesound Studio while playing a small part in 'The Squatter's Daughter,' has made me keener than ever to go on." Miss Hannam has played several leads at the Savoy Theatre.

In "Guineys," "Sweet Lavender," and "Enchanted Cottage."

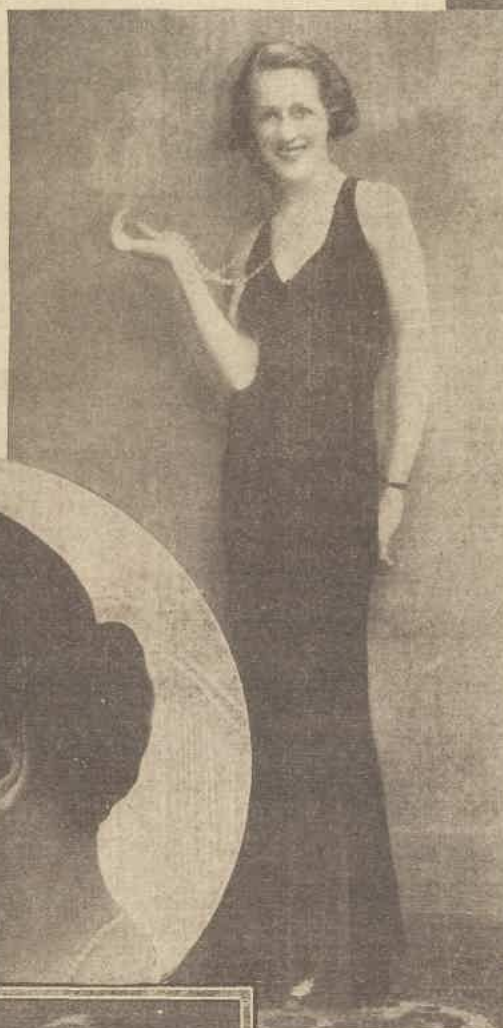
Miss Joan Badgery, of Scone, who is noted for her good looks, realises that the competition may be the road to fame and fortune, as well as to the crock of gold at the rainbow's end.

Miss Betty Higgins, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Higgins, of Rose Bay, decided to enter this competition because it is her ultimate aim to have a stage career.

Th judges in the New South Wales contest will be: Miss Jessie Tait, representing The Australian Women's Weekly; Mr. Langridge, of the Langridge School of Physical Culture; Mr. A. E. Bennett, managing director of GGB; Mr. W. J. Clark, managing director of Paramount. One further judge will be chosen.

Continued on Page 32

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS DREAM of FAME and STARDOM



MAY Be a WOMAN As BOOK CENSOR

IT is some weeks since Mr. T. W. White, our Minister for Customs, announced the Federal Government's decision to change the system of book censorship by the institution of a committee of three in place of the present haphazard method of leaving the fate of many excellent books to the caprices of a few departmental officials.

When I last spoke to him, Mr. White had just issued the ukase that no women need apply, and he was being terribly adamant in the face of a shoal of protests—some of them, admittedly, from feminist "cranks," but many from women whose opinions have always merited the fullest respect.

It is now accepted here that the personnel will be chosen entirely from Melbourne citizens, the explanation being that this is the only convenient way of promoting the success of the new undertaking.

From what Canberra has seen of her, one might be pardoned for suggesting that possibly the vivacious and charming Mrs. White, a daughter of the wide-

Our Canberra correspondent seems to see a gleam of hope for the appointment of a woman to the Book Censorship Committee.

From Our Canberra Correspondent.

visioned Deakin, would not hesitate to urge the capabilities of distinguished members of her sex for such an appointment.

Mr. White was very emphatic that, while he did not question the suitability of a woman member for boards of this kind, he could not agree to a course which would result, with the disgracefully pornographic drive that pours into the department, in the embarrassment of a decent woman sitting in judgment with two men.

It does seem that Mr. White was a little too meticulous about that. The idea of setting up this committee is not, as he should well understand, that every questionable book should be submitted to his inspection. There is a persistent type of literature and "misnamed" nature art which need never reach the committee. The duldest departmental official can be trusted to deal with the majority of the salacious stuff that comes "from the Continent."

Much to the relief of the Customs Department—whose officers really do not like taking responsibilities of this kind—film censorship by special bodies has been established for some years. Mrs. Muscio and Mrs. Mary Gillmore are instances of women whose help on those bodies has been warmly appreciated by their men colleagues.

TOP LEFT: This classic beauty is Miss A. Hoskisson. **CENTRE:** Miss Jean Black, and **(RIGHT)** Miss Audrey Connell, two of Sydney's best known and most beautiful girls. (Daguer portraits.) **CIRCLE:** Miss Joan Badgery, of Scone, another well known and charming aspirant. (Dorothy Welding study.) The handsome young man is Mr. L. E. Powers, of Port Kembla.

HOMEWORK BOGEY RAISED AGAIN

THESE statements were made at the annual conference of the Federation of Parents and Citizens' Association of New South Wales. A resolution was passed that the present allocation of homework was not in the best interests of the child, physically and mentally, and that the Department should be invited to place the whole question before a committee of experts, with a view to modification.

The Education Department, which is continually harassed by two types of parents—those who demand that their children shall be given more homework, and those who ask why are their children overworked—has not yet received the petition, but Mr. Drummond (Minister for Education) authorised Mr. Thomas, Director of Education, to make the following statement to The Australian Women's Weekly:—

"Home lessons have a value in the scheme of instruction, and should supplement the school work, and not be a substitute for it. Very many parents desire a reasonable amount of homework for their children, and directions to this end, both in primary and secondary schools, are given. The main use of evening study is to revise and consolidate the day's work. Next to that (and this applies mainly to the senior years), its purpose is to provide the means of following up lines of directed, but independent, reading on given subjects that form part of the school course."

What Others Think

The question is a vexed one, but perhaps many of us would agree with Jerome K. Jerome—"It is impossible to overwork the dear child. The dear child sees to that."

Representative authorities outside the Department differ in their views.

Acting-Chief Justice, Sir John Harvey (Chairman of Council of Cranbrook), considers the statement exaggerated. Homework was very valuable, as it put the child on its own mettle, although, in some cases, too much work was set, and, of course, different children reacted differently to study, he said. One never heard of trouble in boarding schools, where life was organised to suit the pupils, early hours being kept, in spite of home lessons. Parents of day scholars ought to take the same responsibility in supervising their children after 3.30 that falls on the masters in the case of boarders, whereas most often the children had to fit their tasks in when they could and all too often were allowed more picture shows and other amusements than was good for them.

DEPARTMENT'S VIEW

"Efficient teachers should be able to teach children all that is necessary in school hours."

"Several children are now nervous wrecks through excessive homework."



"Please, teacher, I've forgotten my homework."

Mrs. J. J. O. Bradfield (whose five children are members of Sydney University) can see both sides of the question, for she attended a boarding school. She has found that, more perhaps in the city than the country, school children are drained of their vitality by hours of travelling in noisy vehicles, and that it is late before they can settle down to work. Still, she agrees that not all the work could be accomplished in school-hours, and is certain that the necessity of homework does not imply inefficiency on the part of the teachers. Generally, children like to learn for themselves.

Dr. A. H. Martin (Institute of Industrial Psychology) has not met any of these "nervous wrecks" either. Homework was rather a reflection on the examination system than on the teachers, and, while it would be a very good thing if research were carried out into the amount of homework a child could reasonably be expected to do, how would children amuse themselves if left to their own devices entirely every evening? he asked. Probably the great majority of parents would want the homework system back.

"I have never known any children who have suffered in health through the homework system," says Dr. Elma Sandford Morgan, "although I do hear this opinion from others. I never did home lessons, and have managed to survive, and my friend, Mrs. Walter Worth, a prominent Tasmanian, would never allow her children to do any, and they are all brilliant scholars."

Miss Janet Mitchell (Principal, Women's College): I have heard that the home lessons are allocated unequally on different nights, but I do not consider the necessity for homework is a reflection on the teachers. Our present system is at fault, with its over-large classes, and its need, therefore, for over-much homework, which is a great strain on the pupils, especially the girls, when at the critical time of adolescence. However, I have not noticed any "nervous wrecks" among my University charges.

LAST ACT IN DRAMA OF Lebbeus Hordern

Amazing Life Of Sydney Merchant Prince

"Hopwood House," home of the late Mr. Lebbeus Hordern, is now in the course of being converted into a finishing school for young ladies.

Where once leaders of Sydney's smartest set were wont to be entertained with all the splendour of a merchant prince's extravagance, the priceless furniture and carpets have been removed to make room for the more useful, if less aesthetic, desks and fittings of a modern school of culture.

NOT without a tinge of regret will Sydney society note the last act in the drama of the life of Mr. Lebbeus Hordern, who was found dead at his beautiful home in Darling Point on September 10, 1933.

Few people have been able to crowd into the space of 37 years such a lifetime of experience as the late Mr. Lebbeus Hordern—a life of extraordinary gaiety, interspersed with periods of domestic unhappiness, two marriages, a big divorce suit, adventures and travel over the world by land, by sea, and by



The late Mr. Lebbeus Hordern

air, years of service in the Great War, all ending in a tragic and mysterious death alone in the very prime of manhood and prosperity.

At the early age of 18 young Lebbeus Hordern found himself joint heir with his two brothers to the major portion of the income from an estate of £3,000,000 left by his father, Mr. Samuel Hordern.

Regarded in his day as the wealthiest

and most eligible of Sydney's younger men, nothing short of consternation reigned in the minds of society matrons when it was announced that young Lebbeus was to select his future wife from outside the inner circle and wed a suburban girl whose only qualifications to be the wife of Sydney's wealthiest bachelor appeared to be her youth and beauty.

Olga Clare Monie, of Concord, was Lebbeus Hordern's choice, but after the birth of a son (Lebbeus) matrimonial differences arose between the young couple, culminating in Mrs. Hordern securing a divorce from her husband, her alimony allowed, by consent, being fixed at no less than £10,000 a year.

Mrs. Hordern took up her residence abroad, and later became the wife of Signor de Romero, Spanish Ambassador at Paris.

As Madame de Romero, the former Sydney girl visited Sydney last year on a business trip.

Some years before his death Lebbeus Hordern also married again, the bride on this occasion being Miss Francis Barry, daughter of Mr. Gerald Barry, a well-known Sydney solicitor.

Travel and Sport

Although he spent much of his time in world travel, Mr. Lebbeus Hordern, in addition to "Hopwood House," was the owner of "Hopwood" stud farm at Bowral, where he achieved distinction as a breeder of milking Shorthorn cattle and blood horses.

Mr. Hordern served during the War in the British Royal Field Artillery as a lieutenant, and was invalided home suffering from gas poisoning.

Mr. Hordern learned to handle an aeroplane under the skilled tutelage of M. Guillaux, the French aviator, and has been credited with having brought the first seaplanes to Australian waters. As an air pilot he undertook extensive survey work along the coast of N.S.W. and in New Guinea, and brought to



"I KNOW that there are people who read only certain passages in the Bible to please their corrupt minds."—Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, of the Unitarian Church of N.S.W.

A GIRL of 11, for the next two or three years, has more need of a mother's care and advice than a child of tenderer years.—Mr. Justice Boyce.

MY MOTHER was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint.—Thomas Edison.

Price of 10/- to Mrs. C. Sexton, Box 78, Dubbo.

"I SHALL make no attempt to defend the attitude and practice of the Church, in relation to that organised crime against society we call war."—Rev. J. W. Burton, General Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society of Australia.

"THE INSTINCT of motherhood must be awakened in the women of Germany, while the men must be awakened to a sense of their reproductive responsibility."—Herr Frick, German Minister for the Interior.



THE FERRON at the entrance of "Hopwood House," which has sheltered hundreds of Sydney's best-known men and women on their arrival to attend dances and other gay parties at this historic residence. (Inset, the former Mrs. Olga Hordern.)



Sydney the yacht "Acielle" to assist in that work.

He was the owner of many motor cars of the latest and fastest type, and his yacht, "Bronze-wing II," will be remembered as the largest and most luxurious boat of its kind in the southern hemisphere.

On September 10, 1933, Mr. Hordern was found dead in his bed at his home, the medical evidence showing that he had taken an overdose of a sedative which he was in the habit of using for insomnia.

Mr. Hordern's estate was valued for probate purposes at £358,946/15/8, the income of which was left to his widow for life, and after her death to certain nephews and nieces.

However, in spite of the vastness of the estate, it has been found insufficient to produce the alimony of £10,000 a year which must be provided for the first wife, so that the widow has, for the time being, at any rate, been deprived of her income, and has to be content with an annuity of some £1200 which comes to her under the will of Samuel Hordern, who made provision for his son's wives in the event of them surviving their husbands.

It will be remembered that only re-

CAMERA ART



is the last word in decoration for the walls of the Modern Home, and it is interesting (but not expensive) to run a collection and change them on occasion.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly are purchasable from the Photography Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

cently Mrs. Hordern, the second wife, put up for public auction a large quantity of valuable and beautiful jewellery, given to her as presents by her husband in his lifetime.

A son of the first marriage, Lebbeus Hordern, junior, survived his father. Young Hordern is now completing his education abroad. At present he is 19 years of age, and on arriving at man's estate he will succeed to the accumulated income of one-third of the estate of his grandfather—estimated 24 years ago to have been £3,000,000. It is generally considered that, on attaining his majority, young Lebbeus Hordern will be acclaimed as Australia's richest son.

PETS IN PORTRAITURE

Almost every animal pet, from kangaroos to komas, is to be seen at the exhibition of "Pets in Portraiture," at the Blaxland Galleries, Farmer's.

Mrs. B. Muscio, who presided at the opening ceremony, stated that £5000 was needed to build homes at Manly for the Far West Children's Health Scheme, in aid of which the exhibition is being held.

Colonel Spain opened the exhibition. He is the president of the Taronga Park Trust, and told the story of the life of many of the "pets."

The special programme arranged for Wednesday, when all the music and the one-act play had some application to animals, was of special interest.



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that all London clamoured for

Beautiful women, leaders of London Society, have come to Atkinson's exclusive Perfumery Shop in Old Bond Street in their search for a face powder that brings a smooth flower-like beauty to the skin and yet looks natural. Hundreds of formulas were perfected but these were known simply as "No. 24"—favoured above all the rest for the exquisite skin-beauty it always gave, and for its delicate fragrance. For each distinguished patron the perfect formula "No. 24" was prepared specially, and this made it so costly that only a few could afford it.

The same "No. 24" formula exactly has now been produced for the hundreds of thousands of discriminating women all over the world—so that it can be sold within the reach of all.

The charm of real skin-tones

Shades vibrant with warm beauty. A tone to match your colouring is among them—Russet, Hatched, No. 2, Natural, Santos, Oiled, Rose, White and Brandy.

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LADY HARVEY

As Her Friends Know Her

Lady Harvey, wife of the new Acting-Chief Justice, Sir John Harvey, is a woman of quiet charm and attractive personality. She is the mother of four children—Mrs. Jim Litchfield, who has been in Sydney recently for polo and the wool sales, and has now returned to her home, "Hazeldene"; Mrs. John Mant, Miss Mary Harvey, and son Ted.

Lady Harvey loves music, and admits that she is fond of bridge, but has not tackled contract.

She is president of the Darling Point-Woolahra centre of St. Luke's Hospital, and for twenty years has been associated with the District Nursing Association. The free kindergartens are also among the public activities in which she is interested.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH SPIRE

The new Baptist Church at Hurlstone Park, which was opened with great eclat, is a departure from the usual architecture of Baptist churches, and boasts a spire. Several have towers, but Hurlstone Park is the first Baptist building in N.S.W. with a spire. The popular minister is the Rev. F. T. Smith, who is in his eighth year in charge. He was trained in the Baptist Theological College, Granville.

Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the noted American Feminist, celebrated her 74th birthday recently. She helped to organise militant suffrage societies in twenty-six countries, and is now among the foremost workers for world peace.

Mrs. Catt is president of the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War. She thinks that no effort of this organisation can be futile, because she says "it takes a hundred years to change the public mind on a great question."

With the advent of the Roosevelt Administration, women have taken a prominent part in national and international affairs. Formerly, women devoted their attention to moral issues like prohibition. With the failure of prohibition, they are concerning themselves with other national issues.



MISS NANCY JOBSON

MISS NANCY JOBSON, who, last week, opened a finishing school for girls at Darling Point.

Miss Jobson, who is a sister of the well-known accountant, Mr. Alec Jobson, is a woman of high scholastic attainment. She is also credited with a sound knowledge of finance, and has employed this knowledge to good effect in the various positions which she has filled in important schools in this and other States.

Books of travel are Miss Jobson's favorite reading, tennis and rowing are favorite sports, and the glass, china, and pictures with which she surrounds herself point to her cultivated taste as an art collector.



MRS. FLORENCE TAYLOR
—Dorothy Weisinger

MRS. FLORENCE TAYLOR is the editress of such highly technical publications as "Building" and "The Australian Engineer." She is one of the only two life-members of the Town Planning Association, a member of the Institute of Architects and of the Institute of Structural Engineers, London. In her journalistic capacity she is carrying on the publications established by her late husband 25 years ago. Yet, despite these exacting occupations, Mrs. Taylor's gracious personality is the very essence of femininity. She contends that every woman should be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men-folk without losing the characteristics of her sex.

VULGAR ATTACK On AUSTRALIANS

Our Speech, Table Manners and "Dowdy" Clothes are London Comedy Hit

From Neil Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

Encouraged by the great box-office success achieved by Mr. Ivor Novello's play, "Fresh Fields," in which most of the humor consists of guying Australians, yet another London playwright has picked on our supposedly national failings in the way of table manners, accent, slang, dowdy frocks, terrible suits and all the rest, in order to provide the comic relief in a new West End production.

IN "Sally Who?" at the Strand Theatre, Mr. Dion Titherage has improved (?) on the "Fresh Fields" formula—because he at least spent some time in Australia and has taken the trouble to bring his slang up to date, although he has not been in the Commonwealth since 1910.

Mr. Titherage was actually born there, of English parents, but he left when he was still a baby. He returned



THE CHARMING and talented Jessie Matthews plays the lead in a new London play, which ridicules Australian manners, and clothes, and speech. The play is to be made into a film.



THIS REPULSIVELY garbed young woman is supposed to be an Australian girl breaking into polite English society. "I wouldn't 'arf like a fair dinkum cupper tea," she informs the gentry. "That'd be good-ow!"

in 1908, and remained there two years playing in stage productions.

It needs only one or two more plays like "Fresh Fields" and "Sally Who?" to convince Londoners irrevocably that young girls arriving from Australia are usually hoydens who may be safely relied upon to disgrace themselves immediately upon contact with the civilised English.

The men are usually referred to behind their backs as "colonial cads" or "rough customers," and on occasions it is implied that they are devoid of moral codes. In "Sally Who?" for instance, a burly gentleman "in a dreadful suit" (the words of one of the London dramatic critics) "is brought off by all concerned, and leaves for the back-woods with his pockets stuffed with cheques."

THE point is—does this type of humor tend towards better understanding between England and Australia? Are such plays edifying spectacles to be presented all over the world?

"Fresh Fields" is already in process of being filmed, and according to Mr. Titherage, he is now in negotiations with Hollywood concerning the screen rights of "Sally Who?"

In this production the first big laugh is raised by the entrance of Miss Jessie Matthews, one of the most famous young actresses in England to-day, in the part of a girl from Australia of doubtful

paternity. Her dead mother had been a barmaid of generous affections, but as she had once contracted a brief marriage with a medical student (now a prominent Harley Street specialist), and had run away and left him shortly afterwards, it is possible that the girl is his.

Incidentally, some of the dialogue concerned with the relations of the dead woman towards all the "possible" fathers who keep cropping up is not always in the best of taste.

Miss Jessie Matthews, in the part of Sally, arrives in Harley Street dressed in an appalling tartan tam-o'-shanter, and other repulsive clothes. She announces loudly, if somewhat ungrammatically: "I just come up from Tisbury, and I wouldn't 'arf like a fair dinkum cupper tea. That'd be good-ow!"

The remarks of the aristocratic Miss Dorothy Ross-Quilter (the doctor's fiancée) and her mother leave little to the imagination.

"She's like nothing I've ever seen! It's the clothes that are so peculiar!" Later they speak of her as "a young person," and suggest that she might make a very good housemaid.

AUSTRALIANS
who know themselves and their countrywomen will smile and forget the unfair vulgarisms of Novello and Titherage. They will remember, also, that no Australian ever measured England by the rules of Cheap-side, or thought that Bow Bells rang the melody of all London.

or Indian tea, but stipulates that it must be strong, and that the jam she prefers is melon-and-lemon (a variety seldom seen in England).

After stuffing herself with bread-and-jam, and remarking that she has "a fair cow of a temper," she says she will go and "hump her bluey upstairs."

The suggestion of taking a bath appears to horrify her. (This is in spite of the fact that baths are considerably more of a feature of ordinary life in

Australia than they are in England!) "Straight dinkum," "wowser," "cobber," "lousy," "too right"—are other instances of rich Australian slang which are trotted out for the edification of West End audiences just to illustrate the behaviour of a typical young girl from Australia.

Later, of course, in the process of being turned from a young person into a "young lady," the appearance and manners of this ugly duckling are changed.

But she still retains her "coarse Australian" tendencies, and incidents are constantly cropping up to suggest that the life of an English girl and that of one brought up in Australia are poles apart. Tennis, for instance, is a game of which she has only vaguely heard;

she continues to make mistakes in her grammar.

THE opinion of London's dramatic critics on this play are varied. All are unanimous in praising the performance of Miss Jessie Matthews in her first straight part (she has always appeared in musical shows until now). One says: "For the audience there is rapture right from the time she stuffs herself with bread-and-jam and startles the sedate society of Regent's Park with her Australian idiom."

Another remarks that, "apart from her most vivid, lively and persuasive performance as Sally, this comedy is a tame and old-fashioned affair, scarcely worthy of its author, Mr. Dion Titherage . . . It rings all the old changes on snobbishness, Australian slang, table manners and dowdy clothes, as a source of comedy, and one newer one in the form of an uncertain paternity, which is claimed by three different men—one of whom, a rough customer from Australia, is secretly bought off by a series of larger and larger cheques from each of the Mayfair contingent in succession."

The other play, with Australian comedy atmosphere, "Fresh Fields," is still running to crowded houses after six months, and has been seen by the Queen and Prince George.



MR. IVOR NOVELLO, who produced the London play, "Fresh Fields," in which most of the humor consisted in guying Australians.

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When NURSES DANCE and WORK "PRESSING FROCKS for PARTIES"

Interesting sidelights on the life of the Australian nurse were revealed in the Industrial Court last week on an application by representatives of over 150 hospitals for exemption of public and private hospitals from the Standard Hours Act as applied to industries.

The question of whether or not hospitals come under the heading of industry was raised by Mr. J. A. Ferguson, who appeared for a number of public institutions, and was reserved by the Judge, Mr. Justice Webb, for argument before the Full Bench of the Industrial Court after the law vacation.

In opening the case, Mr. Ferguson said that the hospitals were asking that longer hours than those adopted by the Industrial Commission should be applied to certain persons connected with public hospitals, and the application was supported by Mr. Lee in respect of private hospitals. Mr. Rutherford, for the Hospital Employees Association, and Mr. Biddulph, for the N.S.W. Nurses Association, resisted the application, and contended for shorter hours for nurses, nursing trainees, and assistants in nursing.

Evidence in respect of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital was given by the medical superintendent, Dr. William Alexander Bye. Dr. Bye said that his resident medical staff consisted of 40 doctors. Each junior had the care of about 20 patients and was allowed alternate weekends off duty, but a medical officer, while in the institution, was always liable to be called at any hour of the day or night if one of his patients needed him.

The nursing staff, he said, consisted of the matron, trained sisters and trained nurses. After a four years' course a nurse became a charge nurse for a year, and if her services were retained, she then became a sister. No premium was required by the hospital for trainees, but they were paid a small salary during

the period of training. At the present time there were about 300 young women who had applied for entrance as trainees.

The sisters, said Dr. Bye, worked 7 hours and 30 minutes a day, and nurses nine hours and five minutes per day.

Recreation was provided for the nurses when off duty, there were tennis courts in the grounds, and a dance hall. Each nurse received free medical attention, board and residence, and free laundry.

WOMEN ON COMMITTEES

NURSES and hospital workers generally are interested in the announcement made this week by the Minister for Health, Mr. Weaver, that the Government intends to encourage the appointment of women representatives on hospital committees.

Mr. Weaver said he had made a suggestion to the Hospitals Commission that, when submitting nominations for appointment, a woman should be appointed to each board whenever a suitable woman was available.

Mr. Weaver pointed out that women did most of the collecting of money and goods for many of the hospitals. As long as they were encouraged to assist in finding the money, then they should have a say in its distribution.

One out of every four members of a hospital board will be a government nominee.

At the present time, owing to the closing down of some 200 beds in the hospital, it had been found practicable to provide each nurse with a separate room, but when the beds were re-opened, a number of the nurses would have to share rooms with others.

Dr. Bye gave it as his experience that the hours worked by the nursing staff imposed no undue strain on them, and he knew of no case in the last five years

in which a nurse's illness had been due to overwork. It was generally recognised, said Dr. Bye, that the health of most nurses improved remarkably in the first six months of duty, and that improvement was maintained. He was of the opinion that a reduction of nurses' hours was impracticable owing to the bad financial position of the hospital, which owed £18,000 to tradespeople and had an overdraft of £105,000.

Hospital accommodation at Prince Alfred Hospital, he said, was over-taxed, and the average waiting list of patients, mostly urgent cases, in the past two years had been about 400.

Mr. Justice Webb: If they don't get in they die?

Dr. Bye: I suppose so.

Mr. Biddulph, for the Nurses Association, claimed that the hours should be reduced to 100 a fortnight, or 300 a month of 26 days, inclusive of meal time.

Continuing his evidence, Dr. Bye said that a reduction to 44 hours a week would mean extra nurses and overtime, at an extra burden on the hospital of from £1000 to £2000 a year.

It was preferable, said Dr. Bye, that patients should be handled by as few nurses as possible, as frequent changes were against the best interests of the sick people.

Paying a tribute to Australian nurses, Dr. Bye said that it was generally recognised that the status of the Australian nurse and the manner in which she was



FASHION TURNS HER BACK: These interesting back views of Sydney society women were sketched by our artist, Petrov, at a recent dance night at the Australia.

WOMAN is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—Balzac.

IDEAL Marriage

—That Wasn't

trained was considered abroad to be very high, and her training was due to the long hours she worked. Many nurses, Dr. Bye said, were so enthusiastic over their work that they came back to the wards when off duty to look over their patients or see a special operation.

A MATRON TELLS

Matron Phyllis Mary Boissier, of the same hospital, told the Court that she had 182 nurses on her staff, and when the full number of beds were available she had as many as 250 nurses in the institution. The sisters, she said, worked shorter hours than the nurses, mainly because the nurses had to come on duty at 6 a.m. to watch their patients. The nurses had a day and a half off each week, and were given passes during the week, which allowed them to return from dances as late as 12.45 a.m.

His Honor: But they don't dance after their day's work?

Matron: They dance very frequently after their work, and also prepare the food for the dance supper as well.

Matron Boissier caused some amusement

ANOTHER dream has now definitely been shattered—the supposed ideal marriage between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Cables report a separation.

When Mary became the world's sweetheart she was the really the first of the stars of filmdom. "There will never be another Mary Pickford," everybody said, including Mary herself.

At that time it was considered that film lovers lost prestige with their public by marrying. In the case of Mary, this problem caused particular concern, but when she married Douglas Fairbanks, who was then the male idol of the screen, everybody rejoiced.

Her first marriage with Owen Moore was not so popular with the fans.

Douglas Fairbanks had also been previously married, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is his son. There was an estrangement between father and son for some years after the marriage of Doug. and Mary.

Rumors of discord between Doug. and Mary have been current for two or three years. They reached a climax during Doug's last world tour, when Mary made a flying trip to England to visit him. However, there were official denials of any estrangement.



MARY PICKFORD

EQUAL PAY FOR WOMEN

The consummation of this desire would make many women happy.

Mrs. Albert Littlejohn used some convincing arguments in its favor when she spoke on the subject at a luncheon at Marcus Clark's on Tuesday.

Women doctors, dentists, artists, lawyers and writers, doing the same class of work as men were paid the same amount, she said. It seemed almost impossible that women should be compelled by law in other spheres of work to receive less.

"It comes through the tradition of the inferiority of women, but surely people have grown out of that by now," said Mrs. Littlejohn.

The basic wage for women was fixed by a body of men entirely on the percentage of what men were paid, not by what a woman earned or by what her expenses were. This seemed grossly unfair. The social status of a country was either raised or lowered by the status of its womenfolk, said Mrs. Littlejohn. In India, for instance, where the women were little more than mere chattels, the social status of the country was very low.

As women were the chief spenders of money, more attention should be paid to their means of transport. There should be better arrangements to enable them to get from their homes to the

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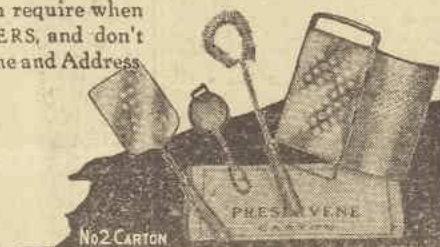


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HE: "They say good luck and good looks go together."
SHE: "Yes, isn't it silly? I'm so unlucky!"

ment by adding that one of the sisters told her that the exuberance of some of the nurses when off duty was rather too much for her liking, and it took her all her time to keep them quiet in the house.

Nurses were expected to take their turn, she said, at night duty, which was usually for a period of three months at a time. Many nurses, however, added the matron, preferred night duty, as it allowed them freedom during the day for social calls and shopping, but she made it a rule not to allow any nurse to remain on night duty for more than four months at a spell.

Questioned as to the duties of a nurse in her spare time, between 8.30 and 9 a.m., the Matron said that the sweeping of the nurses' room was done by the maids, but the nurse was required to dust the room and make her own bed—five minutes' work. The balance of that half-hour was usually spent in pressing a frock for the evening dance.

The inquiry was adjourned until August next.



For the next five minutes life was full of excited voices, policemen telling people to keep back, staring eyes of the kind that gloat over even small street accidents.

The GUEST Who MUST NOT SHINE

The lot of the Hired Guest—like the policeman's—is sometimes not a happy one.



FELICITY GRANT, who earned six pounds a week as a mannequin, and shared a "flat" with a girl friend, climbed up to the fourth floor on that Saturday afternoon in January to find her friend Mai Lane waiting impatiently for her.

They eat her wonderful food, and she boasts about them afterwards to her friends.

"HOW poisonous!" said Felicity. "Will a plain, nicely cut black georgette do?"

"Perfectly."

"Not my five shilling pearls."

"No. Her guests'll wear the heirlooms they haven't yet pawned. By the way, you'll go under my name, as Mrs. Errol doesn't know you aren't one of our own girls."

"Heavens. How late it is. I must rush. Felicity, you're an angel. I don't know what I'd have done otherwise. Mind you take a taxi, there and back. It all goes down in the account."

She dashed off.

Being a mannequin, Felicity was, of course, perfectly groomed as regards hair and skin, and hands. And she was a very pretty girl—tall, beautifully graceful, grey-eyed, golden-haired, absolutely sure of herself.

She knew that she'd be a most decorative guest, but, once her natural gaiety and ability to amuse were not allowed to assert themselves, she'd in no way surpass the other guests who would be no doubt equally decorative.

Her taxi arrived at Mrs. Errol's huge house in South Street, a few minutes before 8 o'clock.

There were several other maidens flitting in the splendid bedroom. Felicity took stock of them. They were pretty and soignée, and that was all.

"Blue blood but no grey matter," thought Felicity, listening to the scraps of chatter they exchanged as they powdered their probably patrician noses. A girl who was not only pretty but had personality and wit would make these poor mutts look like clothes props.

A moment later an ineffable butler was announcing:

"Miss Lane."



"I'm sorry, but I heard a few dozen names and I don't know where to attach them. Are you by any chance Compton, Hill, or Lord Charles Something?"

"I am none of these," he replied. "My name is Blighe."

She surveyed him. "You look like one!" she said.

"Like what? A bligh-ter?" His mouth wasn't at a funeral now.

"You look blithe."

"Thanks. I feel it, just now!" He made her a little bow. They laughed and Felicity saw Mrs. Errol glance at her with the faintest frown.

She remembered what Mai had impressed upon her. A Hired Guest must not say anything calculated to amuse or entertain. She must be decorative but negligible.

"You're Miss Lane, aren't you?" asked the owner of the twinkling eyes.

She nodded. She was admiring his nice brown skin and the crisp way his dark hair grew on his forehead, and the cleft in his firm chin. She liked him.

Mrs. Errol then took Mr. Blighe away to introduce him to someone and Felicity turned to a pudding-faced man whom someone had just called Lord Charles.

She made a comment upon the weather. Evidently it was Lord Charles' pet subject. While he was informing her that the temperature last January at this time was almost identical with that which they were now enduring, Felicity, while "registering" rapt interest, was scanning the other guests.

She decided that Mr. Blighe was the only man in the room who attracted her the least. Which was just as well, of course, since she had not come here to be attracted—or to attract.

At this moment, Mr. Blighe was listening attentively to something that a pretty, insipid-looking blonde in pale blue was saying. His attention had the same kind of rapture as that with which she was listening to Lord Charles' meteorological comparisons.

She caught Mr. Blighe's eye.

After that she realised that she had better not catch it any more. If she did so, she'd find it very difficult to fulfil her role of decorative nonentity. She'd promised Mai that she wouldn't try to attract anyone at the party.

The situation was ironic. Had she met Mr. Blighe anywhere else, she'd have exerted every effort to make herself as attractive to him as he was to her, but there must be none of that now.

She must not damage the chances of the other girls.

Alas! Cocktails came, handed on trays. Felicity, sipping one and ruefully reflecting upon the unkindness of Fate, found Mr. Blighe beside her. They were by themselves, apart from the main group of people. He whispered:

"You're a Hired Guest, aren't you?" Felicity was so staggered that she couldn't find words.

"Never mind how I found out," he went on. "Perhaps I'm a Hired Guest Diviner." He glanced round to make sure that they were not overheard, and added: "Swear not to reveal to a soul what I'm about to tell you."

Felicity whispered, all excitement: "I swear!"

"I'm a Hired Guest, myself!" She gasped.

"N—not Not really?"

"Careful! Our hostess is watching us. A Hired Guest is in honor bound not to let the other guests know that he's paid for his presence. . . . But I saw no harm in telling you, as you're in the profession."

"Thanks awfully for telling me."

Felicity's spirits were soaring. Why, this made all the difference! It was glorious, almost incredible!

"A man disappointed her at the last moment. She rang up my agency, and here I am. We're going in to dinner. . . . What luck if I'm next to you!"

He was. On his other side was a pretty but dull-looking dark girl wearing a poor dress, but handsome, old-fashioned jewellery.

On Felicity's other side was a man who was either old-young or young-old. He had a weather-beaten face and the dullest expression that she'd ever seen on a human being. But she didn't pay much attention to him.

What Mr. Blighe had told her about himself in the drawing-room just now had altered the whole aspect of life for her. Since he was a Hired Guest and not eligible, she could exert herself to charm him, could be natural, and amusing.

She thought: "It's just as it would be, of course. This weather-beaten person next to me, and that little man over there who looks like something you find in a nut, are probably connected with half the peerage, while the only man worth a girl's attention is earning a few guineas as a Hired Guest. And he's so good looking!"

Aloud, she said to him:

"I suppose you go out a great deal?"

Sotto voce, he answered:

"I have been hired by five duchesses in a fortnight, but those were my palmy days. Duchesses are now making do with poor relations."

There was quite a lot of rather loud-voiced talk around them, so it was possible for them to exchange whispered remarks, though they had to do it with caution.

The man on Felicity's right asked her if she hunted.

"No. As a matter of fact, I'm not in England for long. I'm going to the Far East the day after to-morrow."

THIS was a clever move on her part. She knew that, however pretty a girl is, a man is apt to lose interest in her if she is going so far away so soon. And she wanted him to lose interest, so that she could devote herself to Mr. Blighe.

He did. He gave her a pained look, and turned to his other neighbor. Felicity whispered to Mr. Blighe:

"I've just been asked if I hunt."

(Continued on Page 6)

By
Clare
Thornton

"You see, Felicity," explained Mai, "if you were your natural, amusing self, you'd be sure to annex somebody, and that would be ghastly. Mrs. Errol has a daughter she wants to marry off."

"I see," giggled Felicity. "Will there be anyone there I'd want to annex?" Mai shrugged.

"You never know. She carries favor with the new-poor—the kind who think it worth while letting her know them, for what they can get out of

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finish, the managing-director of a well-
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Royce treated with a different kind of
paint or cellulose.

NOT only did Robert Peary prove that
a white man can live in the Arctic
zone, but that a white woman can live
there also, provided, of course, that they
follow the habits of the natives. His
wife was the first woman to winter in
the Arctic circle, and his daughter Marie
was born there in 1903.

The GUEST Who Must NOT Shine

(Continued from Page 5)

"A. H. At my agency
we have a special course of instruction
for those likely to be the Hired Guests
of the county. A retired M.P.H. lec-
tures us, and a live horse is present.
I hope you were able to answer satis-
factorily?"

"Well, I just know that you don't
shoot the fox, so I thought it wiser
to say that I wasn't going to be in Eng-
land for long. In fact, that I'm going
to the Far East the day after to-mor-
row."

He seemed impressed.
"That was ingenious."
Felicity ate a delicious creamy mix-
ture that contained oysters.

"I am enjoying my dinner," she con-
fided to him. "I generally fry myself
an egg if I'm not going out anywhere.
Which is Miss Errol, do you know? I
wasn't introduced to her."

He pointed out to her the pretty but
insipid blonde in pale blue with whom
he'd talked in the drawing-room. The
girl sat farther down the table on the
opposite side, and Felicity thought
that she looked sulky.

"Do you live in London?" she asked.

He answered in low tones:

"I live in Baywater. At least, I don't
exactly live. I'm a paying guest."

Felicity, seeing her hostess's eye
upon her, stopped giggling. Mrs. Errol
wouldn't care, of course, whether she
attracted the other Hired Guest or
not, but she must not be seen laugh-
ing too much, because that might at-
tract too much attention.

"Seen many shows lately?" asked Mr.
Blighe, in his society voice.

"All there are!" she drawled, then
whispered: "I suppose it's wiser for a
Hired Guest not to take more than two
glasses of champagne?"

"Possibly, if you're new at the job.
I'm not sure," he added, "that the
servants aren't told which are the
H.G.'s so that they don't fill up their
glasses."

Felicity was horrified.

"But that's too ghastly!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all in the night's work! But it
won't happen here. They do you well."

Felicity again caught a look of dis-
pleasure in the glassy grey eyes of her
hostess.

"Are we doing wrong in talking so
much to each other?" she asked him.
"Mrs. Errol keeps giving me looks
straight from the frigidaire!"

"Well, it might be wiser if we de-
voted ourselves to our neighbors for a
space. I shall go on talking theatres
with Miss Inmy. We're working our
way up Shaftesbury Avenue."

Immune for a time from the conver-
sational attacks of the old-young man,
Felicity studied the party. There were
fourteen of them at the round table,
which was charmingly decorated with
carnations in silver bowls. People were
talking quite a lot, though there seemed
to be no gaiety.

When the old-young man at last
turned his eyes upon her—she'd decided
that they were rather like those of a
rocking-horse—she asked him if he
liked kinemas.

She saw that Mrs. Errol's expression
was less glacial, and gathered that she
was giving satisfaction.

Now, while she listened to the Hunts-
man describing a recent film that he
had enjoyed, which had apparently
dealt exclusively with the domestic
life of crustaceans, Felicity let her
thoughts dwell on Mr. Blighe.

She and he did not dare to exchange
many more sotto voce remarks.

Dessert came, and she ate a peach
and drank a glass of what Mr. Blighe
told her was superb port. He asked if
he might see her home, and she said
she'd be grateful.

Then Mrs. Errol, in her mauve
draperies, trailed out of the room, her
women-guests following. In the draw-
ing-room she drew Felicity aside:

"I hope you're enjoying yourself?
Yes? Good! I wanted just to hint . . .
I know you'll understand . . . Don't
talk too much to Mr. Blighe. I was
quite sure you'd understand, or I
shouldn't be saying this!"

Felicity murmured that she under-
stood.

The woman gave her a brilliant,
spasmodic smile and drifted away.

When the men came up, Mr. Blighe
made a beeline for Felicity. She gazed
towards a group that contained her
hostess and whispered:

"Mrs. Errol says that I mustn't talk
to you too much."

For a second, the Hired Guest
smiled.

Then he laughed.

"Look here, Miss Lane, I've been
realising, since I've talked to you, that
this is a woman's job, not a man's."

"You're right. It is!" agreed Felicity.

"I'll chuck it! I can do other things
—teach golf, drive a taxi, sell at the
stores. Anyway, as I'm chucking it, I

STAGE LAMENT

The Keeper and His Cat

By VINIA DE LOITTE

"They never thought to men-
tion us," he said.

"Why? Who? When?" asked
I, ungrammatically.

"Any of 'em."

"Who's us?"

THE reproach concerning "they"
came from the stage doorkeeper of
Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, now
being demolished.

I thought to hear the confessions of
an embittered soul, to share in the
revelations of some grievous injustice.
I was wrong.

His reproaches were inspired by the
fact that, though reams had been
written about the closing of the old
theatre, its many occupants, visitors,
and employees portrayed in a decorative
souvenir, he and his fellow door-
keeper—or was it the cat?—had been
passed by.

"Snowy"

Every stage doorkeeper has a cat, a
companion in the daytime, and a con-
fidante in the wee sma' hours, when a
theatre becomes an eerie place, full of
shadows and shivers.

Every pet animal sooner or later
causes "a bit of a heartbreak," and the
theatre cat discovers just as many pit-
falls as the tabby who leads an unpro-
tected life outside.

Cats have come and cats have gone,
but in the minds and affections of "Bill"
and "Scotty," the two stage door-
keepers of Her Majesty's, no feline
beauty has ever "come within miles" of
"Snowy," a lovely tabby with immacu-
late shirtfront and spotless paws.

"Snowy" was not "just cat," but an
aristocrat, with brain few above the
average possess.

"Isn't he a wonderful cat? Takes an
interest in everything, even in the
flowers on a 'first night'; seems to be
trying to read what's on the cards,"

can defy Mrs. Errol. I shan't stop talk-
ing to you. You can tell her afterwards
that you couldn't get rid of me. You
see?"

"Yes. But are you sure it's wise to . . .
to . . . offend an important woman?"

"Oh, of course. And you won't suffer,
because I'll make it quite plain that it
wasn't your fault. I—"

They saw Mrs. Errol coming towards
them. Smiling sweetly, she said:

"Oh, Mr. Blighe, you'll play bridge,
won't you? Miss Lane doesn't play con-
tract, I know."

"But she does," said Mr. Blighe.



Johnny Bellows: Ma, buy me a dog,
won't you?

Ma: Perhaps.

Johnny: Do, please, ma; I've got
a tin and a string.

quickly. "I've played with her often."

Poor Felicity! Because of Mai she
must take the cue that the woman
wanted her to take. She dared not defy
her, as Mr. Blighe could. He had none
but himself to consider. So she said:

"No, I don't really. I know nothing
about bridge. You—"

But Mr. Blighe, who had evidently
thrown discretion to the winds, said:

"You play quite well enough. I as-
sure you do! We'll probably cut to-
gether. Come along!" He took her by
the arm and rushed her into the room
set apart for bridge before their hos-
tess could say any more.

Felicity was dismayed. Suppose Mrs.
Errol were very angry with her? It
would be bad for Mai. The agency
would hear of it. It was unfortunate
that Mr. Blighe had behaved so indis-
creetly.

She played a passable game of con-
tract, but she was rather unhappy in
her mind when it was taken for granted



FORGOTTEN.—The stage door-
keeper and the cat at Her Majesty's
Theatre. (See story.)

said his greatest admirer, overflowing
with enthusiasm.

I, too, had noticed his exploring pro-
clivity. One night, while watching him,
I had a brain-wave. Next morning I
arrived at the theatre with a small
bunch of young summer grass, fresh
from the garden, and presented it to
"Snowy."

No prima donna who smilingly bowed
to the plaudits of an audience over a
mountain of roses could have vied with
the acknowledgment of that cat for
the offering of grass.

He forgot his dignity—which usually
was much in evidence—sniffed at it with
gusto, rolled on it, and rubbed his face
lovingly in it. Then, having discovered
a piece containing the proper medicinal
ingredient, he began to eat it, and on
his face was an expression which seemed
to mean, "Everything comes to him who
waits—even grass!"

that they were playing for half-a-
crown a hundred. Their hostess would,
of course, pay Mr. Blighe's losses, but
the woman had obviously not wanted
her to play, and her own losses might
not be refunded. It could be a serious
matter.

She cut two rubbers running, with
the little dark man who looked like
something out of a nut. He was a lord,
and he played very well, and he said
Felicity held all the cards, and won
three pounds each, which was most
satisfactory.

At half-past ten many of the guests
departed, bound for dances. Felicity
whispered to Mr. Blighe:

"Can we go yet do you think?"

"I can, I know. Mrs. Errol told me
I wouldn't be wanted after ten-thirty.
I'll go and make my adieux now. And
we'll meet outside, shall we? It might
be as well for us not to be seen leaving
together."

Felicity laughed happily as she and
Mr. Blighe walked down the steps. It
was a still night, and not very cold.
She had a sense of adventure, novel,
and exciting.

"It was fun, wasn't it? I never
dreamed I'd enjoy it so much!"

"The best dinner party I've ever been
at."

"Hullo, Tim!"

The greeting came from a young man
who was coming down the steps of a
house they were passing. There were
several cars outside. Mr. Blighe said:

"Hullo, Jack!" and seemed not to
want to stop.

"Wait a bit, Tim. You're just the chap
I want to see . . . The young man, a
nice-looking boy, joined them, and
glanced admiringly and rather
markedly at Felicity.

"Oh, another time, Jack!" It struck
Felicity that there was a note of as-
perity in Mr. Blighe's voice. "I'm
awfully busy now."

"Nuff said!" "Jack" grinned.

"Well, I'll blow in at Grosvenor House
in the morning. Night-night, dear
brother." He stepped into a car that
was waiting outside the house.

"A good chap!" said Mr. Blighe.
"A fellow-Mason. That's why he called
me 'brother.' He's an H.G., too, as a
matter of fact. He knows I've got a
job at Grosvenor House to-morrow.
We'll get this taxi, shall we?"

"Oh, why not take me to the Tube?"
said Timmy Felicity.

"The ideal I'm in funds at present,
so please don't deny me the pleasure."
He'd signalled to the taxi-driver, and
they got in. Felicity was a little
thoughtful.

"How does your friend happen to
run a car, if he's a . . . a Hired
Guest?" she asked.

"Ah! He's high up in the profes-
sion. He's a good-looking chap, knows
six languages, and was in the Diplo-
matic Service before he joined us."

"But don't let's talk shop! Tell me
about yourself. When can I see you
again? That is, if you would be kind
enough to meet me?"

(Continued on Page 48)

Our SEARCH for BEAUTY



MEN are the GUILTY ONES

By CANDID JANE

As we have been overburdened with articles such as "Women, How to Keep Your Husbands," and "A Husband's Love Strayed," etc., which tell us of all the things a wife **MUST** and **MUST NOT** do to remain the one and only in her husband's life, is it not about time someone told the men how to keep the affection of their wives? When you come to think of it all men are not oil paintings!

MEN who are nearing middle age take heed, if you have an attractive young wife and wish to keep her! Look out for that ever-spreading waist-line and double chin which usually accompanies it. Of course, if you are one of those unfortunates who possess a bald pate, you must make the best of nature's gift (?) and be as good-looking as you can in other respects.

Half the women who fuss about pressing and cleaning their husband's clothes do it not so much out of loving duty as with the idea of making the best of a bad job.

Even a plain husband when spruced up passes muster in a crowd. But time comes when wives get tired of fussing—they have their own looks to attend to. It is then that Mr. Husband should take stock of himself before a mirror—a full length one!

If the "portmanteau," which has been packed for years with all those tatters that "put on flesh," bulges, something has got to be done. Either the tatters must be thrown away, or else exercise, massage, and Turkish baths must be considered.

Fortunately—most fortunately for men—women have a knack of putting up with ugly men until, perhaps, someone else comes along. Just as women have to beware of beautiful rivals, so men should watch out.

Men Must Pay Heed

Think it over—men! And wives, if your husband is beginning to look like an Epstein creation show this to him—with apologies for all it has left unsaid.

For instance: One could talk for ever

Novel Holiday Occupation

DAME MARY COOK, who chaperoned a party of Y.A.L. girls on a recent visit to the Barrier Reef, arranged a profitable occupation for their leisure hours.

Wool was procured in Brisbane, and throughout the tour the 50 girls were occupied in making it into a quilt for the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund Appeal.

The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Hagon) presented it to the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington, one of the organisations which benefits by the fund.

The quilt, which is emblematic of the Y.A.L. in coloring and design, now graces the Margaret Hagon cot, which the Lord Mayor endowed, in perpetuity, to mark the twenty-first birthday of his daughter.

on the neglect of men's hands. Why will men, those garden lovers in particular, forget about their nails? There is one thing about clerks that most women admire; they generally have neat, well-kept nails. But the prosperous man who is no aesthete, although otherwise scrupulously clean, often has ugly, torn, and grubby nails.

Then there's hair. One thing women admire about gigolos is their hair, although, maybe, they use too much oil. But that sleek hair! How tidy and elegant it always looks!

Mr. Everyday pushes on his hat, making his hair like an ill-used broom. He takes it off—and there is no parting to be seen, as a rule; just a mass of hair, which is certainly no adornment.

The bald heads? Well, there are bald heads and bald heads. As a rule, bald men are so sensitive about their pate that they try to make up for the deficiency by looking their best in other respects. But a word to the wise: Don't make that bald head shine by putting too much soap on it.

One could go on for ever giving advice, and for those who say appearances don't matter, let them think of all the poverty-stricken gallants who have married wealthy girls.

Nearly always you will find them "tall, dark, and handsome"—or something to that effect, which means the same thing. Rich girls marry comparatively poor men every day, and the men are generally conspicuously immaculate.

But, have you ever heard of a millionaire's son falling for a squat, podgy, clerical in second-hand clothes?

AUSTRALIAN youth and beauty afire with dreams of Hollywood—all of them entrants in the Paramount-Women's Weekly Search for Beauty contest. Five of them are men—for even men feel the lure of Hollywood. 1. Mr. H. Priddle

(Falk). 2. Mr. H. C. Winther. 3. Mr. George Carden (Lupton). 4. Mr. Wallace McKinnon (Kay). 5. Mr. W. Taylor (Falk). 6. Miss Joan Craig, of Parkville, Melbourne. 7. Miss Thelma Trott (Lupton). 8. Miss Joan Hannam (Dayne). 9.

Miss Ruth King. 10. Miss Betty Higgins (Dayne). 11. Miss Julia Gotch, Victoria. 12. Miss Edna Hendrie, of South Melbourne. 13. Miss Thelma Moore (Dayne). 14. Miss Dicken, of Melbourne. 15. Miss Gwen Sherwood (Dayne). 16. Miss Heather Searby (Lupton).



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Believe it or not - it's true.
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Conducted by Jens V. Moller (late Hotel Australia), **PHONE B4757**.





Conducted by L. W. Lower.

GUEST: "I am so thirsty."
Hostess: "I'll get you some water."
Guest: "I didn't say I was thirsty—I said I was thirsty."
Prize of 10/- to C. Hyssett, Chislehurst, Durai, N.S.W.

THE people of Australia could appreciate a lot by remembering that they were in the Pacific, where great forces were operating, said Captain H. J. Feakes, former captain-superintendent of Naval establishments at Sydney. Anybody who was in the Pacific in this weather and didn't know it must be dead to all feeling.

RUM toffee has no rum in it.
It must be rum toffee.

IN our set, we never ask foolish personal questions.—Society News.
A whyles set, evidently.

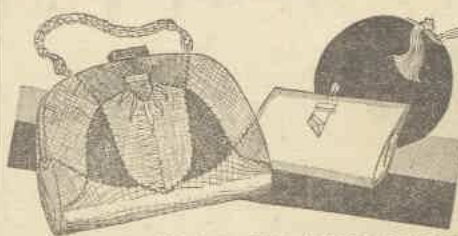
IT'S just as well that Eve ate that apple. Sooner or later Adam would have been bound to be chucked out for eating onions.

DO you know what happens to little boys who swear?" said Father O'Hooligan, to the small boy. "They go into a great black pit, and the devil is chained up at the bottom of it."
"Well, if he's chained up, he can't reach me," said the child. "I'm safe."
"Oh!" said the priest, "but he's got great long arms that reach all over the world!"
"Humph!" exclaimed the boy. "He might as well be loose!"

TWENTY-FOUR rabbits have been shipped to Tahiti for breeding purposes. They will be used to keep down the vegetation which grows too quickly on the island.

If we know anything about rabbits, there'll be shipments of vegetation going to Tahiti shortly.

Distinctive Extras for the Smart Woman



CORNELIAN lizard makes a very handsome bag. The one illustrated is in grey, beautifully marked, and stitched with brown. Here again is a touch of chromium plate. This time it is on the fastener of an evening bag in gold velvet. These little flap-jack bags come to you from David Jones, Ltd., in all the gayest of velvets. And there is a slim-flap-jack powder compact which fits them to perfection.

—(By courtesy of David Jones Ltd.)

LOUISE MACK'S DIARY

THE LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTER.
That sounds like a novel. And perhaps it may be. Anyway, never was a prettier bride than Miss Hagen going forth from Sydney to be mistress over a lovelier home than "Nindooimbah," the

Collins homestead. I stayed there once with Mrs. Willie Collins, John's mother, and in my private diary I put down this record.

THERE before us, hanging on the far edge of the hill we were just motor-ing round, lay a great red bungalow in a garden rich with a million flowers all dancing in the breeze, and breathing out their heavy perfume to the sunny noon-tide.

A SYDNEY GIRL'S FUTURE HOME

There were thousands of strong blue larkspurs as tall as a man, and masses of giant carnations, crimson, scarlet, purple, pink, and white. Roses crawled over everything, great yellow and crimson roses, and wisteria in the glory of its purple tinting and its inimitable fragrance, flung itself like a green and violet tapestry over the front verandah of the great square bungalow. Lilies of a blood-red tint shot up into the sunlight. Thou-sands of white Easter lilies waved in the wind; masses of giant mignonette of re-markable strength and height and sweetness mingled with delicious beds of white and purple stock, and great pink hydrangeas, with the inimitable, fragile, blue jacaranda trees flowering high above like a blue cloud in mid-air; and away in the foreground, across the creek, carved high against the sky, was a mass of mountains so superb and solitary that tears sprang to my eyes as the whole panorama flashed across me of the bun-

WOMEN IN BUSINESS—NO. 3

Enjoys LEGAL and PRIZE Fights

FOR relaxation, I like an occasional prize fight. Physical violence as a game is such a simple solution, and so satisfactory to watch as a contrast to the mental torture that divorce cases often cause.

THUS says Miss C. Jollie Smith, who has won for herself a place in the legal profession that is the envy of many Sydney women.

Educated at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, she displayed powers of oratory at an early age, and carried off prizes for debating and contributions to the school journal.

There were fresh fields to conquer, so she attended the Melbourne University (Trinity College) and took arts and law.

A year's service in the Commonwealth Crown Solicitor's Office, Melbourne, as "Professional Assistant" to the Common-wealth Crown Solicitor, provided much experience.

After that followed a trip to Sydney for health reasons, and here journalism and lecturing made an appeal to her.

But the legal profession called too strongly to be ignored, and so she went back to law, and was admitted to prac-tice as a solicitor in October, 1924.

In The Fight

Miss C. Jollie Smith has been asso-ciated with some big industrial cases, including one in connection with the Rothbury Riots, which concerned over 1000 men. The litigation lasted for more than fifteen months.

Then the Devanny case aroused great interest last year, when Miss C. Jollie Smith instructed Mr. Clive Evatt and Mr. Mack, K.C., in the defence against the Commonwealth, and was successful in the appeal to the High Court.

The recent Craig trial was not the first murder trial which Miss Jollie Smith has conducted, the previous one being successful, and the jury returning a verdict of "not guilty."

Perhaps among the things she enjoys most is the hours spent in shorts and

Madam —
we've granted your wish
Larger Jars — Larger Tubes
at the same prices



Pond's

POND'S Two famous Creams—your choice and the choice of beautiful women throughout the world—now come in larger, generous 1/- tubes, larger, generous 2/6 jars. Your satisfaction and theirs have made this new important value possible. Keep Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams always on your dressing table and be sure of perfect cleansing and protecting skin-care. . . . Use Pond's 4 Aids to Beauty—Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues.

QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING

OUR DOGS

WE introduce the cavalier of all dogs. A gay, elegant, Beau Brummell, and as such has been the companion of the upper circles for generations past—and, ladies, this should delight you—he is the only dog who follows in the footsteps of Fashion. Woe unto the owner whose poodle is not clipped à la mode. To have him in last season's styles!—my dears, it just simply isn't done!

Although the possessor of much tonsorial splendor, he is anything but a sissy. Let him go bush with you, see him become an excellent and hardy gun-dog—a really "tough guy." A pocket edition of about 6lb. And just between ourselves, ladies, Mr. Poodle, no, we mean Mrs. Poodle, is about the nicest, kindest mother any pup could wish to have.



The French Poodle

galow and its wondrous sparkle in the moon-tide sun, with the far-off moun-tains looking down on its loveliness.

MRS. PANKHURST WALSH'S MOTHER

THE greatest illustration of gentleness and fierceness combined was Mrs. Pankhurst, Adela's mother. When I was writing the serial, "Theodora's Husband," for the "Daily Mail," I lived at The Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Field, and in the room next to mine lived Mrs. Pankhurst. Her name was then a synonym for violence, disorder, truculence, struggles, fights, handcuffs, police, cells, trials; yet, I often met this little mouse-like woman sitting silent before the big fire in the ladies' drawing-room, wrapped in the most demure and lovely gentleness.

One night, coming home from the theatre, as I got into the lift to go up to my floor, Mrs. Pankhurst crept in after me. So white, so wan she was, that I asked was she ill. "Only tired; just come from Glasgow, a long journey." "Have you had supper?" "No, I'm too late; I asked for something, but everything was locked up." Two minutes later I went downstairs, saw the manager, and told him that story. "Do you realise that little woman fighting for millions of other women is so con-stituted that she can't insist when it's a question of her own supper?" "By jove, I'll open up everything for her; where are my keys," quoth he, touched to the quick by the thought of The Little Woman Who Couldn't Fight For Her-self.

That was the secret of Mrs. Pank-

shirt at her shack on the Hawkesbury, and coming back to work revived. The breeding of Persian cats is another interest.

The question "Is law a career for women?" brought forth a strong response.

"Of course it is, provided that women really mean it and do not look on it as merely a way to make easy money. It is the hardest way I know, but the most absorbing and absolutely worth while."

hurst's marvellous power over women; for them, she could fight like a tigress; but she was so divinely meek that no woman could ever be jealous of her, all knowing that she wanted nothing for herself.

PHILIP HARGRAVE

"And who is your favorite author, Philip?" "Shakespeare."

I COULDN'T help thinking how valu-able that tiny lip will be when our genius sets forth to speak the foreign languages of Europe.

By the way, why do we always mistrust people who tell us Shakespeare is their favorite author? Is it too much to be-lieve, or what?

Not Philip Hargrave, though, because a few minutes later, when I asked him if he had all his teeth, his adorable lady-teacher laughed, and Philip laughed too, and blushed, and there was a hint that some boys, even magnificent ones, still shirk the toothbrush if they get a chance, all very boy-like, very genuine, and quite compatible with a love of Shakespeare, and a passion for Bach, and balloons, and Berthoven.

PASSIONATE PAGES FROM LOWER'S DIARY.

THE man who discovered Pepys' Diary could never have heard of L. W. Lower's Diary, or Pepys would never have been able to tell the world about his amours and his operation. A few peeps at Lower, and Pepys would have ceased to matter.

Here are a few extracts from Lower's Diary. They don't cover the historic canvas of Pepys, but they would wring any woman's heart. Which is more than Pepys would do. Most women would wring Pepys' neck. But Lower is a man!

By L. W. LOWER



"Please hold that expression," says Mr. Lower.

Whether it was Capetown or Newtown perhaps will never be known. Our instructions were to bring back films of wild life in the jungle which would make the hair stand on end, sending clouds of dandruff into the air.

We struck the fringe of the jungle about Wednesday, travelling with twenty-six bearers in charge of four shikaris and a ramadan who was driving the howdah. Matted growths were matting monotonously on every side. A glance at my diary is very illuminating.

12th Sept. Saw boa conspirator of great length. Party held up for two days while it passed. Have issued quinine to bearers and beaters. Lions bawling all around us. Have instructed whole staff to bawl back, thus upholding supremacy of white race.

10th Nov. Have been travelling three months on hands and knees. Bearers have deserted. Beaters have beaten it. Shikaris on the shikar. They have taken camels, field glasses, cork-screw, mules, and other portable goods. Saw five lions.

11th Nov. Lions following. Am well in front approaching the three-furlong post.

14th Nov. Lions getting closer. Have taken close-up of tonsils of front lion. 15th Nov. The four rear lions have eaten the front lion, photos of whose tonsils I have taken. Jealousy. Four remaining lions have now lined up to have photos taken. Have taken photos and asked lions to call back in three days for proofs.

20th Dec. Running short of water. Will have to go easy on the hot baths. Think will throw bath away. Sick of carrying the thing.

22nd Dec. Gave last drop of water to Voodoo rain-maker. Used remainder of quinine for shaving. Very weak, being scarcely able to push the rhinoceroses from my path.

23rd Dec. Struck Umbooko River. Water dirty. Too many fish in it. Have to boil water, and hate boiled fish. What to do? Probably will die of thirst. Who cares in these wild regions? Thin red line. Playing fields of Eton.

1st Jan. In hands of cannibals. Have told cannibals that if harm befall of head, Great White Chief will send Atlantic fleet play brass bands at them. Also A.B.C. wireless programme.

2nd Jan. Have cannibals cowed. Today had a House of Parliament erected and put all cannibals on dole. Excelsior!

4th Feb. Choked my first puma. Have trained 15 baboons to carry luggage. Getting short of citronella and elephants very troublesome.

5th Feb. Came upon Kaffir kraal to-day. Shot it. Will have skin tanned and sent back, if I live. Natives very friendly. Offered to guide me into local volcano.

9th Feb. Lost! Baboons deserted, taking camera and equipment. Will have to memorise scenes and take them when I get back to the studio.

11th Feb. Have been captured by hostile natives. Am writing this on piece of bark. Am trussed by hands to hundred foot tree, toes barely touching the ground. Have great difficulty getting bark into typewriter.

13th Feb. Have been visited by chief of tribe. It seems that I am on their bread-fruit tree and am attracting weevils. Am bargaining.

14th Feb. Have uprooted tree and escaped. Will take canoe down the Umbooko Rapids if can untie myself from the tree. Fearful privations. Mosquitoes, leeches. Lost back stud.

15th Feb. On our last tin of boot-polish.

29th Feb. Alligators bar further progress. Will have to turn back. God help us all.

Here the thing seems to end. I am probably still there.

Careers for Women ...

PRIVATE SECRETARY

Secretarial work offers a pleasant and remunerative goal with dignified status for both the girl seeking employment and the ambitious clerical worker desiring to improve her position and prospects.

There is a steady and regular demand for efficient girls capable of acting as private, company, and organising secretaries, which represents the three divisions into which this work may be broadly divided.

To those contemplating a secretarial career, there is the added inducement of an easier start than in many other spheres.

Inquiries through commercial and business houses, training colleges and Government officers, whose job it is to watch such matters, reveal that the greatest field of employment for girls, even at the present time, is in stenographic and commercial work—necessarily the preliminary to the more remunerative posts.

Still, there is danger of overcrowding with girls of medium education and ability, although those with passes in higher education standards and a natural aptitude for the work experience little difficulty in securing employment.

The principal business colleges are placing junior and senior stenographers at the rate of over fifty each week at the present time. From the ranks of these the more ambitious and capable will, sooner or later, rise to the higher paid positions of private secretaries and even heads of departments.

While the commencing salaries for juniors are necessarily lower than several years ago, private secretaries are paid from £2/10/- to £5, company secretaries £5 to £8, and organising secretaries £5 to £10.

Girls may secure employment as private secretaries with directors and executive members of business firms, and with professional men and women. Doctors and dentists, in particular, require girls with considerable social presence and business ability to interview patients and attend to correspondence and accounts.

The financial columns of the daily papers will give information regarding the creation of new businesses, and an application may lead to the gaining of a position, either in the general office or on the preparatory work of organising necessarily associated with a new project.

The company or executive secretary frequently superintends the answering of all correspondence, regulates the office routine, and carries out general administrative duties. She may have to attend Board meetings, make reports, and do a great deal of interviewing. In a smaller business or company, the position of secretary covers the whole sphere of managerial control.

With the development of women's interests in political, social and welfare activities, there is a growing demand for organising secretaries for political organisations, women's clubs, philanthropic bodies, and the like. For the girl contemplating this branch of secretarial work, training in accountancy and secretarial courses is recommended, and it is

to her advantage to pass the examinations of the various Institutes which offer secretarial degrees. The examinations for such a degree are the Preliminary, Intermediate and Final. In the case of philanthropic work, the two years' diploma course offered by the Board of Social Study and Training would be an invaluable asset.

SECRETARIAL posts are generally the reward of several years' diligent service, although girls with exceptional ability and a natural aptitude for the work have secured such positions immediately on completion of a course.



THE CABLES reported the marriage of America's richest bachelor to his secretary. From our American office we have now received a photo. of the bridegroom, Matthew C. Brush, taken when the engagement was announced. His secretary-bride was Miss Elizabeth Hunger. She was 36 years old and had been employed by Mr. Brush for a number of years. The latter is aged 56, and is a director of 66 large American companies.

through one of the business colleges. In securing such training, deal only with the reputable colleges, which are more widely known in the commercial world, give a more thorough training, and have less trouble in placing students in positions.

While the commercial study that now forms part of the ordinary school curriculum, if diligently applied, will equip most girls for a junior position in an office, a course through a business college, if it can be afforded, is recommended.

The fees for instruction in shorthand, typing and book-keeping range up to £35 a year for study during the day, and pro rata for quarterly or half-yearly

Fascinating,
But NOT
So EASY!

By Our Special Commissioner

FUGUE

As the first notes float out and fall
The black piano that was small
Leaps to a vast encompassment
Till audience and stage and hall
Crouch trembling in the instrument.
Bronze pillars infinitely tall
Are now the wires whereon is spent
The cosmic force of hammers' blend
Of thunderbolt and racing cloud.
Melodious lightning rends the crowd,
And lotus-laden zephyrs nod
Heads of fantastic trees and proud
Along a forest path untrod.
A stricken city cries aloud,
Girls sing, and pond'rous cattle plod—
As music hares the heart of God.
—Corydon.

courses. Night classes are available for girls who may be working during the day, the fees averaging about 17/6 a month for four nights weekly.

Since positions are constantly offering for typists and shorthand writers, these subjects could be studied first, as they would involve lower fees. The girl obtaining a position could then set aside part of her salary to pay for further study in other subjects.

For unemployed girl typists, the Government has provided free facilities to enable them to retain their proficiency until such time as they obtain employment. A number of classes for unemployed typists have been established.

THE girl who wishes to become an efficient and successful private secretary must make herself invaluable in the particular sphere of business activity in which she is employed.

She attends to the office correspondence and telephone calls, arranges appointments and transport arrangements when business necessitates her employer's presence in other States, interviews callers, prepares reports, and attends to any incidental work which may arise.

She must be proficient in all the duties of a stenographer, but her work is more responsible, and extends far beyond these.

Since the secretary is the point of contact between her employer and the outside world, an obliging disposition, charm of manner, and good appearance are necessary. A wide general intelligence is necessary, and a special capacity for dealing with problems of a clerical nature must be developed.

Unique Training for Careers:

Established by the Metropolitan Business College.

Parents are proving that the Metropolitan Girls' Secretarial Institute offers exceptional opportunities for their well-educated daughters—just as Wentworth College, with its Intensive Course in Commerce, is proving invaluable in making their young sons employable and preparing them for future executive responsibilities in many spheres.

The M.G.S.I. Location

The M.G.S.I. occupies the whole of the top floor and roof garden of this fine M.B.C. building, and has natural lighting on all four sides. It has its separate staff of experts. All the rooms are furnished attractively and hygienically, and are well ventilated. Special direct elevator service from M.G.S.I. entrance in Dalley Street.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE Metropolitan Girls' Secretarial Institute

The M.G.S.I. is the result of recognising the need of business men for well-educated girls with a higher type of business training. It attracts girls of fine mentality and personality, and develops their powers in wisest ways. It aims to produce LEADERS.

The M.G.S.I. Diploma Course includes:—

Shorthand, Typing, Bookkeeping, Duplicating, Filing, Business Principles and Economics, Secretarial Practice, Adding and Calculating Machines, Personal Efficiency, Applied Psychology, Education, Department.

This specialised training not only produces a thoroughly competent Secretary, but fits her to take up other interesting careers later, associated with literary work, travel, lecturing, organising, and so on.

Consult us—without obligation.

Ask for free booklets—"Women Too Shall Hold the Heights" and "The Private Secretary."

NOTE: All M.B.C. tuition is "INDIVIDUAL"—NO CLASSES—so may commence at any time. The M.B.C. has 27 years' record of solid success: 48 FIRSTS in Public Exams. last year.

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Special Department of the Metropolitan Business College Ltd.

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(Please mention "Women's Weekly.")



An Editorial

JULY 8, 1933.

WOMEN DON'T KNOW ABOUT UNDIES

"A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come."

THUS spake Zarathustra, who preached the gospel of the super-man.

It is a noble gospel for a super-man. It is a poor and cheap cynicism as interpreted by most of the mere men who strut the stage.

Every effort by women to take a part in public affairs is balked by this precious jest.

Women in Parliament? Oh, no, we are told, politics are too low for women. What about the Church then; why not women in the ministry? Here, strange enough, the answer seems to be that the ministry is too high and too fine a thing for women.

In the Federal Parliament last week an Honorable Senator amused the House by holding aloft a selection of women's undies. Naturally the House "burst into ironic applause," as one paper reported. Women's underwear remains one of the last butts of the purient.

But we are not concerned about that aspect of the incident. The fact is that in this discussion regarding women's apparel not one woman was able to be present. There are no women Senators. In fact, in the whole of the Parliaments of Australia to-day—and goodness knows there are more than enough of them—there is only one elected woman legislator. True, another lady is a member of the N.S.W. Upper House, but the chances are that she may soon be out.

A few years ago women seemed to be breaking into politics in all the States. Miss May Holman in West Australia, Mrs. Lyons in Tasmania, and Miss Preston Stanley in this State were three of the most prominent.

No doubt the party system would be blamed by these ladies for the public disregard of women candidates. But the explanation lies deeper than that. Why cannot women gain place and power within the parties?

—The Editor.

LYRICS OF LIFE

MEN

I've met the rich, I've met the poor,
I've known the mansion and the moor,
Yet not a stranger ever came
Across my path but was the same.
He may have called himself a king,
A workman, or some other thing,
But cloak around or coat around,
A man was all I ever found.

I've met professors, and the fool,
Their lives all in or out of school,
I've seen the weak and seen the strong,
Yet no distinction lasted long.
Some went afoot, and some in cars,
Some dropped their h's, some their r's,
But every mortal, I confess,
Was just a man, no more, no less.

HER HUSBAND'S SUIVING FOR DIVORCE ISN'T HE?

YES—ON THE GROUNDS OF DESERTION

HE SAYS HE'S LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR HER—

—EVEN AT HOME!



POINTS OF VIEW

Church Politics

STRIFE and discord exist in two great churches. Bitter controversies in the Church of England and the Presbyterian Church are featured in the newspapers like parliamentary politics.

Pious people should not deplore this dispute. The phrase, "church militant," was coined by our forefathers to signify that religion was a living, forceful thing. Admittedly, controversy has its dangers. Instead of being a broad, honest argument, it may degenerate into a miserable faction fight between cliques. That occurs when the great body of adherents of an institution are apathetic and indifferent, or voiceless. The public ventilation of the two current church disputes will help maintain the issues on broad lines.—G.W.

Victoria Leads the Way

WHAT New South Wales needs is a few men of large generosity and interest in the cultural welfare of their State to emulate the example of Sir Macpherson Robertson, whose latest gift of £100,000 was announced at the opening of the Sister State Parliament, by the Lieutenant-Governor.

This latest gift provides, among other things, for a Girls' High School at a cost of £40,000; a Temple of Youth in the Domain, with picture theatre and ordinary theatre attached; and cultural facilities for the children of Victoria, to cost £15,000. Such a design, surely, places Sir Macpherson Robertson among the most patriotic and public-spirited men of his day.

It is a sad reflection that, while our institutions languish for want of money to extend their cultural operations, Victoria is in the happy position of being enabled, by a succession of munificent gifts, to develop and expand its cultural activities without monetary embarrassment.

In whatever other direction Victoria may be considered to lag behind New South Wales, it has to be admitted that it leads the way in the number of public-spirited citizens who devote portion of their wealth to the intellectual and material advancement of the State in which they have made it.

Queer Economies

WOMEN, who proverbially have to look after the pennies to give the pounds a chance of accumulating, sometimes regard their economies from a quaint angle. Met an attractive young matron walking up Pitt Street, the other day, a smile of conscious virtue on her lips.

She was saving the tram-fare, she explained, and by the time she got home would be in pocket to the tune of at least 4d. "That's the right spirit in these times of depression," I ruminated, forgetting that she was wearing at least 5d worth of leather off her still heels and pump soles.

My admiration vanished when I met her later, in a smart dining place, regaling herself on scalloped oysters. "Off the economy stunt?" I murmured, to which her reply was: "Certainly not, but after tramping all that way this morning, I really felt I must have something sustaining to eat."

Keeping Baby Quiet

"TO give a child of tender years brandy and schnapps in a proportion of two of spirit to one of water seems to me extraordinary," said City Crierer H. H. Farrington, inquiring into the death of a six-months old baby girl. It would seem more extraordinary to Mr. Farrington did he realise the foolish expedients resorted to by some young mothers in order to "keep baby quiet." Old-fashioned grandmotherly advice is to blame, indirectly for the most part, directly in other cases.

"Take the baby to the Clinic! I never took any of mine to a clinic. You take my advice, my dear. . . . Proper medical advice, it seems, is an admission of inefficiency with many of the older school.

These is an old joke that carries a terrible significance: "Don't talk to me about children, my dear. I've buried five of them."

Another Injustice

"LEARNED women are inclined to sneer at cookery," Dr. Cyril Norwood, headmaster of Harrow, is reported to have said, when addressing students at the Wadhurst College Girls' School.

Not many men or women will agree with him, "learned women" least of all. The more educated a woman is the more thought she brings to bear on her job. Whether it is her own cooking, or giving her cook (oh, rare lady in 1933) the orders for the day.

Perhaps Dr. Norwood means the type of academic woman whose image is painted by some gloomy person to every girl who looks inside a University's walls—enormous spectacles, blue stockings, a very difficult expression, and an aesthetic distaste for "cookies."

There aren't many of them; one glance at our bright undergraduates brings full conviction. Perhaps Dr. Norwood had been to lunch with one, and had been fed on crackers and alexandrine.

Cook Cottage For Victoria

COOK enthusiasts throughout New South Wales are groaning over the acquisition for Victoria of the childhood home of Captain Cook.



MRS. OWEN F. PHILLIPS, wife of Brigadier-General Phillips, photographed at the Commandant's house at Victoria Barracks. The pet of the household is Josie, the clever parrot, that Mrs. Phillips has just brought home, as he was left behind in Melbourne. To show his pleasure in being at the barracks, Josie will lustily sing "God Save the King." His other star turn is "I'm for Ever Blowing Bubbles." When our photographer responded to the demand to "scratch cookie," Josie remarked "that was very nice."

—Women's Weekly photo.

FRIENDSHIPS THAT HAVE LASTED

In the everyday rush to send the children off to school, cook meals, wash dishes, clean the home, do laundry, mend clothes, tend to the garden, go shopping, and answer the door to house-to-house canvassers, how many women find time to make and keep friends?

DOROTHEA VAUTIER, a young Sydney radio announcer, seeking an answer to this question, asked her radio listeners to write in about any friendships of theirs which had lasted for a period of five years or more.

The replies show that there are some people at least who have managed to squeeze a friend in between the eternal triangle of washing, mending, and cooking.

F.G.P., of Penzance, drew back the curtain and set the scene, years ago, in a beautiful garden with a flowering May tree and five little girls with long pigtails and white pinafores.

"Three were sisters, the other two my sister and I," she writes. "We all went to the same school, and on Saturday afternoons we used to explore an old house which stood in an acre of ground. It was a great attraction, being, according to popular rumor, haunted. Many years later two of the sisters became engaged at the same time as myself, and there began an orgy of glory-boxes and plans for the future.

"The old May tree which sheltered five pinafores maidens smiled down on five lasses busily sewing wedding garments. By a strange coincidence, my fiancé bought for our future home the very site where our haunted house once stood. I have been living in that cottage eleven years since my marriage and my friends come to see me every week."

After 47 Years

"Daphne," of Kogarah, says:—"I have a friendship that has weathered the storm for 47 years. When I was five years old, just after my parents arrived from England, I was sent to school. In the desk next to me sat a tiny brunette maiden. I loved her immediately. We became inseparable, and have been friends ever since.

"Our mothers, too, have found an affinity in each other. Her mother is 82, my mother 75, and they still visit each other. My friend and I have laughed our way together through life."

"As a tiny girl I lived in Ireland," reads a letter from Mrs. E. G. Blackledge, of Hurstville, "often coming over to Liverpool to see my mother's people. On one trip I chummed up with a little girl. I was nine and she was seven. We lived in a fairy land of our own. My ambition was to become a famous actress and go to America. She was to marry a rich man and sail to far-off Australia.

"She became a brilliant pianist and I an entertainer at the piano. During the War I joined the A.S.C. as a motor driver, and that put a stop to my activities as an entertainer. My little friend married a Cambridge University student and went to America, where I had planned to go. I came to Australia, where she, as a wee girl, had longed to live. We are still, and always shall be, pals."

Six Who Remember

A letter from Mrs. F. Gibson, of Stanmore, tells of six friends who have been meeting every alternate Tuesday for 13 years in October next.

"We allow nothing to alter these meetings," she writes. "We have shared each other's joys and sorrows, and in our circle no scandal is tolerated."

"I think the keynote to our established friendship has been our home ties. We hope this wonderful friendship will carry through to the last. I think that, to retain a friend, three things are required: To honor her when present, praise her when absent, and help her in necessity."

"Thirty-two years ago, when I went to a strange town as a very young bride," says L.H. of Coogee, "my husband and I found that our luggage had been inadvertently delayed. It was then I met the girl who was to become my lifelong friend. She came to the rescue, and that night I slept in her overlong, much-bedrilled nightdress, and veritably tripped to the bathroom (she being tall and I petite) in the dressing gown she lent me.

"Her personality dominated me, and to-day we are firmer friends than ever. We have passed through many crises which have only served to weld our friendship more closely. Each has been free from petty jealousies when one has outstripped the other in the race for success in life."

Case of "In-Laws"

Mrs. M. Heath, of Petersham, telling of her friend says:—

"She is my sister-in-law, and there is seldom much love lost between 'in-laws,' but for 38 years we have known each other. She was my bridesmaid, and at that time only a girl of 16, while I was 19. She was certainly 'the thousandth man' to me, for if she had a shilling I knew half of it was mine. We have travelled together to various spots on the globe, and have registered our friendship there."

The Rest Cure

ILLUSTRATED

by
EILEEN
FARQUHAR

STARING out through the carriage windows at the spreading vista of the country, Zoe concentrated in her gaze all the distaste she felt for it—not for any special quality that it possessed, but for its lack of all that she loved and enjoyed in life.

The monotone of the train, a single, incessant sound in a vast void of silence, seemed to her like a mockery of the grand chorus she loved—the roar of the city's traffic, the babble of its million mouths. How she longed to hear now, just once again, even far off, the music of that tumult!

She remembered with yearning how she would lie in bed in her flat at night and in the mornings, and listen to the voice of the city chanting, chanting to her heart. Often she had thought of all the little sounds that murmur contained, and now, in the drone of the train she fancied she heard them again.

The growl of trams, the grinding squeal as they

rounded a steep curve, the wild, distorted cries of paper boys, the musical notes of horns on luxurious cars . . . beggars wheedling as flappers chattered by . . . street musicians impinging faint squeals of melody on the deep-throated blare of loud speakers over the doors of radio shops . . . lorries backing up, and occasional horse and cart jingling along . . . telephones . . . typewriters . . . voices

giving orders to clerks . . . dictating letters, gossiping, making love . . . even the sound of kisses went into that symphony . . . even the sound of a pin dropping, or of a revolver shot . . . or of a child's shrill laugh.

It was the voice of the city, and it called her, called her back. She loved it; she loved the city. She loved it because it lived; because it vibrated from flagpoles to cellars with the tramp and the shout of life; life in the mass, life in the trembling matrix.

Outside the windows a clear, bright strip of orange hung like a black cloth behind the sharp horizon. It was very fine, very beautiful . . . and very cold. Sunrise out there didn't seem to mean anything. The sun arose on an empty world where nothing visibly moved. It travelled over that emptiness all day, and at night it sank perhaps without having shone upon a single birth or a single wailing, a single success or failure, even a single death.

She thought of sunrise in the city, as she had often seen it—a pale red-dawning behind the roofs of houses, spreading a subtle gut like fairy pollen over the parapets of flats and offices, lending the towers and domes and minarets of the older buildings the brief fantastic illusion of Oriental design. She thought of the pallid

light on the empty streets, still shining wet from the work of the big motor sweepers, still clean, and quiet, and expectant.

She thought of the gold fires flashing from countless window panes, of the innumerable faces that would look out to greet the day with what glad rest or grim, brave resolution . . . some with despair, some with philosophy, some just with hope.

She thought of the day and what it would bring to the million—fortune, disaster, change or monotony. The play of greed and generosity, of cruelty and sacrifice. The magic spells love would cast, and the laughter friends would find in each other's eyes . . . the complex and possibly meaningless game of work; that game that she had revelled in because it absorbed her energies . . .

Suddenly the stopping of the train recalled her to the journey. Nanbook siding, her destination, was the next stopping place. Hastily she took her towel and toilet things to freshen herself up for the arrival. She wished heartily that she had never heeded Dr. Breckenridge's order that she come out to her aunt's farm for a rest cure. It would be better to have stayed in the city, nerves and all, than to come out into this wilderness that

always depressed her so. Not that she had been near it since childhood, but her memories of it were miserable. She had always felt so out of place. Still, she had promised the old family doctor that she would try it for a week, and then, if she felt she couldn't stick it, come on home.

And you mean to say that you—a girl—get twelve pounds a week?

"What do you mean—a girl? Why shouldn't I earn it, as well as a man?"

"Why—Aunt Emmy seemed unable to get her breath. 'Why, none of my boys could make that, no matter how hard they worked.'"

Zoe, regarding with flashing eyes five large sons of Aunt Emmy sprawling round the lamp-lit table, bit hard on an impulse to remark that she wasn't surprised.

Next moment she regretted her misplaced civility, for Zoe, the eldest, and by far the quickest-tongued of her cousins, grumbled, "But what do you do for it? Sit in a bloomin' office all day and thump a typewriter, eh?"

Zoe clenched her teeth. "If you must have it explained to you again, I happen to be advertising manager of the firm I work for, and that doesn't mean drinking tea or tapping a typewriter but doing a hard, steady, intricate job, and doing it eight hours a day."

"Hard work? What sort of hard work?" Zoe demanded disbelievingly. "Brain work—if you understand what that means!" Zoe told him.

Zoe was silent for a moment. Then, in a lower tone, almost as though to himself, he murmured, "Advertising! What's the use of advertising? That's a useless job, if you like! If

people want things, they'll buy 'em; you don't have to tell 'em to."

"If you're so ignorant," Zoe began, "of the barest—"

And then, like a mountain in labor, Will, the eldest son, produced the one word, "Parasites!"

"What do you mean?" Zoe asked icily.

"Parasites!" Will repeated, vehemently. "Millions of parasites, down in that there city, battenin' on the farmer."

"So! You object to my making a living. What do you expect me to do? Starve! Fortunately, I don't have to. I can well look after myself. I didn't come here to ask for justification or criticism, but merely for a holiday—a rest cure, because the doctor ordered it. But as there's to be neither rest nor welcome for me here I'll leave in the morning. I must apologise for bothering you up to now."

She stood up, and then grasped the chair back, for she felt unaccountably weak. Her face was burning, and yet her teeth felt like chattering. The room blurred a little. She shook her head to clear her vision. The lamp light showed her Aunt Emmy, coming towards her, with a strangely kind expression on her gaunt face.

"Now, now! Zoe, dear! Why, you mustn't talk like that. Nobody meant a thing against you child. It's just that country people naturally feel the city reaps all the benefit of their hard toil, and they resent it, but, as for you—why, we love having you here. The boys have been looking forward to it for a week."

The boys shifted their feet and said, "aw," deprecatingly, but somehow Zoe wasn't noticing them. She was liking the feel of Aunt Emmy's hard, dry arm around her tense shoulders. Aunt Emmy smelt of common soap, and slightly of cooking. It was very reassuring. She let Aunt Emmy lead her off to bed. At the door she turned and said quickly, "Good night."

The boys shifted their feet and said something indistinct.

AS she woke, waves of scent broke over her, waves of her. She realised that she exhaled air. Breakfast, too, was delicious, the best meal she had had for months. But, after all, she reflected as she wiped up, fresh air, breakfast, and Aunt Emmy didn't make up a life. That was the bush—fresh air, meals, and relatives. Even a week of it seemed hard to face, but she had promised.

Putting away the dried crockery, Aunt Emmy ordered Zoe out of doors. "You're here for a holiday," she said, "and you're going to have it. Now, off you go down to the stable, the boys are all down there."

This statement, obviously put forth as a lure, terrified Zoe. At home she always felt her personality, her command, superior to any situation. Now, suddenly confronted with these five big country men, she felt like a particularly helpless child.

The boys greeted her with amused looks, and joked with one another about her cigarette and her smart flannel slacks. She ignored this, and the boys suggested she go for a ride with them.

EILEEN FARQUHAR.

He clasped her with strangely shaking hands. When he lifted his lips from hers he said, "I am giving up everything in life for you."

looks, and joked with one another about her cigarette and her smart flannel slacks. She ignored this, and the boys suggested she go for a ride with them.

"I don't ride very well!" said Zoe, "but I suppose it's all there is to do. What horse can I have?"

They saddled Gert, a lithe, dark brown filly with a rolling eye, and an obstinate head. They started off, Will in the lead, the others easing up to let Zoe ride next to him. They passed through the alp-tails, rode down a rutted track through wheatfields and lucerne paddocks, and into the grasslands.

Without warning Will kicked his horse into a canter. The others came up from behind, jostling Gert, who broke into a canter, too. Zoe, frightened and annoyed, tried to rein in the horse, at the same time, unthinkingly, digging in her heels. The beast played up at once. She cantered faster than ever, but tugged at the bit, and the quick jerking of Zoe's unused hand irritated the mare yet further.

She moaned, stretched her neck like a rod of iron, and broke into a hand gallop. Zoe gave a frightened cry.

"Hey," called one of the boys, "where you going?"

"Stop her, can't you!" called Zoe, dragging at the reins.

"Stop kicking her!" yelled Will.

Then, Gert, fairly galloping now,

shied to one side in a flash, and Zoe was hurled from the saddle. One foot came clear, one caught for a moment, flinging her to the ground. The stirrup dragged free as the maddened horse leaped away, but as it went it wrenched Zoe's leg, so that a flame of pain shot through her reeling brain before she was plunged in oblivion.

Through an infinity of gloom her mind swam slowly back to awareness. She was conscious of dim light of bed, of some one standing beside her, someone male and tall. Trying to look up at his face, she felt the stab of a violent headache.

He bent down, and she saw a fine, rather ascetic face regarding her humorously, but sympathetically.

"So you've come back?" said a soft

voice that was yet full of vigor. "Who are you?" asked Zoe, simply. "I'm the doctor . . . you've had a bad shaking, but you're going to be all right now. Got a headache?"

She tried to nod, and the headache stabbed her again.

"That will pass off. I'll give you something to ease it. But your leg will give you some pain after a while. You wrenched the tendon badly. Rest for at least a week is the only cure."

"Rest? In bed?"

"I'm afraid so."

Zoe sighed. How fervently she wished she had never left Sydney. Yet there was something in the doctor's manner that made her feel not quite so wretched, not quite so lonely, as she felt she should.

He smiled at her, and she, quite naturally, smiled back. They regarded each other for a quiet, pleasant minute. Then the doctor gave a start, got to his feet, and touched her hand in farewell.

Zoe began at once to look forward to his visit next day as the one hope of relief in an alien world.

And then there was a heavy rap at the door, and around its edge appeared the large, sunburned face of Cousin Will.

An uneasy grin hung about his mouth for a moment. He lowered his eyes, cleared his throat and clumsily tipped in from behind him he produced an enormous bunch of boronia, thrust in a mutilated milk jug.

"Brought you some flowers!" said Will. "The boys are all . . . they're all sorry for puttin' you on that nag. Y'see, we thought you could ride better than that."

Zoe's resentment melted miraculously.

(Continued on Page 34)

By JOHN BLAXLAND

Creed's SALE

EVERY DAY
of the Week

VALUES

That Will Positively
Amaze You!

Whatever the day, you will find Creed's store packed full with the most amazing bargains you have ever seen!

Frocks and Coats of irreproachable standards of quality and smartness all greatly reduced for this, the most outstanding event in shopping history!

You cannot know how far your money will go until you pay Creed's Sale a visit. Come to-day!

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ATTRACTIVE COAT! in Bouclé and diagonal coatings, full Notoria Lamb collar, fully lined. Eight different styles in all wanted shades, including Black, S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Usually 84/- Sale .. 59/11

AMAZING VALUE! Sports Coat in fancy Tweeds. Cravat style. Note new sleeve treatment. S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Usually 49/- Sale .. 29/11

This is the Greatest Sale Sydney has ever beheld!

ITS VALUES are so sensational they will never be forgotten!

Take advantage of them NOW while the opportunity is yours!

Creed's

430 George St., Sydney;
Hunter St., Newcastle.



SAVE 15/-! One of many styles in Wool-de-Chene, trimmed contrasting colours, in Nigger, Red, Wine, Green, Navy and New Blue. S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Usually 35/- Sale .. 19/11

OUT-SIZE SPECIAL! This Wool-de-Chene Frock is cut specially for large figures. There are six different styles, in Red, New Blue, Green, Mustard, Wine, and Brown. W., S.O.S., O.S. Usually 45/- Sale .. 29/11

AT LESS THAN HALF USUAL PRICE! Charming Evening Frock, in art Georgette, Jap slip. Cut on newest lines, in all wanted shades. S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Usually 75/- Sale .. 29/11

HAVE YOU HELPED Your PAPER?

How to Win £5

Another entertaining variation of our "£5 Best Letter" competition is announced this week.

A LARGE number of readers have told us how they have sent copies to other States or to other countries. One reader, for example, sent four copies to Canada; another sent two to England. There are numerous similar cases. A pioneer woman in the "Never Never" received a copy from a pleased Sydney friend.

Other readers have done their bit towards helping the paper by talking about it to their neighbors. One writer described how, finishing her copy on a tram, though very loath to part with it, she handed it to a stranger who had been trying to read it over her shoulder.

Chance to Win £5

The Australian Women's Weekly is appreciative of enthusiasm like this, and, in order to show material gratitude, offers a chance of winning the "Best Letter," £5 first prize, for the most interesting 50-word letter on "How I Helped the Paper."

Other letters of constructive criticism,

Watch For Results And New Contest

Details of a new and fascinating competition are now under consideration. An announcement regarding it will be made in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

Entries for the last Picture Words Competition, No. 4, in last week's paper, close on July 8. Winners for all the Picture Words will be announced next week.

Owing to certain postal regulations, it has been impossible to post entrants in the Tangled Letters Competition the six issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, as promised, but arrangements are being made for entrants to receive papers through their local newsgagents.

Mrs. Ella Hampton, "Whitehall," North Street, Manly, who suggests a feature, "Sunshine for the Shut-ins"; Miss Nona Maurice, "Hobart," Pitt Street, Redfern, who thinks a little intimate psychology would be helpful; Mrs. G. Scott, No. 4, "Corinna Plaza," Coburne Rd., Manly, who thinks less space should be given to weddings and music. What do you think? Miss L. L. Price, "Sylvia," Astor and Allen Streets, Australia, wants much more of the "Old Gardener"; Mrs. C. Gunby, 13 Normandy Street, West Geelong, thinks a full page should be given to "Things That Happen"; Miss L. M. Walsh, 20 College Street, Hyde Park, Sydney, votes for more "New Books at a



A WONDERFULLY generous offer has been made to unemployed girls by Mrs. Una Deerbom, through the Women's Weekly Careers For Girls Service, to give free tuition in the handicraft of pottery of which the magnificent specimens shown in the photograph above are typical examples. These beautiful and artistic examples of Mrs. Deerbom's art are taken from her exhibition (to close this week) at Anthony Hordern's Art Gallery. Mrs. Deerbom offers six unemployed girls free tuition in this handicraft.

or letters suggesting a new feature, not already covered in the paper, will be given equal chances of winning all the prizes.

So there are three subjects for your 50-word letter this week: "How I Helped the Paper," "Constructive Criticism," and "A New Feature."

There will be the usual 5/- consolation prizes, but every letter must have attached a Preference Voting Coupon.

The coupon, which is supplied again this week on Page 43, has had a strong appeal to readers, many of whom have expressed their pleasure at this unique



method of finding out what they like best in The Australian Women's Weekly.

VOTING COUPON

Most of the coupons have been sent in blank, indicating that the reader was perfectly satisfied with the present arrangement of the paper. Others have been filled in, according to the reader's preference, and each of these has been classified for future reference when the final census of readers' opinions will be taken.

It will be seen this week that the Preference Voting Coupon appears side by side with the list of The Australian Women's Weekly features, arranged in three groups, according to the space allotted them.

On one side you see a complete list of the features in three groups. Perhaps you would like more of one. Then write it in Group One; if less, write it in Group Three on your coupon, and so on.

Of course, if you are satisfied with The Australian Women's Weekly as it is, send in your coupon blank.

THE WINNERS

Last week's "Best Letter" first prize of £5 goes to Miss Marguerite Rodriguez, "Dalketh," Mount Street, Cooberge. She writes:

"To suggest an alteration in your so perfectly balanced publication is well nigh impossible, as it is compiled to meet combined tastes of women—AND DOES! The compliment to us is inspiring. A section pioneering the 'Younger Business Women's' impressions and observations of life's problems may prove novel and enlightening." Other letters which won consolation prizes came from Mr. Percival Clark, 132 Carrington Rd., Waverley, who suggested a hubby's corner;

Glance; Mrs. Agnes Holland, 80 Balfour Street, Mayfield, thinks full space ought to be given to "Clever Ideas"; Mrs. N. T. Bates, Wandewar Street, Narrabri, likes the pictorial side, and wants more of it; John Byron, 10 Bar Street, Handwick, places Louise Mack's diary in Group One; Mrs. Gladys Matthews, Prince Highway, Corral, South Coast, likes "everything" as it is; Mrs. D. Goldspink, 4 Anzac Parade, Kensington, suggests a "True Story Page"; Miss Bernice Drysdale, 9 Warden Road, Petersham, wants more "Music"; Miss M. Bates, Oswald Street, Edgewood, wants more of "Our Dogs" and other pets.

CONTRIBUTORS NOTE

Name and address should be written on every separate contribution.

Prize-winners whose names are published need not claim for prizes. They will be posted.

Claims should be lodged for all other articles and contributions by the Wednesday following date of publication.

THE ONLY TOOTHBRUSH DESIGNED BY THE AUST. DENTAL ASSOC. N.S.W. BRANCH

LARGE BRUSHES ARE WRONG THE NADA TOOTHBRUSH is scientifically correct. It is a small, arched brush with every pointed bristle shaped to clean every tooth and every crevice.

ALL CHEMISTS will give you a beautiful Niv Green Toothbrush Holder FREE with every purchase of two NADA TOOTHBRUSHES (1/3 each, or 2 for 2/3).

Free! with 2 NADA brushes

2 for 3/3 HOLDER FREE

NADA TOOTHBRUSHES DENTISTS' DESIGNED

Eve's Daughter



wedding present. I've done with these things for ever! Sell them, and keep the money!"

She put her arms round her prim, flat maid, and leaned against her shoulder.

"I want to leave everything behind me," she whispered. "I'm going out into the great unknown, all alone, knowing nobody. It'll be wonderful. I think. Don't ever worry about me, Anna. If I stayed on in London I should die all over. Out there in the new world I may come to life again, who knows, and paint something really worth while. That's what I'm hoping for."

CHAPTER II: New World!

A HUSH lay over the roses and dahlias; all the world around was asleep.

It was seven o'clock, and the shadows were lengthening over the township of Ruatua.

That simple, straggling township, all white and red, dreamy, self-centred, consequential and self-satisfied, lay 12,000 miles away from Europe, and 20 miles from a great New Zealand city. Turning inland over mountains and up valleys, with vistas of incredible loveliness flinging themselves on you wherever you looked, you reached Ruatua in one hour by train from Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand.

Shimmering gold mingled with azure in the atmosphere, and through the glitter and clarity of the wonderful air the little township lay dreaming in its vast N-Z Zealand valley.

The curious, thick, muffled silence of late summer twilight, just before night comes in New Zealand, held the little white house and gardens in its folds, and through the intense stillness Lillian Desmond heard herself knocking at the front door.

Footsteps sounded within. The door was opened softly, and a dreamy, old face, framed in silky white hair, gazed out at the visitor through two eyes of forget-me-not blue, as round and clear as the eyes of a child.

"Please forgive me troubling you," said Lillian; "I've come to ask if you'd let me have a bed for a night or two. I want to paint a bit of your wonderful valley. I'm a visitor to New Zealand, a Londoner. I was to have slept at the Convent, but they have a case of measles, and the Reverend Mother thought perhaps you would put me up."

"Will you come in?" said the old lady, opening wide the door, and Lillian, tall and elegant in her black frock and hat from London, entered the little house.

"This is your room," said the old lady, just as if she had known the newcomer all her life and had been expecting her to arrive at this very hour.

As she spoke she opened a door on the left.

Lillian glanced about her. The room was papered in white with yellow roses, but dust lay thick on the dressing table, and the washstand looked as if it had not been scrubbed for years.

(Continued on Page 14)

"I want to leave everything behind me," she whispered. "I'm going out into the great unknown, all alone, knowing nobody."

is plenty of undies. Cheerio, Anna. The natives of New Zealand are black. Perhaps they don't wear clothes at all."

"Oh, Madam, they're not really black, are they?"

"They are, indeed—Maoris they're called."

"What language would they speak, Madam?"

"Maori."

"Oh, Madam; won't that be dreadful for you if you want a cup of tea, or a whisky and soda?" "Don't know, and don't care," said Lillian. "There are whites there as well. They'll know the meaning of a 'spot.' Let's go on with the packing."

SHE jumped up and began turning over her things.

Beautiful frocks, coats, capes, they frothed and foamed all over the soft, black carpet. This was from Worth, that was from Martial Armand, that came from Augustus in Vienna, that was Madrid, that was beautiful things, glamorous, delightful things—satin, velvet, fur, feathers, lace, exquisite, holding in their gleaming depths dreams of happy days. None were old-fashioned, because Lillian had never been fashionable.

She was always an artist, even about her clothes.

She was wearing a wonderful lounge costume of yellow velvet. The trousers fitted tightly below the knee, ending in a point over the instep. The short velvet jacket

opened over a vest of yellow crepe-de-chine. Above this rose her long neck and her blonde face

set in yellow hair that looked as ex- quately soigne as yellow hair so often doesn't. She was a Londoner all over, in spite of her chic.

There was nothing French about those long limbs, long arms, long hands, so essentially English in their measurements, setting free a rhythmic grace whenever she moved.

Yes, she loved pretty clothes.

Yet now she did a curious thing for a woman who loved pretty clothes.

She walked over to the great, frothing pile of frocks, half on, half off, the big chintz-covered sofa, and, putting out one slender, black satin foot, she lightly and contemptuously kicked the pile.

"Anna," she said; "I've been worried that I had so little to give you for a

"Yes, and they killed him, too."

"He was such a very nice gentleman, was Mr. Olaf."

"Don't talk about them. To think they are both dead, and my brothers, too, and my father. Do you know that even now I can't realise it, after all these years."

"The change will do you good, Madam."

"It will be a change! New Zealand's a very different country from dear old England. They have boiling water in their lakes and cook their food in it."

"Do they have theatres out there, Madam?"

"I don't know. I suppose there'll be one or two."

"The black and silver coats are very useful for the theatre, Madam."

"Oh, I'm not going to take anything like that, Anna. Don't try and ring them in on me. I'm going out there to paint. I've done with the world. I want to live out in the open and work."

By LOUISE MACK "Author of 'Teen's Triumphant'"

Paint, just paint and paint, and paint. And forget," she added, and suddenly tears ran down her white face and she bowed her yellow head to hide them.

"It m—might be—better to leave all these good gowns and things behind, they m—might m—make you remember."

"They will. They're sure to. Cheerio, Anna. Cheerio!"

"I've run you up four white linen frocks, and f—four white silk j—jumpers and skirts—that's eight. And two sleeveless blacks. That's ten. And there's the two new black frocks you've scarcely worn, Madam. Do you really think that will be enough, Madam?"

"Of course it will. All I care about

CHAPTER I—OLD WORLD

"Good-bye, Piccadilly! Farewell, Leicester Square!"



It was five o'clock on a dour March afternoon when Lillian called on her maid, Anna, for a cigarette.

"I've finished," Lillian said; "I've packed all my undies. Where are the cigarettes?"

"Here they are, Madam, under the dish-cover."

"You put them there, Anna, so you'd know where to find them!"

"Well, things are a bit upside down, Madam."

"I rather think they are. The place begins to look like going away," and Lillian glanced round her studio, with its curiously attractive litter of cabin trunks, and hat boxes, and "Not Wanted on the Voyage" trunks, and lovely frocks here, there, and everywhere. Lighting a cigarette, she threw herself into a big armchair covered in shining black chintz with scarlet parrots all over it.

"And to think you'll be seeing those birds in their own homes soon," said prim, flat Anna, looking sadly at the parrots as she placed an ash-tray at her mistress' elbow. "It does seem funny, Madam, doesn't it?"

Anna said "funny," but her white face spelled "anguish."

"I wish you were coming Anna."

"I wish I was, Madam."

"If only I could have afforded it. But I've just enough to live on."

"Praps I might work my way out steaming, Madam."

"No, no, Anna! You're through with me. You're engaged to be married; you must think about Mr. Hope. You've given me the best years of your life, and I want to go away believing that you'll be happy when I've gone. Anna you've been wonderful, so kind, so devoted. The way you've made up my

frocks, learnt marcel-waving so you could dress my hair; learnt cooking so you could cook my dinners; learnt manicuring and chiropody so you could keep me nice; learnt millinery so you could fix up my hats. You've been the most wonderful maid in all the world."

"I don't know how you'll get on without me, Madam; I really don't."

"Well, I'll have to. Needs must when the Devil drives."

"What'll you do about your hair?"

"I'll do it myself."

"Oh, Madam!"

"I'll soon get into the way of it."

"Ow far away exactly is New Zealand, Madam?"

"Twelve thousand miles."

"Much further than America?"

"Much."

"Must you go so far, Madam?"

"Anna, dear, I chose New Zealand because it's the furthest-off place I could find. I'd go mad if I stayed in England—stark, raving mad! London is finished for me. I'm down and out. I hate all this jazz and blare, and food and orgies; I hate all the poverty and unemployment, and the soldiers begging in our streets. I hate everything and everybody. Sometimes, Anna, I hate God!"

"Oh, don't say that, Madam; it's unlucky."

"It's true! Sometimes I do. So it's time for me to get out."

"They was such beautiful young men, they was, Madam."

"Do you remember how happy I was when I married Mr. Desmond?"

"You was like a sunbeam, Madam! I very near said so to Mr. Desmond himself when he came back for your white velvet coat trimmed with ermine."

"And they killed him, too!"

"You was happy when you married Mr. Olaf."

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THE bed, with its frowsy counterpane, repelled her, but the stretcher bed under the window gave her an inspiration.

"I wonder if you would let me take that stretcher on the verandah and sleep outside my window, instead of inside?"

"Certainly, if you'd like that better. Come and see."

The old lady moved through the doorway into the hall, and thence on to the verandah, Lillian following, and looking at the climbing roses, tangling in red and yellow up the white posts, she drew a deep breath of content.

"This will be simply perfect."

"Won't it be too windy?"

"Oh no. I love air."

"Where will you have the stretcher?"

"Under my window. I can carry it out myself."

"I'll give you a hand."

They went inside, and between them they carried out the stretcher and fixed it beneath the window.

"But I think you'd find it more sheltered at the other end," said the old lady, pointing to the end of the verandah, half-hidden by the red camellia tree. "You could sleep under that window, the wind wouldn't get you there, and the camellia would cover you."

"Does anyone sleep inside that room?" asked Lillian.

"Only my son, Billy."

"But your son wouldn't care to have anyone sleeping under his window—"

"Bill wouldn't mind." ("But I should," Lillian thought). "And you'd be nicely sheltered by the camellia. It's a lovely tree," added the old lady.

It was indeed a lovely tree. It grew at the end of the verandah, reaching right up to the roof, shutting in that end completely, window included.

Exquisite, waxen, glossy, it was of a cool, dark green, like satin underneath its thick cloak of red flowers.

"If I slept there I should be sleeping under that scarlet canopy," mused Lillian aloud. The red tree seemed to be drawing her, as with some curious attraction. "Oh, but I think I'd better stay at my end of the verandah. I shall not be in anybody's way there."

"Well, my son's a nice fellow. He would keep his blind down if I put it down and told him you were there."

"But I know how I should dislike anyone sleeping under my window."

"Bill won't mind at all. Bill was an Anzac. Bill never minds nothing."

"It's certainly much more sheltered at this end."

Lillian was weakening. The red tree was calling her.

"Yes, this will be a better place for you," said the old lady.

"Very well," agreed Lillian. "You know best."

And then they were moving the stretcher down the verandah and placing it under the window of "my son."

Afterwards, when Lillian came to think it over, it seemed to her as if the old lady must have been acting under some strange psychic domination, so persistent was she about making her visitor sleep under that window instead of the other.

And yet she would have been the last, the very last, to see what was coming.

CHAPTER III. Bill's Music

Then Rimski-Korsakoff, Scriabine, Chopin, Debussy.

Bill, alone in his shirt-sleeves, trousers, and socks, turned them on one after another, when the rest of the family had sunk to sleep, the visitor included.

The fire was almost out. The lamp had been faithfully extinguished by old Uncle John, according to the unalterable family tradition that assigned that lamp exclusively to John and no one else. But Billy had lit his own bedroom candle afterwards, and alone in the grimy old kitchen, with the flickering candle flinging big shadows about, he sat, listening to his music as he had never listened to it before.

Through the magic of "L'Après Midi d'un Faun" a face came stealing.

Bill saw her yellow hair, her slim, black-robed figure, and her wet blue eyes, as she had sat in the kitchen with head averted, listening to the

EVE'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 13)

"Fifth Symphony" from his gramophone.

Then he rose and put "L'Après Midi d'un Faun" on again.

Those were not girl's eyes, those jewel-blue things looking up at him through the gloom of the old kitchen.

Yet she was not old as Ma was old, or as John was old.

In fact, there was no suggestion of age as age about her.

Why, then, could he not think of her as young?

He had had fleeting glimpses of women like her in London, when he was there being nursed—and after the Armistice also. Women like that had handed him cups of tea, and cakes, and cigarettes, though their servants had made the tea in the kitchen and washed up the cups afterwards. She looked exactly like those women. And who were they?

Thinking back into those strange, unreal war years, Bill brought forth from his memory vague classifications of his hostesses in Blighty. There was a Duchess, a Countess, the Hon. Miss Somebody, and innumerable Lady Somethings, and they all had the same long, white hands, the same long, listless limbs, the same conceited English up-in-the-air voices, and the same powdered noses.

And anyone of them might have

liness among his sleepy, red cows, and shy, white sheep, and wild-eyed bull and his scarlet forge and anvil, and horses with long tails, and white roads through green worlds, and the bush where grew the rimu, the rata, the totara, and that tree of Arcady—the manuka—and the flash of rabbits, the call of magpies, the creep of the wretched furze that always had to be fought—these were all of his life and his work. And "L'Après Midi d'un Faun" seemed to express them all. Bill drew a deep breath. He threw his head back. The more he heard that thing, the more he liked it. For the third time he put the record on again, as soon as the last notes died away.

Suddenly, sitting motionless, Bill began to listen to something beside the music.

His grey eyes were half closed; yet they held under their lids the intensity of his own red half-breed-tingo sheep-dog's eyes.

From the still night, outside, was rising a curious sound, a faint, clucking noise.

Bill sat erect.

Something was going to happen when the pheasants made that noise—something awful. It had come. It was there.

The shadows began to jump, the rose waved from side to side, the lamp-chain swung noisily.

The stocking swayed and quivered.

The big clock altered its loud beat, quickening its tempo frantically. Everything that was hanging swayed.

The cups hanging on their hooks over the dresser made sharp, crackling noises as they clashed against each other.

An enormous hum came from everywhere.

The walls were humming. The ceiling was humming.

The noise grew louder—or, rather, without being in the least loud, it seemed in its very softness to represent an almighty aggregation of concentrated minor noises—thousands of them, millions of them, billions of them, and in the midst of that enormous spinning conglomeration of sound could be heard the delicate strains of "L'Après Midi d'un Faun."

and the sharp crowing of cocks outside, and the lowing of cattle.

The world of animals, asleep since sunset, had instantaneously awakened.

Out in the garden somewhere the little, red sheep-dog, Sharp, was sending up shrill howls in a crescendo of distress, and other dogs were barking and howling, near and far away.

And the earthquake was purring, humming, jangling, rumbling—a mighty purring, a mighty yet dull jangling; and everything was rocking.

And pouring itself into this mad, delirious moment of strangeness, ceaselessly went on the plaintive and ravishing minor of "L'Après Midi d'un Faun."

Then the earthquake ended; the humming noise subsided; the jangling lamp, and the yellow rose both ceased to quiver, though the music still went on.

The kitchen door opened, and in the doorway stood a woman wearing something white and flowing that added to her height and slenderness. A long, yellow plait hung over one shoulder.

She looked fair as a lily, most intensely fair with all the whiteness flowing about her.

Speechless, with pale, parted lips, she swayed in the doorway.

It seemed to Bill that the music of "L'Après Midi d'un Faun" came to meet her and flowed over her, and she still swayed there, set to music.

Then he realised that that white face, framed in its tumbled, yellow hair, was looking at him with terror.

He rushed to her and seized her hands, and as he held them he heard the music softly washing over them both ere it died away.

"It's all right. It's over. Don't be frightened. Don't look like that. I'll just switch off the gramophone."

"I ran out into the garden, then I ran in again."

"It's over now."

"What was it?"

"Earthquake."

The Wanderer

Green were the fields of my old home,
Yet greener fields I hoped to find.
A poorer land I chose to roam,
And left a better land behind.



I tramped away across the hill,
For so do other hills invite;
Will o' the wisp and whip-poor-will
I followed through the fading light;
And yet upon the window-sill
My mother sets a lamp to-night.

The place was small, the world was wide,
And youth will always have its way,
But every time I laughed I lied,
Since I left home that summer's day;
For there's a maiden there beside
The gate, whose blushes bade me stay.

I would go home, did I but dare,
But pride has filled my heart with fear.
I whisper, "If I were but there!"
They whisper, "If he were but here!"

been any age, from seventeen to thirty-seven, yet many of them were more like seventy (so the Diggers said, talking among themselves irreverently, and with much more ignorance than they professed!)

He was suspicious of this woman. Yet he knew not what he suspected. He knew powder when he saw it, and she certainly powdered. And her hands were long and white, and her voice was detached and conceited, except in the dark.

She belonged to a world remote and wholly unconnected with his world, and he knew it.

Anyone might know it to a certain extent. Ma might; or John might.

But he knew it better than Ma or John, because he had seen this woman, or her counterparts, in her own setting. He had been in her own world. He had drunk tea with her own kind, and answered their questions about:

"What a lovely place New Zealand must be, isn't it?" and "Aren't the Maoris sweet?" He had stayed in their English country houses, and had been waited on by their parlourmaids and hoary butlers. And though the mud was bad in Flanders, he honestly preferred the mud. And he honestly preferred Fritz's blades to the horror of sitting down in cold blood before seven knives and forks that he didn't know what to do with, and never could learn, never.

The candle light flickered across the old kitchen, fitfully, delicately, sending frail shadows dancing a little.

The shadow of the chain from which the lamp hung, the shadow of a cup, the shadow of a stocking hanging over a chair, the shadow of a yellow rose she had stuck in a vase on the table.

The music seemed to creep and sweep, and gather them all in. The fantasy of them all. The fantasy of that male being sitting on the sofa, silent, motionless, listening, dreaming. And the fantasy of that male being's hard life, and hard work, and his lone-

(Continued on Page 36)

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



MRS. COLIN ROBIN, with her champion Australian-bred St. Bernard, Princess Patricia, at the Canine Club Show at the Showground last Saturday. This was Princess Patricia's last day as a puppy.

—The Australian Women's Weekly photo.



THREE ADVANCE SHOWINGS of Ascot fashions. These fashions denote the trend of dress for the coming year, when femininity will again be the striking note. The charming gown on the left is carried out in stiffened white chiffon with a canary satin and white velvet sash. In the centre is a frock of organdie printed in a plaid pattern, featuring the popular balloon sleeves. The white lace frock shown on the right has a full tulle skirt with attractive tulle frills on the sleeves. A black Bankok hat completes this ensemble.

—Air Mail photo.



HERE IS THE BEAUTIFUL Parisian who represented her country as Miss France at the Madrid Beauty Contest. She is Miss Jacqueline Bertin, who was chosen from 165 competitors.

—Air mail photo.



MISSING ACCOMPANIED the announcement that Miss Russia had won the title of Miss Europe at the International Beauty Contest at Madrid. However, Miss Spain, herself, was gracious about it, and is here seen kissing Miss Russia after the election. Miss Russia will now go to Los Angeles to contest the title of Miss Universe.

—Air mail photo.



THE INFLUENCE of Labor has extended to the women workers of Japan. This picture shows hospital nurses joining in the May Day procession.



A LOVELY QUILT was knitted by the Y.A.I. girls on their tour to the Barrier Reef. The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Hagon, Dame Mary Cook, and the Matron of the Royal Hospital for Women are shown here with the quilt. (see story elsewhere). —The Australian Women's Weekly photo.



Left: President Franklin D. Roosevelt finds relaxation from his strenuous duties as America's Chief Executive by enjoying a game of patience before retiring.

—Air Mail photo.



Above: In spite of the development of the more strenuous women's sports, croquet still has its followers. This picture was taken at the Gold and Silver Medal Tournament at Rushcutters Bay at the week-end, and shows four prominent members. From left to right: Mrs. J. H. Beale (manager), Mrs. A. E. Potes, Mrs. T. Leveridge (president of Sydney Club), and Mrs. J. R. Birch, runner-up for second in gold medal.

—Women's Weekly photo.



THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL is Miss J. Corbett, of Newcastle. She is an entrant in the Paramount-The Australian Women's Weekly Search for Beauty Contest, which closes this week. Photographs of other entrants are published on Page 1 and Page 7.

Marcus Clark's Winter Sale

This great Selling Event begins FRIDAY, JULY 7. Our Gradual Payment System enables you to have immediate use of goods selected.

W10—Racks of smart Coats, in Brown Diagonal All-wool Tweed, featuring the large stitched convertible collar and pockets and new Raglan sleeves, half-lined. Colours: Brown-Pawn effects. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 75/-.

W11—Charming Model Coat, in Bottle Green All-wool Diagonal Cloth, fully lined Art. Silk. The scarf collar, of Beaver Coney, fancy trimmed sleeves. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 25/15/-.

W12—The new Sports Model Coat, in best quality Lemon Flannel, featuring large stitched convertible collar, neat belt, slip pockets, new cuff. Colours: Green, Dark Saxe. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 49/11.

W13—Small Boy's Romper Suit. Blouse is made of Cashmere finished Hudson cloth, nicely smocked. Detachable Knickers, of All-wool Flannel, White-Almond, White-Saxe, Pawn-Brown. Lengths: 18, 20 inches. Usually 6/11.

W14—Keen value in this Tiny Tot All-wool Velour Coat, half-lined for warm and dainty wear. Cozy collar, sleeve and front embossed with colours to tone. Lengths: 16, 18 inches. Saxe, Pawn, Green, Red. Usually, 15/11.

W15—Girls' and Maids' All-wool Velour Coat, fully lined to waist, large Fur Collar. Back, sleeve and pocket nicely pin-tucked. Brown, Pawn, Dark Saxe. Lengths: 27, 30, 33in. 36, 39in. Usually 32/6 35/- Sale 27/6 29/11

W16—Taken from racks of well-assorted colours and styles. Cozy Frock, in very good quality all-wool Jersey, neatly flared skirt, trimmed raglan sleeves, and sear tie to tone. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 27/11.

W17—Useful Suit, in good quality Grey Flannel, made double-breasted style, with silver buttons, 2 patch pockets; skirt has 2 inverted pleats in front, banded waist. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually, 29/11.

W18—From rack of new stripes in All-wool Gabardine Blazers. Tailor-made with smart step collar and patch pockets. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 24/11.

The smart woman makes much of the little hat—at Sale prices the value is simply Astounding!

V1—A smart style in the new Soft Fit, with ends of Petersham to trim. Will fit any head. All colours. Usually 7/11.

V2—Hand-made Felt with Satin Finish, individual styles, several head fittings, all shades. Usually 9/11.

V3—This chic little Cap represents one of many styles at this low price, in Crush-proof Felt, individually trimmed. Usually 12/11.

THE BIG STORE, CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY.

THE KISS of DEATH

AGATHA MAYNARD awakened with a gasp of terror. She lay still, shivering under the many layers of cosy bed-coverings. It was pitch dark in the room, and the silence was broken only by the intermittent flapping of the blind behind the heavy curtains.

Her hand crept up and touched the spot on her right cheek where two warm lips had rested in the caress that had startled her out of dream-land.

Had she dreamed it? Shame suffused her withered cheeks at the very thought. Was there someone in the room? Her virgin being revolted at the idea of such a visitation.

She sat up in bed, clutching the clothes about her own indignant form. She groped for the acorn hanging from the ceiling, pressed the switch and flooded the sombre, oak-panelled chamber with amber radiance.

Her gaze darted to the door. The brass bolt she had shot before retiring still rested in its socket. No one could have entered that way without her acquiescence. She glanced round the square, low-ceilinged room without observing the presence of an intruder.

Emboldened, she slipped out of bed, donned dressing-gown and slippers, and taking the poker from the hearth, carried out a thorough search. Neither under the bed, however, nor in the great wardrobe nor in the recess behind the curtains, did she find a living thing. Not even a mouse.

Compelled at last to admit that she really had been dreaming, she returned to bed, turned out the light, and composed herself for slumber again.

Sheep, however, was not easily wooed by the wrinkled spinster of sixty whose romance had shunned and love passed by. She found it hard to forget the kiss, the memory of which alternately thrilled and shamed her.

When Agatha Maynard descended in the morning the party of young people her nephew and his bride had invited down to their recently purchased house in the country had already assembled round the breakfast table.

All she observed with disapproval, were in uproarious spirits, and both men and girls were dressed for golf. Slender good-mornings were fired at her from every side when she sat down, and there were dutiful inquiries from her nephew, Tom Maynard, and Wanda, his pretty, dark-eyed wife, as to how she had slept in the strange bed.

Aunt Agatha, as everyone insisted on calling her, replied that she had rested as well as could be expected. She made no mention of her dream, not relishing the merriest such a recital would surely elicit from that carefree crew.

After the meal the young people collected their clubs and hurried off, eager to spend the short, bright winter's day on the links some seven miles away.

THEY departed with much noise and laughter in the several rickety cars which had brought them down from town, leaving Aunt Agatha to amuse herself in her own way. She had refused with acerbity Wanda's invitation to accompany them and lunch at the golf-house.

Aunt Agatha filled in the morning by writing letters, lunched by herself in solitary state, and passed the afternoon, till the young people returned ravenous for tea and hot, buttered crumpets, in reading and reflecting on the instability of modern youth and women.

The memory of two warm lips lingered persistently in her mind, and several times during the course of the day she found herself gently stroking that spot on her right cheek.

Dinner that evening was followed by dancing to the radio-gramophone. For some reason, however, there was a note of restraint in the proceedings. The merriest was not so spontaneous as might have been expected from such a boisterous crowd.

There was an absence of abandon, a lack of verve. Champagne failed to sparkle, cocktails forgot to "kick," and the wildest waltz-cracks fell flat. The house seemed wrapped in a gigantic wet blanket.

They danced on, the music blared in a vain, valorous effort to defeat the hoodoo which was gradually gaining the upper hand. At length Tom Maynard gave it best. He stopped the gramophone.

He pointed to the great fire-place in which a huge log-fire sputtered and crackled.

"Let's sit round the fire!" he cried.

The middle-aged spinster thrilled beneath the mysterious caress—but thrilled even more at the ghastly story of its meaning.

"And talk, and tell stories, and drink port, and hold hands, and listen to the wind in the chimney."

The suggestion was received with acclamation, and chairs were quickly ranged in an arc before the fire. Tom turned out the lights and seated himself in the corner by dark-eyed Wanda's side.

Light came now only from the writhing flames which stabbed the darkness with sudden spears of fire, momentarily revealing a face here and there and inspiring with new life diamonds and pearls.

"The stage is set for a ghost story," said someone in a sepulchral voice.

"Yes, a ghost story," agreed another man in hollow tones.

One of the girls tittered.

"Tom," went on the first speaker, "it's up to you, old darling. Didn't you say in the club the other day that this old place is haunted?"

"I did," admitted Tom from the shadows. "By a kiss."

Aunt Agatha drew in her breath sharply. Her bony hands tightened on the arms of her chair.

"A kiss. How quaint! How original!" exclaimed one of the women. "Do tell us about it."

"Out with it, Tom," urged the men.

Wanda clutched her husband. "You mustn't, Tom, you mustn't."

she whispered. "It's too awful."

"Don't be silly, Wanda, dear," blazed the girl with the titter. "No one really believes in ghosts and hauntings these days. We owe them to the three-bottle men of the past."

Wanda reluctantly surrendered to the arguments of her friends, and gave Tom permission to go ahead.

"It's not a very cheerful yarn," he warned them with a gravity which ill fitted his open, tanned face and merry brown eyes. "I hope I'm not going to scare all you good people back to town."

"Not a bit," he was promptly assured. "Not till the cellar's empty, old darling."

"All right, all right. It's on your heads, then," he went on. "I got the story from the man who sold me the house. Cheery old fellow, with a round, white face, tortoiseshell specs, and a dominating spouse."

"According to him, he was compelled to sell because his business had

gone phut. At any rate, that was the reason he gave me for parting with it so cheaply.

"And now for the yarn, which he heard in his turn from the previous owner of the place. For the truth of it I can't, of course, vouch. The ghost, apparition, elemental or whatever it may be, takes the form of a kiss. The Kiss of Death."

He stopped short, interrupted by a gasp of terror or consternation. He looked at Aunt Agatha, who had started forward and was staring at him with disordered eyes.

"Did you speak, Aunt Agatha?" he questioned.

She shook her head, and forced herself back into the chair.

"Oh, go on!" pleaded the girl with the titter.

"This house dates from the time of Elizabeth," Tom resumed, with his gaze fixed doubtfully on Aunt Agatha's pallid face.

"You aren't going to tell us that she slept here?" cut in

one of the men with a snigger.

"No, nothing of the kind," retorted Tom sharply. "For heaven's sake, shut up and let me get on with it!"

"All right, all right. Keep your wool on, old boy."

"Before the house was built," Tom proceeded, "a castle stood on the site. It dated, I believe, from the days of the Saxons. That ruined tower in the garden at the back is all that is left of it."

"The Kiss used to haunt the castle. When the castle was destroyed it sort of went into abeyance till the house was erected, and then took up its abode here. That is all that is known of the origin of the Kiss."

"Now we come to the Kiss itself. It's an evil thing. It brings death in its train—this Kiss of Death."

He paused, and glanced round a half circle of faces which had suddenly gone grave. Even the girl with the titter seemed subdued. And Aunt Agatha sat rigidly in her chair with her hands clenched tight and her eyes fixed on him.

He hesitated, palpably, and then with a shrug of his shoulders, went on:

"The Kiss comes at night," he continued in curiously tense tones. "In this early hour, in the darkness, it's a seductive thing. To a woman it feels like the caress of a man. To a man that of a woman."

"You're awakened from your sleep by two hot lips pressed on some part of your face. On the lips, on the cheek, on the brow. You start from your slumber, and find nothing, absolutely nothing. The Kiss has come and gone."

Tom paused again. The fire had burned low. All he could see was the glimmer of white shirt fronts and the blurs that were the faces of his friends. Everyone was listening, listening. Every eye stared at him there in the darkness by dark-orbed Wanda's side.

"The Kiss comes three times to the person chosen," Tom resumed. "The first Kiss is a warning. The second Kiss is a threat. The third Kiss is death."

"Should he be accused one laugh at the first Kiss; should he ignore the second—then comes the third Kiss, and from that moment his life begins to fade away, and in six months he is dead."

"Should he leave the house after the first Kiss or after the second, it waits for him to return. And if he does, it comes to him again and carries out its evil mission."

His deep voice faded away into the encompassing shadows. He got up quickly, kicked the fire into life and piled on more logs, snapping the tension that held his audience in thrall.

"Drinks all round!" he cried cheerfully. "I think we all require them after that."

Someone snapped on the light. Others got busy with glasses and decanters. Even Aunt Agatha, who disapproved of alcohol save as a medicine, came back for a second brandy-and-soda.

"Is there any truth in the story? Has it ever been substantiated?" one of the men inquired.

"I asked the last owner that question," Tom returned. "By then he seemed sorry to have told me the yarn. 'Nothing in it,' he declared bluntly. 'I think the whisky he had been imbibing was losing its effect, and he was scared that if he said anything more I might jib at taking the place off his hands.'"

At Wanda's request they dropped the subject then and all went up to bed.

AUNT AGATHA did not retire that night. She slipped her dressing-gown over her frock, and when all was quiet stole downstairs again. She

Snapshots of a Man Sending His Dog Home

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BECOMES AWARE THAT HIS DOG IS FOLLOWING HIM TO THE STATION



URNS AND STERNLY COMMANDS DOG TO GO HOME. DOG SQUATS AND WAGS TAIL



STARTS BRISKLY ONWARD AGAIN. AFTER HALF A BLOCK LOOKS UNERSILY AROUND. DOG IS FOLLOWING AGAIN



SHOUTS GO HOME, STAMPS FOOT AND CLAPS HAND. DOG SQUATS, WAGGING TAIL



RESUMES WAY TO STATION. IS RELIEVED TO FIND, ON LOOKING ROUND, THAT DOG IS NOT IN SIGHT



DOG SUDDENLY POPS OUT OF THE BUSHES HALF A BLOCK AHEAD



DECIDES, WITH A GROAN, ONLY THING TO DO IS TO TAKE DOG HOME AND SHUT HIM UP IN HOUSE



GETS HOME AND FINDS THAT DOG HAS DISAPPEARED ON BUSINESS OF HIS OWN

Things That Happen

MAGPIE'S COLLECTION

FOR many years a pair of magpies nested in a tall gum tree near our house. Not long ago a storm brought to the ground the branch containing the nest. Apparently additions had been made each year, for it was a huge affair. In the lining were silver forks and spoons, strings of beads, two gold brooches, a silver cufflink, four metal collar studs, a Neille Stewart bangle, and a gold wrist watch. Mother identified the cutlery; other members of the family claimed mysteriously lost property; but not one of us could place the wrist watch. Some of the articles must have been in the nest for years.—10/- to E.E. Well Station, Canberra.

YES, WE HAVE NO . . .

COMING into Circular Quay by a Cremorne ferry last week, passengers were amused to see a well wrapped-up, middle-aged man, casting a rod line from the side of the "Kanimbla." Suddenly he whipped in the fishing line, and brought into view a green banana which had apparently drifted from its moorings in a fruit shop on the wharf.—John Quill.

WIFE'S TIME-SHEET

A MAN I know has made the rule that his wife shall fill in a "daily time-sheet," giving an account of how she occupies her time while he is at work. The husband's contention is that wives, relieved of all rules, develop the habit of "gossiping" with the neighbors, sitting about reading and failing to work to the clock. The wife fills in the sheet each day without a murmur.—"Rosemary."

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

WHILE waiting in a tram shelter the other morning, I overheard this greeting. One woman came hurrying up to another . . . all hot and out of breath. "Oh, I'm sorry I'm late, dear, but I'm that excited . . . have just had a letter from Ivy, my eldest girl. She says, Jack's—that's her husband—father is just dead, and left him £100, and they're all that pleased they don't know what to do. Ivy's buying a fur coat and putting something on a piano, and they're all going to the pictures to-night."—M. Fooks, 96 Phillip St., Sydney.

switched on the lights and sat reading by the fire till dawn crept in palely through the windows.

At breakfast she announced her intention of braving the slow Sunday train and returning home that day.

"Well," said Tom to Wanda as they stood on the porch that afternoon, watching the car bearing Aunt Agatha to the station speed down the drive, "That's an effectual way of getting rid of a kill-joy."

"Thank goodness she didn't think of pushing the window wider open that night when she was inspecting the recess, and find me shivering at the top of the ladder."

Strange incidents of life that come under your notice, or in which you may be personally involved, may be of interest to others. The Australian Women's Weekly will pay 10/- for the best contribution to this column, and consolation prizes will be awarded for other published items.

GENIUS ENTANGLED

RACHMANINOFF, Russian musical genius, must have had an off night in Queen's Hall, London, when Miss Lella Reid, well-known Hobart pianist, just back from London, heard him. He became hopelessly entangled in his own "Prelude in A Sharp Minor," and it was only by improvisation that he eventually completed the composition. Miss Reid, who has been abroad for a long period in pursuit of her musical studies, takes back with her to Hobart the degree of an Associate of the Royal College of Music, high honor in this or any other part of the world.—M.

TIN OPENER NEEDED

A YOUNG married couple, friends of mine in Footscray (Vic.), were dressing to go out one night recently when the girl, manoeuvring with her husband in front of the only mirror, tripped over a mat and plumped in a round tin hat box. So firmly did she sit that no amount of pulling would remove the box. It was twenty minutes before a plumber, living in the same street, could be brought from his tea to cut open the tin with special tin snips.—"Topaz."

FOUND IT AGAIN

I OPENED my purse in Market St. the other morning, to get my bus fare, and, to my surprise, I was minus a 10/- note which I had just received in change at a shop. I walked back looking for it. Two men working nearby asked me what I had lost, and when I told them, one of them handed me the note. After thanking him, I walked across George St. again to get the bus, and in my excitement, I lost the 10/- note once more. Off I hopped after it, hardly daring to hope that fortune would favor me again . . . but there it was, crumpled up on the pavement.—Mrs. C. Brown, 64 John St., Pyrmont.

SLEEP, MY DARLING

AT the pictures in Newcastle the other afternoon, during the performance of "Madame Butterfly," we had got to the part where Garry Grant held the sleeping girl in his arms and sang, "Sleep, my darling, sleep, etc." Just at the psychological moment a man in front, who had gone to "loo," let out a loud snore.—M.P.A.



HUSBAND (during quarrel): "I'll show you who's running this house."

WIFE: "You can't; it's her night off."

(Haggard sketch.)

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

CARE of the HAIR

HAIR hygiene and its possibilities was the topic discussed at a recent "event." I noted the following from one whose hair was the object of appreciative comment and admiration:—

"I am a firm believer in frequent shampooing and brushing. Often I permit myself the luxury of having my hair shampooed twice a week, and with the same soap, made of pure oils, that I use for my face and my bath. Many people make a practice of drying their hair before the fire or electric radiator, whereas I find it a better policy to employ a soft towel in conjunction with fresh air and sunlight. Nature intended the latter for just such a purpose."



Brushing, Massage, & Tints For Your Crowning Glory

By PAM

NOW it is a wonder to me that many of my sex have any hair at all to worry about. They either wave it, or curl it; and bleach it or tint it; and meanwhile omit the ordinary care that is essential. I insist that no hairdressing can be attractive if the routine care of either scalp or hair is overlooked in the slightest degree.

In the first place it must be remembered that cleanliness means everything to your hair—hence the requirement of an occasional shampoo. Greasy hair

may be washed every seven or ten days but if the hair is dry and inclined to be brittle, once every three or four weeks, should suffice. In either case, it is important that the scalp be kept scrupulously clean during the interval by frequent and thorough brushing. The latter not only removes dust and foreign matter—it stimulates the scalp and induces a vigorous growth from the hair roots.

With regard to shampoos there is



THAT beautiful coiffure cannot be obtained without extra care and preparation. Regular brushing, combing, and scalp massage will work wonders.

much to be said, and the wise woman will discriminate in her choice of the cleansing medium.

For the normal scalp, which is neither inclined to excessive greasiness nor is abnormally dry, a superfatted soap with tepid water is sufficient for general use once weekly. The scalp which is clogged with grease from the hair follicles or pores requires an oil solvent with the tepid wash, and for the purpose a spirit soap as the following may be used:—Soft green soap 3 ounces, oil of lavender 10 drops, oil of bergamot 10 drops, rectified spirits of wine to 8 ounces. Moisten the scalp thoroughly with tepid water, rub into a lather with two or three teaspoons of the above liquid soap, and proceed as with the ordinary shampoo. A final rinse with pure, tepid water will remove all trace of soap, the hair being then dried with a soft towel before brushing well in the sun.

Brushing and Scalp Massage

The process of brushing entails something more than mere surface friction of the hair strands, especially with the medium and long bob now in favor. For this reason the brush itself should be of medium stiffness, with long, flexible bristles of sufficient strength to penetrate to the scalp for removal of skin debris and dust. Evening is the best time for this daily task, as then the matter which has accumulated during the day will be removed from the scalp before retiring. If in this way the tresses are thoroughly brushed from root to tip for five or ten minutes each night, little further attention will be needed in the morning. Setting lotions and the like are left to your choice, and, of course, your particular type of hair must be studied for effect.

The value of scalp massage as a method of stimulating the vitality of the hair cannot be over-estimated, and where time permits such treatment may be combined with brushing as above. Subject the scalp to an even pressure of the finger-tips, and gently massage with a pinching movement from the upper temple to the centre, or crown, of the head. Repeat until the scalp glows with the increased circulation, then brush well and apply two or three drops of almond oil with the palms of the hand as a dressing.

That Henna Treatment

The henna wash is probably the best brightener for dark hair, and if inclined to Auburn, a delightful effect is obtained. Requiring no after attention, the process is comparatively simple, and no permanent stain remains on the skin. Place two or three heaped tablespoons of henna powder in a quart enamel container, and to this add boiling water until it is a liquid like tea. Simmer

If you WANT BEAUTIFUL HANDS

STUDY the shape of your finger-tips before you start to file your nails. Remember that pointed fingers should have pointed nails—but not too pointed, and rounded fingers slightly rounded nails. If your finger tips are flat, let the nails grow a bit longer, and try squeezing the fingers two or three times a day. The improvement will surprise you.

Always wash the hands in warm water—not hot—and use plenty of soap and a nail brush. Dry on a soft towel, and rub in some cream. At night smother the hands and nails with cream, and wear a pair of loose gloves (housemaid's will do).

Hands will become soft and white, and nails good to look at if this treatment is followed.

To bring up the half-moons, use your orange stick, the flat end, twice a day, and at night after rubbing in the cream. Transparent nails need nail white. As for polish, remember not to have your nails too highly glazed. A brightish red if you are wearing white looks well. But if bright colors are being worn, just rub up with a buffer.

Redness of the hands arises from two main causes, chapping and exposure of the skin to weather extremes, and some fault in circulation of the blood.

The first condition is remedied by



Study the shape of your fingers.

means of emollient creams and general care of the skin. The constitutional cause is best treated by attention to health, and remember that the matter of exercise is important.

Massage of the fingers and hand assists in either case, especially if a softening cream is employed for the purpose. Employ almond oil or a trace of tissue cream to massage lengthwise from the finger-tip upwards, employing gentle pressure with the thumb and fingers.

The hand itself should be rubbed towards the wrist, and finish with a rinsing movement as in wetting the hands. Calamine lotion, either white or flesh-tinted, gives a finished and dainty appearance to the skin of both hands and arms, the liquid being dabbed on and allowed to dry. Even off with a chamol or velvet puff before applying powder.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

SEASICKNESS

Question: Why do people get seasick?

Although there are many theories about seasickness, the most popularly accepted one is that it is concerned with certain little organs in the ear. These "semi-circular canals" (as they are called) have a great influence on our balancing, and when the fluid in them is moved about vigorously and continuously by the heavy motion of a boat, the whole body is disturbed.

This fact is strongly supported by



WITHOUT bending, raise one leg sideways as far as possible, at the same time inhaling deeply, then lower, exhaling. Repeat action with other leg, continuing about twenty times.

the fact that deaf mutes are exempt from seasickness.

START THE DAY WELL

Question: What should constitute the business girl's breakfast?

Although dieting, as we knew it in extreme form a year or two ago, is going out of fashion, there still remain some who look on the masculine figure as the ideal one. With a view to keeping within the required limits, many young girls go off to the office with

for a few minutes to bring out the color, make up to the pink or more of liquid, and when sufficiently cool, strain off the clear infusion through muslin. This is the henna wash or rinse which must be saturated through the hair after a preliminary shampoo to remove grease.

To keep the tinting fluid well applied, a towel may be saturated in the latter and wound turban fashion round the head for a few minutes, but remember that the hot solution is best for imparting definite shades. A final rinse is not essential before drying. If the result obtained is too dark, a thorough shampoo will effectually remove it, and in any case the amount of henna may be increased or decreased as desired.

The true henna head is produced by a thick coating of henna paste, which is left on for ten to twenty minutes.

practically no breakfast to support them.

Where a large supper has been consumed at a late hour the night before, there may be something to be said for a twelve-hour fast, but where the last meal was taken at about six the previous evening, it is decidedly unwise to form the habit of doing without food, until the following mid-day. In the morning our energies are at their lowest ebb, and it is at that time that we need sustenance most if we are to have a strenuous first half of the day. Mothers should do all they can to urge their daughters to have at least an egg, a piece of fruit, and a glass of milk coffee, or milk cocoa, before setting off to the office. Eggs are of especial value, and should be always on the breakfast menu.

A DANGER SPOT

Question: What is the medical cure for appendicitis?

I do not know the answer to this question. The appendix is a danger spot in the body, and is a remnant of evolution. When it gets inflamed, an abscess is liable to form and quickly burst if neglected. It is quite true that some people have suffered from chronic appendicitis, and have never had an operation. Most doctors think that they are very fortunate to have been able to get away with it. The bulk of medical opinion is emphatic on the point that the cure for appendicitis is a surgical one, and the sooner it is done the better.

BEAUTY ANSWERS

By PAM

MISS B. (Sydney): That vegetable cream is so called from the vegetable oil which is its base ingredient. There are many good preparations of the kind on the market, or you might substitute almond oil for the purpose. Facial lines, and especially those that wrinkle about the eyes, must be treated with the finest of tissue creams—the oil is perhaps best for the latter. After a preliminary tepid foment, dry carefully, and massage with the finger-tips in a patting movement upwards towards the temples. Remember that the tissues about the eyes are sensitive, so do not pull or stretch the skin unnecessarily. This is the night treatment—do lightly with astringent which laces after the tepid morning wash.

HOPEFUL (Korby): The sensitive skin demands protection from weather extremes if inclined to redness as stated. A pure skin cream—slightly greasy—should be substituted for the vanishing cream as your preserver, but apply sparingly for best results. Bathe the face at night with tepid oatmeal water, and massage with a skin food after drying. For the present you should avoid cold water, the tepid wash being all that is necessary after removal of the day make-up with a light cleansing cream. Choose a face powder of the simple type, free from bluish and heavy ingredients which tend to clog the skin.

CALORES (Condonist): Your weight excess demands a simple diet, with restriction of fats, sugars and starches. Daily outdoor exercise is advised, or you might indulge in a routine of body movements before the morning tepid plunge. See article published last issue. Will give outline of Diet and Calories later. Women whose work permits or requires them to sit all day need from 2000 to 2200 calories. The busy housewife requires 2500 or thereabouts. Meanwhile, drink no liquids with meals, and add the juice of a lemon to the morning glass of hot water.

BEAUTY HELPS for the Smart Woman

(BY RITA MOYA)

SURE WAY OF REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.

The usual hair removers on the market I have found not at all satisfactory. I recommend the following preparation. It is really wonderful in its action, destroying hairs completely in a few moments. Many women have merely a down on the arms and face, and imagine they do not need a hair remover. They hardly realise what a wonderful difference there would be in their appearance if this down, even light as it may be, were removed. Get at any good chemist a package of pure powdered phenol. Mix a little of it into a paste with water, and apply it to the hair growths. Wash off after two minutes, and the hairs will have entirely disappeared. It is ideal for removing hair from the underarms, and is a necessity to the up-to-date woman.

NATURAL WAVY HAIR.

Your hair will regain its rich lustre and fluffy appearance if cleansed occasionally with a mild shampoo. The very best thing I know of for this purpose is granulated staxal, a teaspoonful of which dissolved in a cup of hot water is sufficient for the thickest growth of hair. Pure staxal, however, seems rather expensive, as it is only sold in the original packages, which cost four shillings. This quantity, however, is sufficient for about twenty-five shampoos, so it really is cheaper than individual shampoo powders. Dry, irritating or profusely oily scalps are soon put in a healthy condition, and dull, brittle hair grows bright and even in color, and will be ever so soft and fluffy.

HAIR CULTURE.

There is no excuse for falling hair; no excuse for thin, sick hair, or bald spots. No excuse of features can make up for a distressing lack of hair growth, and the formula which I purpose giving you will put these troubles right. Mix a package of boranum in 1-pint of bay rum, shake the bottle well, and allow it to stand for half an hour, then add 1-pint of fresh, cold water, and strain. Rub well into the scalp, and in two weeks' time look for the new growth; you will not require a microscope to see it.

TO RENEW COMPLEXIONS WITHOUT COSMETICS.

If the excessive user of cosmetics only knew the impression her artificiality really makes upon others, she would quickly seek the means of gaining a natural complexion. Let her acquire the merciful wax habit, discarding make-up entirely, and she will soon have the kind of complexion that women envy, and men admire. It is so easy to get a jar of merciful wax from the chemist, and use it nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Gradually the lifeless, soiled outer cuticle peels off in tiny invisible flakes, and in a short time you have a brand-new complexion, clear, soft, velvety, and of girlish colour and texture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Foeder Puff—I agree, it is a nuisance to have to keep powdering one's nose every other minute at a dance. So lead for your skin, too. Much the nicest way is to bathe your face before you start with a solution of chemist. You'll find it gives your skin a much more velvety "finish" than powder, and the effect lasts you hours.

Pale Lips—No, don't use lip-salve. It is always such a hideously unnatural red, and makes one look "made-up" at once. All you need to give your lips a bright, healthy color is an occasional rub with a stick of soft prolateum.

Eyelashes—Yes, long eyelashes do give charm to the plainest face. Have you never tried applying a little mescaline to the eyebrows and lashes every night? I've never known it fail to make them wonderfully long, thick and dark.

Hairdressing—It's hard to make definite rules, but a fairly safe one is to do your hair low on the forehead if your nose is small and "snub," and off the forehead if it is rather large and high-bridged. If your eyes are small and near-set, be sure and have plenty of hair round the face.

The FASHION PARADISE

by JESSIE TAIT.

LINEN first favorite for SUMMER

Cottons, linens and flax rival all fabrics this season. Suits of these materials stand out in all the collections—cotton goods masquerading as tweed, homespun, twill and such stuffs; linens disguised as shantung, taffeta and serge. Light colors are favored, of course.

A GREAT advantage in having suits of these materials is that they are firm, and do not stretch. Most of them are also uncrushable, and will wash like rags.

For evening there are transparent cottons and linens, cotton voiles as soft and filmy as chiffons, organdie and organza, of which you will hear more later.

The linings of jackets and the blouses of these suits are being made of the new plaid cotton taffeta, with dark ground.

It is possible that the black skirts of the Fascisti inspired the fashion designers in Paris to reverse the order of things and put dark tops over lighter skirts. This idea does not necessarily demand black. Any color that is dark in contrast to the rest of the costume goes to make the blouse, cape, jumper, or jacket.

A string-colored skirt and loose cardigan jacket of cotton tweed has two tops; one of crinkled crepe in black and the other in dark brown pique—both button down over the skirt and tie high at the neck. A string-colored fabric hat is worn.

A yellow homespun skirt has a golden brown blouse with white spots—brown coat and hat.

A vermilion skirt and cape with a blouse, and lining of the cape in black

Miss Jessie Tait—

whose excellent taste and outstanding knowledge of women's clothes is well known from the dressing of the J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows, gives a preliminary review of fashion prospects for the coming season.

crepe, printed in a white design, will look very daring and smart. Navy blue will be used to top red, grey, and pale blue dresses. Molyneux makes a blouse of navy blue spotted in white, and puts it with a grey skirt and jacket. A red suit has a navy blouse printed with small red daisies. A Kelly green swagger coat and plain, straight skirt has a blouse of black and white checks, large and distinct. The coat would go well over some sombre black crepe frock that needs such a distraction.

Pastel Colors

Few of the cotton suits are done in dark colors. Most of them are in natural string shade. For the very warm weather, frail pastels like daffodil yellow, lime greens, blues and pinks. The smartest blouses to wear



A Schiaparelli sports suit has a cotton tweed skirt and a jacket that is half cotton tweed and half linen. It fastens with loops of leather and metal bars.

Jeanne Lanvin designed this summer suit. It has a waistcoat blouse and loose jacket of striped cotton material in green, black, and grey. The skirt is grey cotton homespun.

This is a Hermes suit made of woven cotton tricot in pale blue. It is fastened by brass gages from a bridle. Under it a pink blouse.

Lyolene makes this suit of cotton flax, and gives it a double-braided leather belt, one strand of which loops under the patch pocket.

ETCETERAS

A clothes line turban mounted on green linen. The rope is wound round and round the crown.

Shoes and two belts made of the very fashionable grocery string. Even the gloves have their gauntlets trimmed with it.

The bag to match your shoes and belt. Again made of natural colored string.



with these suits are made of dark colored organdie or other transparent material. These blouses are severely tailored, and either have very short sleeves or long—with cuffs and links. Waistcoat blouses without

sleeves can be made of cotton gingham and cotton taffeta. These blouses come over the skirt, as you will see in the second sketch on this page.

Scarves

Cotton scarves are worn with these suits, and they should be of the same material as the blouse. If you wear your scarf Ascot fashion (again in the second sketch) it will be newer than in a bow.

Smartness of Linen

If you still think of linen as being suitable only for plain washing frocks and beach-wear, you are far behind the times. It is now used for the most sophisticated clothes, and can be worn on any occasion. A white linen jacket with squared-off shoulders is belted with a wide black belt and worn over a black crepe dress for afternoon wear. A navy blue and grey printed crepe-de-chine dress, with hat and gloves of the same material, is topped with a three-quarter coat of grey linen, made tight to the figure, and with over-hanging epaulets. A long coat of plain string-colored linen will be most useful, as it can be worn over any dress, and is a good background for bright or dark accessories.

Cotton and Wool Used

One of the most interesting things noted in the first spring fashion shows is the way in which wool and cotton can be combined.

A wool blouse, for example, makes a

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

PLAID crocheted cotton scarf and hat ensembles, the hat being lacquered to resemble straw, are new sports costume details.

COLORLED satin and gold kid are favorite evening shoe materials; they are also good when combined.

CRISP pique evening coats of three-quarter length and stiff organdie evening wraps will be worn for the summer. Favorite styles in organdie are the waist-length, frilly jacket or elbow-length capelets.

heavy cotton suit possible, even for early spring wear, while cotton touches lend freshness and novelty to wool or silk outfits.

These fabric contrasts quite often take the form of shoulder yokes. A wool frock may have a yoke, belt and cuffs of flax thread knitted on.

Of all the lovely printed materials that are creating such a furore abroad, I will tell you next week.

THERE are lots of skirt and blouse evening dresses for semi-demi wear. Lelong's dress with a plaid organdie blouse and a black net skirt, and Mainbocher's with a white lace bodice and black crepe skirt, are two new examples.

HERIN is launching wool scarf blouses having knitted white roll collars that resemble a scarf when held in the hand, but which wrap around into a conventional-looking blouse—an amusing jacket suit accessory for week-ending.

MANY of the new evening dresses have bunches of flowers poised centre front of the bodice. Scarlet poppies on a black chiffon dress, white carnations on pale green, and bunches of field flowers on white chiffon.

WORTH predicts dazzling styles with many gold-dotted, pailletted, or silver embroidered fabrics, and colored, jewel-studded, dressy frocks, as well as jackets, belts, and other accessories.

PARIS-VIENNA MODEL JUMPER



THE jumper illustrated has a fascinating treatment in the "lattice" yoke and sleeves.

It is knitted in cardinal and beige, and finished with nickel buckle and buttons. The completed garments in this series are displayed at the wool department at David Jones, who courteously supplied the wool.

If knitted with 3-ply wool and No. 9 needles this jumper will fit 36 in. bust figure.

Materials: 100z Paton's 3-ply superfine in red, 10z 3-ply fawn, 1 pair No. 9 bone needles and 1 pair No. 12 steel needles, 1 crochet needle, 1 nickel clip, and 3 nickel buttons.

Front: With No. 12 steel needles and

Originality of design, interpreted in charming color contrasts, is the outstanding feature of this popular series of knitted jumpers, published exclusively by The Australian Women's Weekly.

red wool cast on 120 stitches and knit in ribs of 2 plain, 2 purl, for 6 inches. Now change to No. 9 needles, and change the rib to 3 plain, 1 purl, and, on reverse side, 8 purl, 1 plain. Continue in this rib for 30 rows. Next row: K. 61, k. 2 tog., join on second ball of wool and k. tog., k. 61. This divides the knitting for the centre opening. Continuing at outer edge as before until 64 rows are completed—for the opening k. 2 tog. at opening on every plain row till 10 stitches have been decreased on each side, then increase every fourth row till you return to same number as before the opening. After 64 rows on outer edge, begin decreasing for raglan sleeve

by knitting 2 tog. at each end of every plain row till shoulder is reached. After closing the opening at neck begin decreasing for neck edge by knitting 2 tog. at neck edge of every row till 3 stitches remain between the shoulder and neck edge. Cast off.

Back: Proceed as for the front, omitting the opening until the armholes are reached (64 rows). Then begin decreasing for armhole as for the front till 40 rows are completed. Here divide the stitches in centre for back opening; continue with another ball of wool from centre, still decreasing at armhole edge till 54 stitches remain, and cast off.

Sleeve: With No. 12 steel needles cast on 60 stitches and knit in ribs of 2 plain and 2 purl for 13 inches, increasing at each end every inch till 81 stitches are on the needle. Continue till 12 inches are done. Then change to No. 9 needles and increase by knitting into the back and front of every stitch to form the puffed sleeve (162). Continue in rib of 8 plain, 1 purl, for 44 rows, when divide for opening and begin decreasing at edge.

K. 2 tog. at each end of every row, while in centre divide for opening as for front. K. 2 tog. on every plain row till 10 stitches have been decreased on each side of opening, then increase at opening every 4th row, keeping the continuity of the rib till you return to the same number as before the opening. Continue decreasing at sleeve edge till 27 stitches remain. Cast off.

Knit the other sleeve to correspond.

Bow: With 12 steel needles and fawn wool cast on 50 stitches. This bow is knitted in stocking stitch, which is reversed every third row. Knit 45 rows, reversing the stitch (when three rows plain have been knitted on one side, knit purl on the same side and plain at back, which forms a rib, running widthways of bow). For the linings of the three openings cast on 3 stitches and increase at each end of every plain row till 24 stitches are on the needle, then decrease at each end of every 4th row till 3 stitches remain. Cast off. These are done in fawn wool on No. 9 needles.

To Finish: Press all with a damp cloth and hot iron, and join underarm seams. Join sleeve seams and the sleeves to shoulder seams. Work one row of double crochet round each of the openings and round neck edge, including back opening. On right side of back opening crochet 3 loops of 4 chain for button loops, and attach 3 nickel buttons at opposite side.

The lattice is worked in chain crochet. Make a loop and attach at 5th stitch from the centre point, and join on other side 3 stitches above the side point. Continue in this manner, joining the chain when crossing a previous bar. Work diagonal openings in the same way.

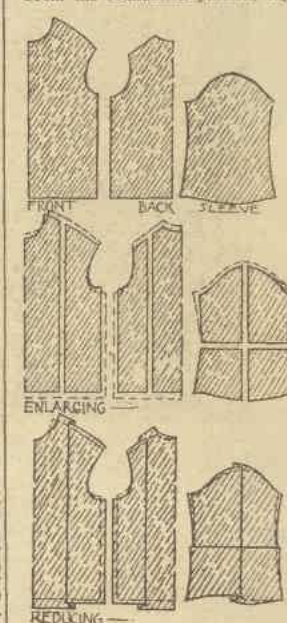
Run a thread through centre of bow, draw up, and attach clip.

At Mount Buffalo and at Kosciuszko they are revelling in the snow, while we shiver and grumble at the cold. Skis and sleighs and snowballs are in great demand, and glowing cheeks testify to the exhilarating exercise. Costumes are picturesque and sportsmanlike, and, of course, cosy. Tailored slacks tuck into colorful socks, turned down over the solid boots to which the skis are attached. Gay jumpers, scarves, and berets, complete the ensemble, or, for the expert, David Jones' Ltd., who supplied these outfits, suggest a trim weather cap

by knitting 2 tog. at each end of every plain row till shoulder is reached. After closing the opening at neck begin decreasing for neck edge by knitting 2 tog. at neck edge of every row till 3 stitches remain between the shoulder and neck edge. Cast off.

You Can ALTER Your Patterns

IN many instances, a paper pattern is available in one size only. It is therefore necessary to reduce or enlarge the pattern according to your requirements. The accompanying illustration will help you to overcome this difficulty. From the foundation pattern, say 36



inches bust, you can reduce to 32 inches by folding the front and back as shown in sketch, according to the proportions required, taking fine care to allow two inches over your tight measurements, thus allowing enough space for movements when the garment is finished.

On the opposite, when a 38 inches bust is required, cut pattern as on sketch and widen same to your fitting, plus two inches. The shoulder seams should be taken into consideration when altering a pattern, and it will be quite easy to rectify these after the right measurements have been obtained. The same system can be adopted for sleeves and skirts.

COULDN'T FACE HER

DAMAGES of £150 are being claimed by a divorced woman in Osaka, who states that her husband's father turned her out because he did not like looking at her face any longer.

SKIN DISEASES and THEIR ORIGIN

(Extract from a lecture given by Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.B., F.R.C., the well-known skin and scalp specialist.)

Many people who know dandruff seldom realise that many skin infections are caused by this complaint. Sores of the scalp, face, and body, inflamed eyes (conjunctivitis), rosacea, pimples, and rash on face, back and chest, in 9 cases out of 10 find their source in dandruff.

Many scalp affections are due to too infrequent washing of scalp, use of wrong soap, etc.

During the past 10 years Mr. McHugh has cured an amazing number of cases thought hopeless. His secret formula and special dandruff treatment have brought him fame in curing Eczema, Psoriasis, Varicose veins, Tropical ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, and other distressing complaints when other methods have failed.

Free advice is available to The Australian Women's Weekly readers from Mr. J. J. McHugh, consulting chemist, 447 W. Mawarra Road, Marrickville, N.S.W., who treats such cases individually.

Develop a Beautiful Bust

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm bust that fashion demands!

Send for FREE Literature! Let me show you how EASY you can develop a bust of alluring beauty. This FREE literature shows you how to develop this secret of feminine charm—quickly and easily in your own home! If you send NOW while this offer lasts, it will cost you nothing!

Post this NOW!

MARY MONROE, Dept. W.W., 107 Pitt Street, Sydney. Please send me your FREE literature under plain wrapper. I enclose a 2d stamp for postage.

Name

Address

..... 1/13

Why 300 Victorian Chemists Have Endorsed KOKO for the Hair!



FOR DANDRUFF—

"KOKO is the best thing I know for Dandruff—my family have used it for years and would not be without it."

FOR FALLING HAIR—

"My hair fell out till I was nearly bald on one side of my head—I found KOKO splendid—I thought it was impossible for anything to improve the hair so much."

FOR COLOURFUL HAIR—

"I am 56 and without a Gray hair, thanks to using KOKO for over 30 years."

(Extracts from customers' voluntary testimony)

Your first trial of KOKO will amaze you that such a clean and pleasant dressing can do so much, so quickly for the hair.

1/4 2/11 4/9

EVERYWHERE (Includes Sales Tax)

CONSIDER the SILHOUETTE

The girl or the woman of charm is the one who can afford to be natural; who can walk or dance without the unnatural restraint imposed by compression, the restriction imposed by heavy and exacting corsetry. To be forced to submit to heavily boned garments, in which one scarce dares to breathe, results in acute bodily discomfort and the mental unrest that follows in its train.

Foundation garments have banished this very real bogey for all time. Corsets take their rightful place in the family album—beneath the antiquated bustles that we thankfully relinquish to our predecessors.

Dainty grace for blonde and brunette is exemplified in these front-lace foundation garments.

The "Average" model (below) and the "Hip" model (left).



That Subtle Simplicity

To achieve that simplicity of line synonymous with grace and with health we have considered it necessary hitherto to look overseas to famous designers—and then to look, searchingly, in our purses and compromise with the "next best thing."

That the elegance that begets the grace of perfect co-ordination, as expressed in the illustrations of models from the Continental salons, can only be attained by expensive imported garments, is an assumption which Australian designers have now proved to be utterly false.

To the designers it has been a matter of scientific research; to the woman who would be well dressed it is a matter of discrimination in her purchase. The new Berlei Front-Lace Foundation garments are a local product of which every Australian woman will be justly proud, both from the point of view of a national product and from that of personal appearance and comfort.

Health and Charm

THERE are three factors which govern the success of the foundation garment. They are, in order of precedence: Health, comfort, and appearance. A healthy body is the direct result of judicious garment control. Nor is it possible to achieve this result through the use of a uniform article.

It is in this aspect that science has played its part in the evolution of foundation garments. The natural development of a woman may tend to the average type or to a generous hip measurement, to a "sway-back" or an abdomen type—to use the professional, though self-explanatory, terms. It is necessary, therefore, for the foundation garment to control each type in accordance with its natural trend.

For this reason, the new front-lace foundation garments are made in four distinct models.

The average hips are preserved in upright and graceful lines in one model; in another the wider hips are so controlled that the tendency to increase, inevitable with advancing age, is checked; the abdomen type model gives just the correct amount of additional frontal support, and the sway-back cuffs, below the waist, to the gentle pressure that gives graceful contours.

The feature of the foundation garment that is the source of this natural con-

tro, is the new front-lacing, for the lacing allows a certain relaxation, and, if necessary, daily readjustment. The lacing itself is so carefully inset into the garment as to be completely inconspicuous beneath the most revealing gown, while the fastening of the foundation garment takes the form of a very simple side-hook.

Complete Comfort

Complete comfort is the obvious result of the minimum of elastic used in the design. The placing of the elastic insets has been carefully considered to render only the very smallest pieces necessary. At the waistline a straight-length has been inset on either side, and at the bottom of the front a triangular inset allows freedom of leg movement. The wearer can thus walk or bend or sit in absolute comfort. As in the latter position the lower hip measurement shows a natural increase of between three and four inches, this feature is very important.

Graceful and charming contours are the natural corollary of a healthfully controlled body. The accentuated, muscular development of the athletic girl is

directed into firm lines, while that of the woman who has been prone to softer, even flabby, muscles, will respond to the moulding effect of a foundation garment. Further, with daily wear, it will be found that its influence will be to occasion a pleasing decrease of measurement.

Exquisitely Feminine

The foundation garments themselves present a truly delightful appearance. The material is a silk batiste, in which a very fine cording is discernible in the weave. This cording gives the desired firmness. The finishings are, obviously, the work of an artist, and disclose minute attention to detail.

In the best quality models, for example, the side-fastening is lined with a band of softest velvet.

For its health-giving properties, as a delightful, exquisitely feminine addition to one's wardrobe, for the economy effected by local manufacture, every woman will congratulate Berlei on the new front-lace foundation garment.

It will not only make corset history, but definitely make corsets a back-number.



A Berlei Front-lace foundation is Different

so much more
satisfactory

WHEN a front-lacing garment doesn't poke into the flesh at the diaphragm—but sets smoothly, comfortably close about the waist; when it doesn't ride up—but keeps its correct position throughout the day; when it banishes the busk—and fastens very firmly, but oh, so comfortably at one side, it is different indeed, it is, in fact, a Berlei Front-lacing foundation.

7132—Berlei Front-lacing foundation in peach figured faille. Clever boning has an exceptionally slenderising effect. A boned flap reinforces the non-slip lock lacing. Elastic sections. Average type. Waists 24-31 ins.

7134—Are you perhaps a short-backed figure with flesh accumulation at the abdomen? Wear Berlei Front-lacing foundation 7134 and rejoice in the modish lengthened lines your figure takes. Art. silk broche and elastic. Waists 29-36 ins.



BERLEI
FOUNDATION GARMENTS

DISTINCTIVE STYLES From the FILMS



There is a certain distinction which marks the apparel of the "stars." From a severely-tailored Eton jacket to luxurious bridal array, each bears the hall-mark of an artist.

THIS week we present five beautiful film fashions. No patterns are available for these models.

+1. Karen Morley (M.-G.-M.) wearing a very lovely dinner hostess type of frock in heavy dove grey crepe, with shoulder yoke, belt, and hemline trimmed with lacing bands of seed pearls, finished with tie-ends. Long flowing sleeves fall from the yoke to the floor—giving a flowing, graceful effect.

+2. A feminine version of the "mess jacket" which originated in South America, is shown in the youthful evening jacket worn above by Jean Parker (M.-G.-M.). of white cotton pique. The jacket shows the waistcoat front with wide revers and Ascot tie, with sleeves that puff above elbow-length gloves. Beneath the frock is of black crepe with flaring epaulets of the white pique over the shoulders—and a touch of white at the belt.



"Fx & R" DIAMOND RINGS . . .

Quality

The quality of "Fx & R" Diamond Rings is expressed in the fire, colour and brilliance of the stones, and the perfection of design and workmanship. It's quality that counts in diamond rings; since it is the factor that determines value. Extremely low price or large diamonds do not necessarily mean VALUE.

Price

"Fx & R" Diamond Rings are offered at most reasonable prices. Diamonds are purchased direct from the markets of the world, and the rings are made in our own workrooms. There are no intermediate profits to be added to the cost of the rings.

Value

Taking into consideration the supreme quality of "Fx & R" Diamond Rings, and the reasonable prices at which they are offered, it is no exaggeration to say that they represent the best value in Sydney.

Fairfax & Roberts Ltd.

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney,"

23-25 HUNTER STREET



+3. Be cheered—here are two frocks—one costing £25 and the other only a few pounds, and there is scarcely any difference, is there? One is made of the finest white satin with organdie ruffles, while the other is of plain white cotton with accordion pleated organdie ruffles (M.-G.-M. artists).

+4. Elisabeth Aden (M.-G.-M.), wearing an attractive grey flannel sports suit featuring the new cape, which is of a darker shade of grey than the skirt. A white wool lace blouse is worn with this suit.

+5. "A Kiss in Spring" is the name given to this charming bridal gown of heavy moire-silk which was inspired by the beautiful arum lily. Severely moulded to the figure, the frock flares out into a long full train from the hips. The arrangement of the veil and the trimmed neckline of the frock are not only original, but becoming. (British International.)

Womanly Charm

French women have always had a fondness for high heels, but sports have gradually won their admiration for a really nippie gait, and this cannot be achieved on high heels, since they throw the body out of balance. Connoisseurs assert that a woman's walk, together with her voice, are her most irresistible charms. The life-motif of the Parisienne is to charm.

This includes the suffragettes, for, profiting by the lessons learned from the valiant English suffragettes of 1912, the French Women's League chose for their speakers recently only the silver-tongued, elegantly-dressed women barristers, slim of body and comely of face. They find that cold reason is more easily absorbed by feminine audiences when it is wrapped in subtle charm.

SEEN at the OPENING of the PARIS Social SEASON

From Neil Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

NEWs just received from Paris gives details of the reopening for the gay social season of the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs—the open-air resort on the beautiful Avenue des Champs Elysees, which is one of the few places remaining in the French capital where formal dress is essential for dining and dancing.

CREAM OF FASHION

The cream of Parisian and cosmopolitan society was present at the opening function, and the dressing was particularly smart. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes (who enjoys the reputation for being the world's best dressed woman) was dancing in a long, slim, dark blue evening gown in rayeses (a new, shiny, silken material woven with what looks like small, irregular pin-tucks). Over it she wore a short, red, white, and blue tartan jacket of crinkly silk, tied high up at the throat.

The Princesse Sixte de Bourbon was another wearer of deep blue, and had on a printed blue and white Schiaparelli model, the "kerchief" movement of the back being unusual, and looking as if a scarf had been crossed in front and

knotted, although the line in front was quite plain and straight.

Informal evening gowns, with wide, puffed sleeves and low décolletages, were worn by several leaders of fashion at Les Ambassadeurs that evening, one of the smartest being the Princesse de Faucigny Lucinge in a new Worth model of black chiffon with a skirt very full from the knees down, and a draped bodice with a tiny upstanding collar of stiffened black chiffon outlining the deep V-shaped décolletage.

The sleeves were in bold black and white check, and its draped sash-belt was trimmed with a bow of the check. M. Worth, by the way, has persuaded several of his smartest clients to wear a small black hat with this gown for dinner, and predicts that we shall see hats worn next season with evening gowns of an informal type, but with deep décolletage.

DEEP V SHAPE

Another informal evening model was worn by the Baroness Seawanssee, who is very tall and slender. Made of white tulle, it had a deep V-shaped décolletage at back and front, and wide, puffed sleeves, reaching to just below the elbow, of white organdie embroidered all over in a leaf design.

The skirt was made perfectly flat to fit the figure snugly, and worn with it was a white tulle cape lined with bright red faille, buttoning high up round the throat with diamante buttons.

Intimate Jottings

How Do You Like—

ALICE BOLGER'S so great attachment to her ear-rings that she even wears them in a Chinese play?

Mrs. Edmund Resch's "forty-thieves" fars?

Professor Fawsitt's novel penalty for men students—making them sit with the women?

Lieutenant Creal's snappy skating?

"Zipped" Strad

Miss Florence Hood, violinist, who returned to Australia recently, treats her valuable Strad with due care and respect. When she arrived from Montreal the instrument was encased in a covering fastened with a "zip" that did not in the least suggest the nature of its contents—or its value.

"Lengthy" Ballet

If members of the Sydney University Dental Association are able in the future to attract patients as well as they are able to attract a crowd to their annual dance, they have nothing to fear. The faculty is the smallest at the University, and yet it always manages to have a larger attendance at its dances than do other faculties.

Led by Mr. Ted King—known to the members as "Length," for he must be several inches over six feet—12 members of the association, clad in incongruous Pavlova costumes, caused screams of merriment by the execution of a ballet dance. It was rather well done too.

Paul's Didn't Pull

What with "Emergency exit only" over the only door of the room, and soup and cakes at 4 a.m. under the august eyes of Bishops and former Wardens, a girl ought to be able to live on her past glories for months; after S. Paul's College dance last week. Philip Game was, unfortunately, absent from the merry throng, owing to his measles, but there was no lack of bright young things on the dance floor. The official party occupied a position of state in the cloisters, nearby the marquee. As usual, bright fires burned in the college rooms.

Trains Own

Horses

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Grahame, of "Belle-vue," Woodville, have returned from a delightful honeymoon, spent in Sydney and Melbourne. Mrs. Grahame was Miss Nancy Reynolds, of "Tocal," Pater-son, and one of the few girls ever known to train her own race-horses. "Tocal" is one of the oldest and most beautiful homes in the district, and remained in the Reynolds' family for over a century. It was renowned for its Hereford Stud Farm.

SEWN SECRETS

The proprietors of residential establishments had rather a difficult time last week when they approached their boarders with the Census form to fill in. Little men who had kept their business secret for years snorted with indignation. Women who did not wish to disclose secrets of past marriages and divorces almost wept. One landlady, in an effort to please her boarders, had a sheet of brown paper stitched on the form, and as each lodger filled in his column she tacked it down with needle and thread, making it immune from the prying eyes of others.

Marching On

Blue bonneted ladies, both young and old, with happy faces, free from any artificial aids to beauty, some knitting and some sewing as they sang the well-beloved songs of the Salvation Army, gave a homely touch to the preliminary of the farewell to Mrs. Commissioner G. L. Carpenter at the Congress Hall. Representatives of other associations present included Dr. Mary Booth, Mrs. McLelland, Mrs. Goodisson, Miss Grace Scobie, Mrs. Glanville, Mrs. Ney and Miss L. M. Fowler.

A Sardine Party

One of the most interesting parties I've attended was given by Harold Stuart recently, when he got 100 people into a one-roomed flat as a farewell to himself and Pat Barton, who sailed by the Jervis Bay. The flat was an old kitchen on top of the Warrigal Club. The pantries off it were converted into bedrooms and dressing-rooms. It opened on to a flat roof, and had the most charming view. Once it was let to Dr. Vance, of Vancluse. There was no attempt at organised entertainment. Everyone just talked and walked about, and met interesting people.

The "Odd-Man"

Canberra male golfers squirm when they are asked if they know Mrs. C. E. M. Burr, one of the Capital's most popular young matrons. The reason was provided by the happenings of a certain Saturday afternoon at the golf links, when, in a competition for men only, it was discovered that one player could not be accommodated with a partner. Mrs. Burr was asked to act as marker, and she readily agreed. She did the round with the "odd

man out," and, much to the horror of every member playing, returned a card which won easily. Her prowess on that occasion has made the most efficient males hesitate before asking her to accompany them on the round.

Boiling the Billy

Mr. T. Hodge Smith, mineralogist of the Australian Museum, tells a good story of the time he visited Central Australia. He was very impressed with the burning quality of the wood from the trees in the tropical forest. Going into a camp one night, he said to an old man: "Well, in Central Australia you never have to worry about wood for the fire." "No," replied his friend; "but it isn't anything like the grass land in Queensland. When you want to boil the billy there, you have first to light the grass and then follow it along. One night I walked three miles after the grass to boil the billy, and found that I'd forgotten the tea."

Hundred Strong

Can't find a chair! It is a familiar complaint, but it will no longer be heard at Cranbrook. One hundred parents have given one hundred chairs, and in this way have solved the problem of seating accommodation. There will be a big dance at Cranbrook on July 7, when sausages and chips will be served to bridge players in the dormitories.

Abreast of the Times

Adhering to their policy of keeping well informed on matters of international importance, members of the National Council of Women are watching the developments of the World Economic Conference.

At a meeting held in the Royal Empire Society's Rooms last week, they listened with close attention to an explanation of the gravity of the situations with which the Conference had to deal, given by Professor R. C. Mills.



Have you ever felt like this in public—in last year's frock and hat?

No Body-line

That a gathering of cricketers should take place without the "body-line" topic being discussed is almost unbelievable, but such was the case at the Combined Cricketers' Ball. Sheffield Shield cricketers, more than "eleven a side," formed a guard of honor for the debutantes, who, with floral bats in hand, walked down a green pitch complete with floral stumps, to be given "out" by Lady Isaacs. Arthur Mailey wrote the words for the songs sung later in the night. Nearly all the tables were decorated with cricket materials, and the attendance was so constituted that there was not one "maiden over."

Where Vodka Vods

Candle grease, or grass, or whatever it is that communists of fiction eat, does not do for those of reality, at any rate not at the present time, so a London correspondent writes. Nowhere in London does the caviare cav or the vodka vod more luxuriously than at the Soviet Embassy parties. Nor do the refugees seem to feel the pinch sartorially. Once you had to be careful not to give a tip to that frowzy gentleman in sports clothes, lest he be an archduke, but to-day dress clothes are quite universal.

In Sydney dancing, rather than food, is the main attraction at Russian Club parties, although the little yeast and meat doughnuts, which are boiled in fat, and similar to those sold on Russian railways, are very intriguing, and it is great fun to watch the German Vice-Consul, for instance, cavorting in Russian ballroom style.

Where Is Beauty?

Professor Waterhouse drew a dismal picture of suburban shops, their lack of beauty and comfort, when speaking on "The Quest for Beauty," at the Loan Exhibition of Antiques.

There was not one suburban shop to which the person with an eye to beauty could go, and, sitting down to a cup of tea, rest his eye upon harmony of line and color, as one could do in every village in England. Simplicity of structure was the essence of beauty, he said. It was an amazing fact that 90 per cent. of the houses built in Sydney and suburbs were not designed by trained architects, but by speculative builders. Mr. Waterhouse thinks that the man who invented the black brick should be heavily penalised, and the man who thought of its alliance with white lintels—well, he would not like to say what he thought of him.

Have You Heard About—

The Luscombe Newmans' shack miles from anywhere at Bobbin Head and its beautiful views?

The Rev. Solomon Wiseman's lecture on the women of the Oxford Group?

Roland Foster's pet joke—a newspaper clipping advertising a cure for asthma, mumps, and voice production?

Lady Harvey's magnetism for stray cats and dogs who adopt her and her home with great persistence?



LADY HARVEY, wife of the recently-appointed Acting-Chief Justice Sir John Harvey, taken in the garden of her home, Darling Point. (See interview this issue.)

—Women's Weekly photo.



This Delightful Semi-Evening JUMPER

Let Us show You how to make it!

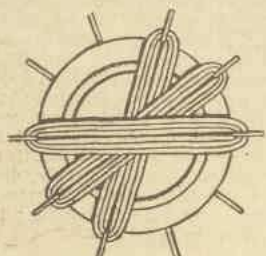
This delightful Semi-evening Jumper is so simple to make that even the novice need not hesitate. It is made entirely of little woven daisies joined together with simple crochet. The daisies are woven on a small Daisy Wheel Machine, which is so easy to use that even a child will delight in making these dainty motifs.

Smart and attractively designed, this fascinating Jumper is also particularly inexpensive, requiring only 5 ounces of 2-ply Fingering Wool to complete. The Photograph shows a Jumper in shades of Green and White, while many other smart colour combinations may also be used effectively. FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING this attractive design may be obtained from Grace Bros.' Knitting Expert in the Wool Department on the Ground Floor, Grose Street Building.

"Model" Super	Per Skein	Per lb.
2-Ply FINGERING	7d.	9/2

Paton & Baldwin's	Per Skein	Per lb.
2-Ply FINGERING	8½d.	11/2

"Gala"	Per Skein	Per lb.
2-Ply FINGERING	7½d.	9/11



The Daisy Wheel

The diagram at left illustrates the Daisy Wheel, showing the motif being formed on the machine. This clever and inexpensive little gadget is simple to use, and the daisies are quickly formed.

When linked up with crochet stitch these dainty motifs make a delightful pattern.

Full instructions in the use of the Daisy Wheel are given in our Wool Department.

GRACE BROS.

SALE PRICE, each 10½d.

See to get it at
GRACE BROS.
12 DAYS SALE

Special Sale Bargains From our Famous Wool Dept.

Special Clearance! 4-ply Super Fingering WOOL

In a large range of shades, including Heather Mixtures. A nice, soft quality wool. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, skein 3½d.
16 Skeins, 4/6

"Good Value" 4-ply Knitting WOOL

A heavy weight quality Wool, most suitable for children's pullovers, tea cosies, etc. Will stand plenty of hard wear. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, skein 5d.
16 Skeins, 6/6

"Poinsettia" BABY WOOL

A soft 2-ply Wool, suitable for vests, bed jackets, etc. Obtainable in Blue and White only. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, 9d.
2oz. ball 9d.

"Broadway" 4-ply Fingering WOOL

A fine, soft quality Wool, suitable for all classes of knitting. In plain colours and Heather Mixtures. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, 1oz. skein 6½d.
1lb., 8/6

"Bertha Regina" ART. CROCHET and KNITTING SILK

The well-known brand. A soft and lustrous Silk, specially suitable for babies' wear, jumpers, etc. In colours: White, Ivory, Pale Pink, Mid. Blue, Apricot, Pale Green, Mauve, Red, Yellow, Gold, Orange, Navy, and Black. Usually 2/6 ball. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, 2oz. ball ... 1/6

See our Table of
ODDMENTS in WOOLS 2½d.
All to Clear at Grace Bros.' Sale Price, per skein.

Have You Seen Our Recently Enlarged Wool Dept.—Ground Floor, Grose St. Building

'Phone M 6506—**Grace Bros. Ltd.**—Broadway—Sydney



MISS LILLIAS DOW, who was recently re-elected president of the Younger Feminists (Feminist Club), is working for the success of the club dance, to be held on July 28. Club members are also organising another revue, the proceeds of which are for the Waverley Unemployment Relief Fund.

—Women's Weekly photo.

WOMAN & HER WORK

From Rectory To Unemployed Hostel

St. James' Rectory, haunted by shades of scholarly, aesthetic clergy who propounded theories of life, who dealt with its problems with the weapons they were best able to command, is now a hostel for friendless women.

THIS stately building now provides a blessed sense of security and freedom from having to face the wintry blast, from seeking shelter in friendly doorways, the Domain, or tramping the streets to the women who have come under the ministrations of the City Hostel for Unemployed, formerly situated at 28 Elizabeth Street, City.

The committee of management, consisting of 26 women, was faced with the problem of securing new premises that would be central and commodious when the old headquarters building had to be demolished.

Through the assistance of the Lord Mayor (Alderman Hagon), Alderman J. Garden, and Alderman E. Ward, St. James' Rectory was placed at the disposal of the committee.

Founded by a sub-committee of the Women's Central Organising Committee in 1931, the hostel, which is non-sectarian and non-political, has cared for about 320 women and 28 children.

At present there are 40 women in residence.

Dole tickets partly help to support the inmates, and the deficiency is made up by donations of money and in kind. All the workers are honorary.

Two mornings during the week Nurse Francis, hon. resident secretary, rises at 4.30 to be early at the markets to receive gifts of fruit and vegetables for use at the hostel, and yet another early-morning visit is made to the butchers, who donate meat.

Mrs. M. Mathers is matron of the hostel, and the committee includes Mrs. S. Stapleton (president) and Mrs. R. Keating (hon. treasurer).

Children's Library and Crafts Club

Assists Mothers on the Dole

IN Devonshire Street, Surry Hills, there is a delightful institution known as the Children's Library and Crafts Club, where beauty, utility and practical help combine to make life easier and happier for hundreds of children.

It is not only the children who benefit by the club's activities, for many mothers in the district, who are living on the dole, find there inspiration and means of supplementing their means of livelihood.

Mothers are taught various kinds of crafts, and the library supplies the material, which comes as waste from different firms.

This material is fashioned, under instruction, into beautiful articles, and where the women can get orders for their work they are able to sell it, and thus provide extra milk and necessities for their families. If the material in hand is not adequate for their requirements, the women pay for the extras from their sales.

The library, which is eight years old, was established by the Misses Mary and



In the Library

Elsie Rivett, of Gordon, and was the outcome of a visit to England by Miss Mary Rivett. She was so impressed with the David Copperfield Library in London, and the way it saved children from playing on the streets, that she thought it would be a splendid idea to have something of the same kind in Sydney.

So these enterprising people were lent a room in the basement of the Society of Friends' rooms, and the work of settling down, furnishing and obtaining books started in earnest.

Fifty pounds worth of books was ordered, and entertainments were organised to provide the money for payment.

LARGE ATTENDANCE

The library is attended by about six hundred boys and girls of Surry Hills and surrounding districts on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons, and evenings. The library and its associated activities are free to the children, and all help is voluntary. There are about 45 teachers.

A chess class has recently been formed for older boys, with teachers coming from the chess club, and there is a football team.

A special appeal is being made for the services of people who will read aloud. Many of the older children are able to enjoy the books by reading themselves, but the younger ones rely on being read to.

Play hours are spent in the garden, a piece of land in Prince Alfred Park, and this playtime could be extended if more people were available to take care of the children.

Among the crafts taught are: Pottery, basket-making, toy-making, tin, wood, leather, poker, raffia, wax, wool, bead, and embroidery work. There are Greek and ballet dancing classes debating and dramatic groups, the exhibition of suitable moving pictures, and periodical entertainments given by the children themselves.



MISS PORTIA GEACH

Every Woman Should Join a CLUB

Miss Portia Geach, founder and president of the Housewives' Progressive Association, which has a membership of twelve thousand, is a great advocate for club activities. She has been associated with many clubs, both in Australia and in America.

By PORTIA GEACH.

EVERY woman should join a club, because this is woman's day and age.

Woman must come out of the home and play a larger part in civic, national, and international work. In a nutshell she must take her share of the world's work, because she has a very valuable contribution to give in solving so many social questions.

The work of the world is done by united effort.

It is only about sixty years ago that women started Ladies' Literary Circles. It was the beginning of club life done in a very genteel way.

To-day women stand for reforms, and do so more and more.

You should lend your aid, if only to swell the numbers of those who are working for the betterment of human society.

Make Your Choice

There are many clubs and associations available for you to choose from—church clubs, social clubs, suburban, and city. The Parents and Citizens' Associations, Country Women's Association, and Progressive Housewives are among the very inexpensive ones.

There are a number of others—the list could be made into a lengthy one—embracing various aims and objects. Look round and see which one suits you (and your pocket) best.

The main thing is to link up with something.

Reasons Why

Being a member of a club broadens a woman's outlook. She learns to give and take, and to realise that it needs all kinds to make a world. She must learn to live peacefully with all types.

If you are interested in a reform of any description you cannot hope to effect very much by yourself. When you are a member of a club you have the weight of that association behind you.

Social reforms are not effected in a day, or without tremendous and lasting effort. You must be prepared to work and work and work. Maybe you will even have to pass on and leave others to accomplish results, but you will have the satisfaction of having taken part in the battle.

Whether you realise it or whether you don't you should join a club of some description. Do it now. I know you will get many thrills from your association with it.

MOTHERS, CAKE, AND A CHEQUE

When over 400 girls, members of the Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set, gathered at David Jones' for their third annual birthday dinner they were surrounded by thoughts of mother at home, who had helped to make the party possible.

Mrs. John Moore, patroness, stated that the Younger Set had started in May, 1930, with 68 members, and on its third birthday there were more than 400 members.

The large, white birthday cake was handed round among the visitors. Business was not forgotten in the pleasure of the evening, for Miss Dorothy Wormald, the enterprising president, handed a cheque for £125 to Her Excellency Lady Isaacs, who in turn presented it to Mr. R. J. Hawkes, chairman of the division.



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In my free book I reveal the secret of my Master Patterns, through which all the difficulties of drafting are eliminated. By means of this idea, any size and any style of garment can be perfectly cut and accurately fitted.

You will experience a thrill of delight in making smart frocks, underclothes, coats and other garments on this new plan, because the finished product will be so true to style and so exact in fit. You will learn, too, how to design special styles; how to adapt any style to suit your own requirements; how to remake yesterday's dresses in to-day's modes; how to choose materials, styles and colours to suit every figure and occasion, and how to buy to advantage.

You can make one pound do the work of two or three by being your own dressmaker, and, better still, if you wish to do so, you can qualify for a well-paid position or establish your own business.

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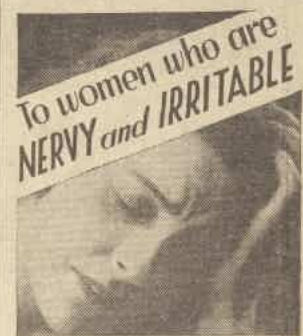
—SEND AT ONCE

Write your name and address very clearly, state whether Mrs. or Miss, and enclose 4d in stamps for postage on this excellent free book—"The New Way of Dressmaking and Dressmaking." Send to-day, and read how any girl or woman can learn Dressmaking and Dressmaking through my wonderfully simple New Way—all in a little spare time at home. Address your letter as follows:—

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To women who are NERVY and IRRITABLE

WHY endure those distressing nerve periods when two Nyal Esterin tablets will give you quick relief. Esterin is a new medical discovery for the relief of pain. It brings prompt, sure results because it acts directly on the disturbed nerve centres that cause nerve pain.

It is a scientific combination of the ingredients widely used by the medical profession in relieving pain. It contains the newly discovered Esterin Compound—a sedative, soothing agent. Your chemist sells and recommends Nyal Esterin. 24 tablets cost only 1/3. Get a tin to-day.

(Esterin is valuable for Headache, Neuralgia and the fever which accompanies influenza.)

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Australian ASTHMA PLANT No more gasping for breath, with sleepless nights and tired, worn-out bodies. This treatment is working wonders. Nothing to burn or inhale. As being used throughout Australia. Read the testimony of those who are taking it. Send two stamps for particulars. One Month's complete treatment, 12/6.

A. WILLIAMS

24 Burwood Rd., Burwood, Sydney

Lung and Chest COMPLAINTS

A Few Reasons Why

"MEMBROSUS" (Regd.) INHALATION TREATMENT

Has Proved Effective in Treating These Complaints

This is what PATIENTS REPORT:—

- (1) The cough is less distressing.
- (2) Copious mucus is brought away, and then gradually diminishes.
- (3) Haemorrhages and night sweats cease.
- (4) The appetite improves, and
- (5) Strength is regained.

Membrus is an inhalation treatment, and therefore is the only logical way of treating Lung and Chest Complaints. The healing fumes come into direct contact with all infected parts of the lungs, nasal passages, and bronchial tubes, dislodging germ-laden mucus which the patient previously has been unable to dislodge, and which in some cases has been adhering to the walls of the lung and air passages for a considerable time. THE EASY EXPELLING of mucus means great comfort to the sufferer. With some, tremendous quantities are brought away. The hard, racking COUGH is eased and gradually disappears, and the patient is able to lie down and sleep comfortably. The appetite improves, and sufferers look forward eagerly to meals where, previously, the mere thought of food was nauseating.

As the treatment progresses, the continued clearing out of the germ-infected mucus means that there are fewer germs to continue ravaging the system, until, eventually, all infection is expelled, allowing the cleansed tissues to heal naturally.

THE HEALING of infected hip, shoulder, bowel, and throat proves definitely that the fumes also enter the blood stream. Patients report that the abscess is brought in a head, is opened, and mucus is discharged. This gradually diminishes until the AFFECTED PART HEALS. Above all, it remains healed!

All of these symptoms being relieved means that a patient's outlook upon life is completely altered. The dread fear and feeling of utter despair is replaced by one of renewed hope of complete recovery. And even if that is all Membrus succeeded in doing, and did not save a patient, the fact that they were enabled to spend their days in comparative comfort, instead of complete misery, would make Membrus definitely worth while. It is also just as effective in treating cases of

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH

The clearing away of all mucus from the bronchial tubes, nasal passages, Antritis and Eustachian tubes means a tremendous difference to those suffering and eventually COMPLETE RESTORATION OF HEALTH is obtained.

EXTRACTS FROM PATIENTS' REPORTS

"Membrus has made all the difference in the world to me. I spent 12 months in a Sanatorium, and was practically no better. I could not exert myself, had high temperatures, and lost weight. I can now do a day's work without ill-effect, never run a temperature, seldom catch cold, and do not lose weight. Yet the doctor said I could not live a summer through the city. If people only knew—instead of being condemned to a miserable, dragging existence; in fact, a slow tortuous death—that by using Membrus they have a wonderful possibility of complete recovery! The relief alone makes it a necessity."

ASTHMA

"I have spent weeks at a time in hospital with Bronchial Asthma, and the needle was the only relief. It left me very weak. No one knows the agony I suffered. After only one week's treatment of Membrus, the Asthma left me, and I have not had an attack since. I do wish everybody who suffers from Asthma could hear about Membrus."

BRONCHITIS

A lady had been a martyr to Bronchitis for many years, not able to lie down in bed. In less than three weeks she was lying down and sleeping well. Two months later she was able to go up a slope comfortably, had lost the wheeze, and was wonderfully well.

CATARRH

"I had Catarrh so badly I could not mix with other people. I used at least 8 to 10 handkerchiefs daily. Within two months my throat was quite clear in the mornings, and within four months all signs of Catarrh had left me."

For full particulars of the treatment and copies of letters from patients, write, mentioning your complaint, and enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, to:—

MR. C. E. MUIR, OF IRVINE LIMITED (Chemists),

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WOMAN and HER WORK



MRS. E. S. SPOONER, who originated the idea of starting a fund to provide a passenger lift at the Home for Incurables, Ryde.

Suburbs Helping to Provide Lift at Home for Incurables

AT "Weemala" Home for Incurables, Ryde, there is no passenger lift, and the lack of it proves a serious hindrance in the beneficent work that is carried on there.

Many of the patients are cripples whose only mode of locomotion is by means of a wheel chair. It is a difficult task for the staff to carry the patients up and down stairs, so that they may get the benefit of the sunshine in the beautiful grounds that provide such a solace to the sufferers. The lift would also enable the patients to congregate for church services and the entertainments which are provided by sympathisers.

Sincere efforts are now being made to provide a lift that will adequately meet the needs of patients and staff. Mrs. E. S. Spooner, of Turramurra, originated the idea of starting a fund to provide for the lift, which will cost approximately £1500.

Starting with a promise of £100 from a lady interested in the work if the balance of the required sum could be raised, Mrs. Spooner made a special appeal to suburban and country mayoresses, asking them to endeavor to raise £10 in each municipality.

The work of raising the money started at the beginning of the year, and £350 is already in hand.

Soldiers Not Forgotten

WHEN it comes to proposing toasts and making responses, women do not lack ability. This fact was brought home clearly to the 150 visitors who attended the first annual reunion dinner, held at the Blue Bird Cafe, Bankstown, by the women of the Bankstown Auxiliary of the R.S. and S.I.L.

An impressive feature of the entertainment was the two minutes' silence observed in honor of the fallen soldiers. The lights were dimmed and all present stood in complete silence, murmuring reverently at its conclusion, "Lest We Forget."

Unhappy Homes

... the cause

By MRS. RUBY DUNCAN

To my mind, good home management cannot be "picked up," as some women express it. The enormous strain on a woman's nervous and mental system through incompetence in home management accounts for a vast amount of unhappiness and ill-health.

NEARLY four years ago I started the Girls' Progressive Club with the idea of providing some centre which could be both practical and social for the average business and home girl who wished to gain knowledge on the subjects of citizenship, wifehood, and motherhood.

By the courtesy of the Royal Business College principals, premises were secured in Elizabeth Street, and nine girls joined the club. From that small beginning nearly 500 have since joined. Nearly 200 have married and are scattered over Australia, the Islands, and England.

As the majority of business girls do not want long courses of dressmaking, millinery, and cooking, the club provides short courses of three months or shorter if the girls wish. Their needs in this respect are personal ones, and not intended to provide them with the means of making a living.

Lectures are given by experts on every angle of home-making, management, food values, economy in buying, and home decorations.

The social side is not forgotten, and dancing lessons are provided for during the winter. Last year 20 girls took a personality course which taught them deportment, singing, and physical culture.

MAKING HISTORY

Girls' School Jubilee

The history and tradition established by the Sydney Girls' High School in fifty years is well recognised. Its ex-students include some of our most notable women, whose achievements have been of an international character as well as local in their scope.

TO mark the jubilee of the school, a special programme has been arranged. Some of the festivities have already taken place, including the ball on July 5. Future events include a reunion of "old girls" on September 6; a commemoration and thanksgiving service on October 8; a foundation day dinner and reunion at David Jones' on October 9, and a garden party at the school, Moore Park, on October 14.

It is intended to place in the school library a complete list of the names of those who have attended the school since its opening. Many of these students have married and their identity has been lost in their new names, so the secretary is requesting information that will be helpful to her in compiling this list.



MRS. RUBY DUNCAN.

—Dorothy Welding

The Rearguard of Women's Hospital

CROWN Street Women's Hospital, the huge grey building in one of the most thickly populated areas, has four city auxiliaries and eight district centres working throughout the year to supply it with linen and hundreds of other accessories that ordinary Government endowment could not possibly provide.

The linen auxiliary was formed just after the war, when Sydney hospitals had very few organised groups of workers to assist in raising funds. Its objective was to keep the hospital entirely supplied with linen, to make garments, and to keep them marked. It has never failed to do this, even though the hospital has grown from a comparatively small building to the large institution it is to-day.

Last year eight thousand articles of linen, in addition to a sum of money were given to the hospital from this auxiliary.

Mrs. Richard Sly, who was elected president at the first meeting of the auxiliary, still holds that office. Mrs. K. T. Bourne has been hon. secretary since the auxiliary was formed. Mrs. T. McCann, one of the earliest members, was responsible for the entire cutting out of last year's 8000 garments, including doctors' and nurses' gowns. Mrs. T. Gillespie, another member, made at her own home last year 800 garments.

Blue Bonnets

Having for its symbol dainty pale blue organdie bonnets, which, however, members seldom wear except on official occasions, the Blue Bonnets Auxiliary was formed in 1925, with Miss Thessallie Stodart as president. The hon. secretary is Miss B. Stuckgold.

Matron A. C. Clarke is president, and Mrs. D. Pease hon. secretary, of the Nurses' Auxiliary, which is comprised of ex-trainers of the hospital. It also was formed in 1925, and since that time has raised nearly £1000 as a result of card parties, dances, and tennis tournaments.

Finally, there is the Volunteer Workers' Shop Committee, which was founded by Mrs. E. Minell in 1924, and which has raised up to £200 annually for hospital funds. Three members are on duty at the hospital shop each day, and they go from ward to ward seeking the requirements of patients. Gifts of all kinds are received at this stall, which also conducts a library.

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FITS ANY MACHINE without alteration. You can do FLAIN and CROSS Hemstitching, PICOTING and PICOT EDGING, Etc. Simple, effective, most useful. Being demonstrated in the Leading Stores in Sydney. PRICE 2/6. Post Free Anywhere in Australia. Send Postal Note, 2/6, to W. WEST & CO., 135 FIFTY STREET, SYDNEY.

Ideal Contract Opening

By FRANK CAYLEY
ARTICLE 4

"The Responding Hand"

The beginner at contract should understand clearly that a bid of "one" in a suit is the ideal opening, and he should expect to see about 90 per cent. of the hands called in this fashion.

ALL high original declarations are contrary to the principles of sound partnership bidding, and should be avoided except on rare occasions. Bridge is a game for two players, so try to consider 28 cards, not just your own 13.

THE correct opening declaration on either of the following hands is "one heart":—

- (1) S: K 7 4. H: K Q 4 2. D: A 9 8 6. C: 7 6.
- (2) S: A 7 4. H: A K Q 9 8. D: A J 6 2. C: 9.

The fact that hand (2) is infinitely stronger than hand (1) does not affect the issue, and the reserve values will be shown in one or more subsequent bids.

The responding hand has no means of determining whether the declarer's "one" call has been made on minimum requirements, or whether great reserve strength is held. For this reason it is usually necessary for some response to be given to any opening suit call of "one," in order to keep the bidding alive.

RESPOND, IF YOU CAN

Lacking the strength for a raise, and having no new suit to indicate, partner should say "One no trump" on a hand which contains any fraction more than one honor trick.

If his hand is weaker than this he will, as a rule, be forced to pass.

If an opponent bids over the declarer the calling is automatically kept alive, and dummy's responsibility ceases.

The response mentioned is known as the "courtesy no trump," and does not signify real "no trump" strength. Be very wary of raising such a bid to game.

With added high cards, responding bids will be justified in nominating "two" or "three" no trumps.

Briefly summarised, therefore, we find that, in the absence of any interposing bid, responding hand should strain every nerve to reply to partner's opening declaration of "one" in a suit.

Lacking a raise or suit take-out, he calls:—

- (1) "One no trump" with any fraction more than one honor trick.
- (2) "Two no trumps" with any fraction more than two honor tricks.
- (3) "Three no trumps" with any fraction more than three honor tricks.

For example, after an opening of "one heart," partner should say "One no

trump," holding:—

- (1) S: K 7 6. H: 8 6 4. D: K 9 5 2. C: Q 7 6.
- (2) S: A 3. H: 9 8 2. D: J 7 6 5. C: J 8 4 3.
- (3) S: 8 7 5. H: A 9 8. D: J 10 8 3. C: 9 8 6.

Hand (3) contains normal trump expectancy, but no raise. The distribution is very balanced, and favors no-trump play.

"Two no trumps" would be the correct response, holding:—

- (4) S: A 7 6. H: 9 6 5. D: K Q 7. C: Q 9 5 3.
- (5) S: K J 8. H: 9 6 2. D: Q J 6 3. C: K Q 4.
- (6) S: A J 2. H: K Q 7. D: 8 7 5 2. C: 10 9 7.

In this case hand (6) contains excellent cards in hearts, but the balanced distribution calls for a "no-trump" response.

The next three hands are specimen "three no-trump" take-outs:—

- (7) S: A 5 4. H: K 8 4. D: K Q 9 7. C: K J 7.
- (8) S: A K H: 8 6 3. D: A J 8 7. C: 10 9 6 4.
- (9) S: A J 6. H: K J 6. D: K 7 4. C: Q 9 8 6.

Calling a New Suit

On the occasions when you are unable to raise your partner's suit a take-out into a new suit is often preferable to calling "no trumps."

After an original "one heart" responding hand should say "one spade," holding:—

- S: A 8 7 6 4. H: 9 7 5. D: K 5 4 2. C: 9 3.

On the following hand, however, he should say "One no trump," because honor values are low and a "two-club" call would raise the contract:—

- S: 6 3. H: 9 7 5. D: K 5 4 2. C: A 8 7 6 4.

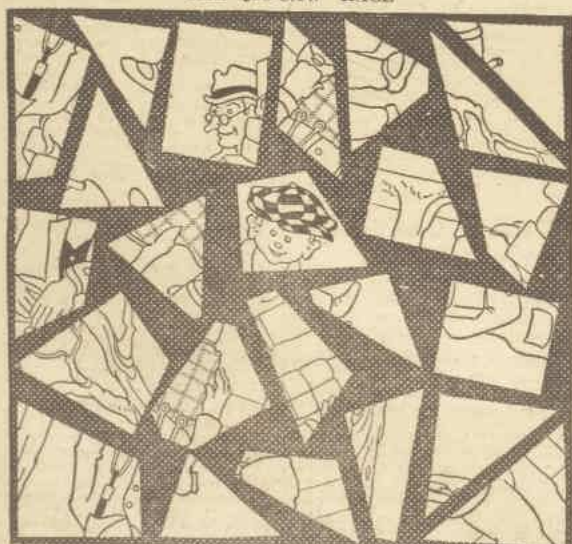
Care must be taken to distinguish between raises and take-outs. To raise your partner's suit actual honor strength is not always necessary, but every take-out shows some fraction more than one honor trick.

Take-outs depend almost entirely upon honor tricks, but raises are estimated in terms of "playing" tricks, i.e., honors, plus low cards, plus ruffing.

(Some illustrative hands and the Table of Raises will be given in next week's article.)

THERE are diamonds in the sky. Two Russians who examined a meteorite near Novo-Urel, found that it contained 1 per cent. of diamond.

EACH DAY from 3000 to 4000 letters are received at the headquarters of the Automobile Association in London from motorists all over the world.



THE JIG-SAW RACE

First cut out the pieces and paste on stiff cardboard. All the members of the family can play this jig-saw game, by A. W. Nugent, the world's champion puzzle maker. Try to find any intentional mistakes in the finished picture.



Just a chair—

But how easily it can mar the neat appearance of a room if it is shabby and old-looking. With

QUICK
GENERAL PURPOSE
ENAMEL

You can make old things new again quickly and without effort. There are 20 glorious shades available — and black and white — all intermixable to secure intermediate tints. The lovely gloss finish may be washed without injury.

Ask for particulars and a "QUICK" colour card from the Berger, Sherwin-Williams or Rogers agent near you.

the mirror of SYDNEY

by Jane Ann SEYMOUR

SYDNEY is suffering a slight attack of the "morning after" disease. Polo, sheep show, sheep sales! In the whirl that results from the fast rate at which we live in 1933 these things are now a memory. Farewells have been said, the last bit of scandal recounted, and the "country" is gradually returning to engage in those wonderful, soul-satisfying pursuits that writers of fiction imagine fall to the lot of the people on the land. Sydney is settling down to routine dances and card parties. The more fortunate people are leaving for Kosciusko.

TALKING about ice and snow, one of the best places I know of to spend an amusing and enjoyable evening is the Glaciarium. At present it is one of the most crowded places I have ever seen. Everyone seems to know everybody, and, if you don't, it really doesn't matter, as there is the most kindred, brotherly feeling among the skaters. I saw Mollie McWilliam there the other day. She is really most professional.

INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT

TWO of the oldest business families in the Newcastle district will be united by the marriage of Miss Ruby Winn and Mr. Dick Capper, whose engagement has just been announced. Miss Winn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Winn, Newcastle, and Mr. Capper the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Capper, Maitland. This engagement is causing the same interest in the northern district as did the marriage in Sydney of Miss Grace to Mr. Ken McCallie, members of the big business families of that name.

demonstrating the art of skating to her fiancé, Tom Kelly. He really couldn't have a better teacher.

ONE of the best parties of the week was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Swan at their flat at Bellevue Gardens, in honor of the birthday of daughter Maude. She looked very charming in black velvet as she welcomed her guests.

French Community Will Make Merry

THE revelry attendant on the celebration of France's Day will be in striking contrast to that memorable July 14, 1789, when the Paris populace stormed the Bastille, and demolished that grim old fortress which they associated with the despotism of the falling monarchy.

On July 14, the French residents of Sydney will celebrate their national day by a ball at the Wentworth Hotel.

The State Governor and Lady Game, the Premier, and Mrs. Stevens, have consented to be present, and it is hoped that the Consul-General for France, M. Dussap, and Madame Dussap, who are at present in Noumea, will return in time to attend.

The ball is being arranged by the Alliance Française, of which Mr. Alfred Wunderlich is president, and on her gown. Mr. J. Filpo secretary, assisted by a ladies' committee.

A picturesque feature of the ball will be the dancing of an old French Minuet in costumes of the period, given by pupils of the "Doone-Araluen" Finishing School.

THE son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. James Arthur Marks, of Roseville, was christened in the chapel at King's School, on July 1. James Marks's second creation is the Southern Cross motor car, which is causing quite a lot of comment here at the moment.

MR. and Mrs. Hubert Bode, accompanied by their son and heir, Harry, are sailing in a few days for London. They expect to be away at least four months. Mrs. Bode is a sister of Mrs. Downes, of "Brownlow Hill," Camden.

SIR Walter and Lady Kingsmill, who have a very lovely flat at "Manar," Macleay St., are paying a visit to Melbourne.

RESTING and smoking in the spacious lounge rooms, playing cards in others, making little explorations over the ship, sitting tete-a-tete on the upper deck, and generally enjoying the luxurious appointments of the vessel, many people found little time for dancing at the Wanganella Ball, the ship lent for the event by Hoddart Parker on June 28. An added thrill was provided in the speed-boat rides. The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Hagon) chairwoman of the committee, Miss Irene Cusick, Miss Inky Carpenter, and Miss Myrene Collins, office-bearers of the Younger Set, were among the organisers, whose efforts resulted in about £150 for the funds of Trevellick Homes.

A NOVEL note was struck at the combined dance of the Pymble and Croydon P.L.C. ex-students at the Blackland Galleries by the combination of poinsettias with white streamers to portray the school colors. The Pymble Union will utilise its share of the proceeds in helping to stock a library and providing a school chapel, and the Croydon Union will contribute its share to Prince Alfred Hospital.

IT seems that hairdressing as a real art is coming into its own again, for many heads were dressed with the most artistic carp with tiny fascinating curls at the back of the head, high from the neck, at the Adasta Flying School ball. One dancer had her flaxen curls so numerous and flat that, as a man remarked, it looked like honeycomb. Captain and Mrs. F. W. Follett were among those who entertained large parties. At the head of their table were the four silver cups won by pupils during the year. Mr. Neville Bruckhouiser received the Adasta Cup, which he has won three times in succession; the Les Holden Memorial Cup was won by Mr. Phil Hassett, and Mr. E. J. Lake had both the pleasure of receiving a cup, and also giving a cup which was won by Mr. F. W. Walker.

MRS. HUBERT FAIRFAX is one of the people who love and understand good music, so she is having a musicale at her home, "Elaine," New South Head Road, on Friday next. Frank Hutchens and Lindley Evans are busy practising their duet for the occasion on two pianos. The singer of the evening will be well worth hearing, if all that report says about Kitty Glover's voice is true; Kitty is only 17, so quite young to make her informal debut.

AMAZEMENT was written on the face of Mrs. A. G. Page, of "Cheyenne," Darling Point, when she returned from an afternoon's motoring with her husband last week to find the house brightly lit up, many rooms gaily decorated, and a table spread with flowers and good things to eat, even to a wedding cake with a silver bell. It was the silver anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Page's wedding, and 22 friends had decided to give her a surprise.

MRS. LOUIS BECK and her daughter, Nea, who have been in Europe for many years, are coming back to Sydney.

DR. AND MRS. VICTOR CONRICK invited a number of friends to an evening party to meet Mrs. Conrick's sister, Mrs. Laing, who was formerly Nellie Punch. Mrs. Conrick, when she was Mamie Punch, often used her charming voice in the cause of charity. Mrs. Laing's home is at Cooma, and her son is managing another station.

THE Australia is at its gayest and best after dinner on Thursday night, when everyone foregoes for a dance there. Many beautiful frocks were to be seen, but Mrs. Orway Falkiner's stood out; she was wearing a truly regal wrap of ermine with little black tails forming the fringe, although they were not sewn here and there over it in the real royal way. Kings and Queens were the only wearers of ermine in the spacious days when sumptuary laws were made. Nowadays the only limit is a cash one. Mrs. Falkiner and Lady Maitland had spent the morning trying out a gearless car. I also noticed Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Robertson, who were entertaining two



SUZANNE WHITE, who "came out" this year. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor White; her only brother, "Paddy," is at King's College, Cambridge. Some years ago, when Mrs. White was at Vellas, in Switzerland, she purchased engravings by Beatrice Kelly, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly. Suzanne is devoted to her two dogs, "Binky" and "Barry," both sandy, wire-haired, Australian terriers, who dwell at "Lulworth," Roslyn Gardens.

new arrivals; Mr. and Mrs. Hibberdine from the East. I had a few words, too, with Mrs. Clive Robinson, who was with her husband, Dr. Robinson. Mrs. Robinson told me she had the thrill of her life when the "Maloja" ran on a reef near Port Moresby. They were held up for quite a long time. Mrs. David Hill was talking to Mrs. A. E. Hughes, who wore a pretty pink lace gown. Mrs. W. Collins also looked as distinguished as usual. One visitor remarked to me: "Sydney has more than its fair share of pretty girls." Looking around the ballroom, I quite agreed with her verdict.

WITH the advent of the talkies, most deaf and dumb people decided that they would have no further use for pictures, except under special circumstances. However, as a result of a visit of a party of 150 deaf and dumb people to the King's Cross Theatre last week, this outlook has been changed considerably. Mr. J. Swinden, welfare superintendent of the N.S.W. Deaf and Dumb Citizens' Association, who accompanied the party, sees great possibilities in this form of entertainment in making brighter the lives of the deaf and dumb.

MRS. JIM McMASTER is staying at "Clifford," Potts Point. She decided to give a luncheon party, and when they had all assembled three cars set out for Whale Beach. The morning was a chilly one, and when they arrived at Jonah's a delicious luncheon was prepared and waiting for them. Delightful roaring fires of fragrant logs, and the turbulent seas outside, made a striking contrast.

JOAN BADGERY has returned to her home in Scone, and will be occupied, more or less, during the coming months preparing for her visit to England early next year. Joan has lots of friends in England, and, as you know, is a cousin of the Countess of Jersey.

AMONG Australians in London at present are Mrs. F. B. S. Falkiner, who is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Jim Lowry. They have bought a car, and are touring, and have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Chapman, of cricket fame.

LADY Mitchell, wife of Sir Edward Mitchell, K.C., of Melbourne, has been visiting her daughter, Janet, acting principal of the Women's College. Sydney upheld its reputation for hospitality, and entertained Lady Mitchell at several parties during her stay, among them being one by the Victoria League.



MISS JANET MITCHELL, with her mother, Lady Mitchell, of Victoria, taken outside the Women's College, Sydney University. Miss Mitchell is acting-principal, while Miss Susan Williams is away.

MRS. HERBERT MARKS lives at Bowral, but she is in town now. I met her while she was thinking out color schemes and furniture for her friend, Mrs. McKeown, who has taken a house in Trelawney Street. When she arrives her home will be ready for her occupation. Mrs. Herbert Marks is staying with Miss Muriel Fletcher.

"SHE calls that light," said John Brownlee, who on arrival in Auckland saw 25 pieces of luggage spread out. "You see, it is impossible to obey when we are entertained everywhere," and with a swift smile the lovely Italian from Piedmont said: "Besides, there are Delphina's toys." But that young damsel did not let that excuse pass, for she piped up, "Oh, mummy, I left all my toys at granny's." Backhaus used always to refer to his wife as "My Gentle Accompaniment." If John Brownlee had to describe his wife in the same terms, it would probably be "My Vivid Accompaniment."



JOAN KOSH, of Neutral Bay, is in town again. She has just returned from Warialda, where she has been staying with Mrs. Stevenson at "Mona Vale." Joan has announced her engagement to Mr. Raleigh Thomas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. R. Thomas, of Neutral Bay.

I HEAR that Mr. James Patterson, after his visit to the mountains, has returned to Clifton Gardens Hotel with a portfolio filled with sketches. Everyone will be interested in seeing the way a man from overseas interprets our "blues," which have so often been painted by local artists. Mr. Patterson will probably hold a one-man show in Sydney.

KATH ROBSON is off to join Mrs. Philip Wilson's house party at "Mayvale," Barraba. Mrs. Wilson, whom you knew as Shirley Dent, is planning a garden, and is paying particular attention to plants that will grow in rather hard soil.

MISS DORA MUECKE came from Adelaide for the polo. It was her brother Dr. Muecke, who married the late Ada Crossley, Australia's famous singer. I heard only the other day that Dr. Muecke, who lives in London, was married again.

ONE of this season's debutantes is Suzanne Stoddale. She made her formal entry into society at the Royal Sydney Golf Club ball, and since then has been to Adelaide. She intends visiting relatives in Melbourne before she returns to her home at "Buckhurst," Double Bay.

HAVE you noticed the growing appreciation and demand for music—real music, as opposed to the "canned" variety? Music clubs have been formed in a number of suburbs, and in country towns. The clubs have no difficulty in attracting audiences. One of the recent successes was the concert given by the Killara Club. Gwen Selva, Myrtle Meggy, A. E. Y. Benham, and Hope Gibson supplied the programme.

I HEAR that Mrs. Kaines, wife of Dr. Raymond Kaines, of Adelaide, and familiarly known in Sydney as "one of the Higgins girls," is continuing the good work for charity, which she and her sisters, Doreen and Betty, have always been notable for. Mrs. Kaines gave a travel talk recently for the benefit of a well-known charity, and she has officiated at the opening of bazaars and so on.

WEDDINGS

Brierty—Cullen

A WEDDING in which people from at least three of the States of the Commonwealth will be interested was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral by Father Sexton, on June 28. The bride was Eileen Winifred, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cullen, of "Wynella," Dirranbandi, Queensland; and the bridegroom, Acland, younger son of the late Mr. Alex. Brierty, of Moree Station, Thargomindah, Queensland. A gown of ivory ring velvet was worn by the bride, and Miss Robin Cullen, the bride's sister, wearing pale pink velvet, was bridesmaid. The best man was Mr. Douglas Morton. Mrs. Alwyn Brierty, of Melbourne, afterwards entertained a number of guests at the Cavalier, in King Street.

Hughes—Brown

AFTER their marriage, on the evening of July 1, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart M. Hughes left for Brisbane, en route to the Barrier Reef, where they will spend two weeks before returning to Sydney. The wedding was solemnised at St. James' Church, King Street, by the Rev. P. A. Micklem, the bride being the youngest daughter of Mrs. L. Brown, of "Karsela," Karsela Road, Cremorne, and the groom the son of Mr. H. P. Hughes, of Peace Street, Glen Iris, Melbourne. Mrs. John Alexander was matron of honour, and Miss Elsie Hughes attended the bride, who wore magnolia satin, with a lace tulle veil. The reception was held at the Pickwick Club.

Ely—Hepworth

A QUIET wedding was celebrated at St. Stephen's Church, Phillip Street, on July 1, when Nita Eliza Hepworth, only daughter of Mrs. P. D. Lomax, of Lane Cove, and the late Charles Hepworth was married to Robert, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Ely, of "Kinnell," Elizabeth Bay. Given away by her stepfather, Mr. P. D. Lomax, the bride wore a smart ensemble of ice blue velvet, and she carried a bouquet of blue delphiniums and red roses. She was attended by Miss Marjorie Hardy, wearing pink velvet, and the best man was Mr. Septimus Houston. The bridal party afterwards adjourned to Usher's, and the honeymoon is being spent at Cairns.



MR. AND MRS. VENN WESCHE, leaving St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Rose Bay, after their marriage on Monday. The bride was formerly Miss Anne Jamieson, daughter of the late Dr. Sydney Jamieson and Mrs. Jamieson; and the bridegroom the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wesche, Sydney.

Lewis—Whatmore

AN arch of steel was formed by brother officers of the bridegroom for the bridal party on the occasion of the wedding of Mavis, daughter of the late Mr. A. E. Whatmore and Mrs. Whatmore, Shell Cove Road, Neutral Bay, and Lieut. Alan G. Lewis, R.A.N., son of Mr. G. G. Lewis and the late Mrs. Lewis, of Adelaide. The ceremony took place on the evening of June 28 at St. Philip's, Church Hill, Bishop Kirby officiating. The ivory satin gown of the bride had golden leaves appliqued on the sweeping train, and her veil was of tulle caught with orange blossoms. Gold was also used in the frocking of the bridesmaids who were Misses Enid Hanson and Marjorie Smith, and also the matron of honor, Mrs. C. W. Walker. Their quaint mediaeval gowns had girdles of golden cord, their laced caps of golden ribbons and the roses they carried were of a golden shade. The reception was held at the Hotel Australia.

Don't Forget



THAT the British General Electric Company's staff dance, in aid of the N.S.W. Home for Incurables, will take place at Hornum Brothers on July 14.

REGALIA will make a bright splash of color at the Masonic Lodge Wentworth, No. 89, U.G.L. N.S.W. annual ball at the Paddington Town Hall, on July 11, in aid of the Lodge benevolent fund.

THE Ashfield Infants' Home, one of the institutions which cares for both mother and infant, will receive the proceeds of the bridge party which Mrs. A. L. Bain, Mrs. W. L. L'Estrange and Miss Conolly are arranging at the Green Room, George Street, on July 19, at 2 p.m.

JULY 25 is the date chosen for the annual dance of the North Sydney High School Old Girls' Union, to be held at Pharaoh's Club. The proceeds will be in aid of Grossman Bursary fund.

THE staff of the Texas Company (Australia) Ltd. are busy with plans for their annual ball, which will be held at the Wentworth on August 4, for the Benevolent Society, and Miss Jean Chessman is a member of the committee, who will wear ribbon badges in the company's colors of red and green.

REAR-ADMIRAL R. C. DALGLISH and Mrs. Dalglish will receive the debutantes at the Waverley College Ball, which will take place at David Jones' on July 11.

MISS MARGOT BURRELL is president, and Miss Trixie Campbell is secretary of the Neutral Bay-Cremorne Younger Set of the C.W.A. dance, to be held at Wallaringa Mansions on July 15. The proceeds will be in aid of a Bush Nurse, and which centre will benefit will be decided at the end of the financial year.

THE annual dance of the Church of England Grammar School Old Boys' Union will be held on July 28, at Farmer's Blackland Galleries. This year the organising arrangements are in the hands of Messrs. A. H. Gurler, R. W. Keegan and D. K. Irons.

THERE will be a Girl Citizen Week, beginning July 15. It is being organised by the girls' department of the Y.W.C.A., which has a membership of about 200, with Miss Margaret Stewart as "chief citizen." Celebrations will begin in the grounds of the Sydney Girls' High School on Saturday, 15th inst., when there will be various attractions. On the following Wednesday there will be a dramatic evening, and on Sunday, July 23, a service will be held in the Congregational Church, Pitt Street, planned and conducted by the girls.

ENGAGEMENTS

IT IS probable that the marriage, at an early date, will follow the announcement of the engagement of Miss Jean Brown and Mr. Lewis Lipman. Jean is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, of Mona Vale, and the bridegroom-to-be the elder son of the late David and Mrs. Lipman, of Arncliffe.

MISS HOPE MACINDOE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Macindoe, The Boulevard, Strathfield, is receiving congratulations on the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Stuart McPhee, son of Mr. D. McPhee and the late Mrs. McPhee, of Canterbury, Melbourne.

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Evelyn Perry, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Perry, of Gunningham Station, Mullengudgeri, is wearing a new circle of diamonds on her engagement finger. Dugald Kennedy, of Gilgandra Station, was the lucky man who made the presentation.

THE REV. WILLIAM WOODS, of the Brotherhood of Our Saviour, Gulgandra, is being congratulated on his engagement to Miss Anne Woods, a member of the Dubbo High School Staff.

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We have just landed 20,000 skins, and the benefit of the purchase is passed on to you by way of substantial savings. Our workrooms have been going at top pressure night and day making up these skins into coats... Think of it!—a genuine rich dark brown Peschaniki Fur Coat, 14 guineas value for £7/7/- and they're available in all sizes. Don't decide on a fur coat until you see this wonderful value.

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Large Head and Tail Genuine SKUNK Necklets Made up from selected skins, soft, rich quality. Full £2/5/- value, H. Davis' Challenge Price 27/6



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These are genuine Head and Tail Stone Marten furs; thickly furred on both sides, silky soft, beautiful quality. Worth 6 guineas. H. Davis' Challenge Value, £3/3/-

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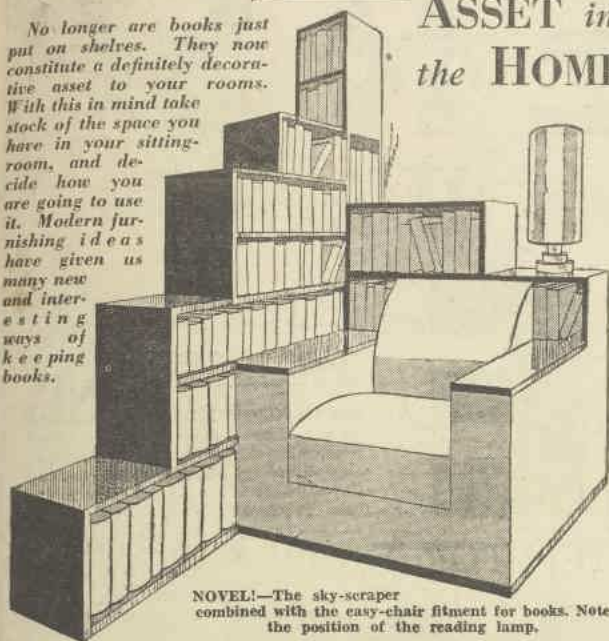
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BOOKS are a DECORATIVE

By OUR HOME DECORATOR.

ASSET in the HOME

No longer are books just put on shelves. They now constitute a definitely decorative asset to your rooms. With this in mind take stock of the space you have in your sitting-room, and decide how you are going to use it. Modern furnishing ideas have given us many new and interesting ways of keeping books.



NOVEL!—The sky-scraper combined with the easy-chair fitment for books. Note the position of the reading lamp.

If you have a fireplace, you may fill in one or both sides with shelves, bringing them out flush with the mantelpiece. Alternatively you may leave one side without shelves and fill in the recess with a small table on which is conveniently placed a reading lamp.

Another idea is to run a couple of shelves below the window seat.

But perhaps the most decorative scheme comes from America, and is particularly suitable for a small room. This is in the form of a skyscraper. A series of shelves is built up against the wall in steps and stairs. This makes a welcome change to the ordinary book-case or row of shelves.

The man of the house or any nearby carpenter could make these shelves, and if painted or stained wood is used they wouldn't be expensive.

This Is Unusual

Another attractive fitment for books is built round the settee. It is the full length of the back and comes round one side. The top usually holds a reading lamp, which means that you have the comfort of good light on your book or work.

While we are talking about books, just a word about the lighting of our rooms. See to it that there is no glare. Wall lamps are good.

But they must be placed low enough to prevent the rays from striking the eyes, and for the light to play directly on the book, if a night's enjoyment is to be ensured.

Then, too, the little square or oblong table on which we put our coffee or tea cup can be divided underneath into three or four compartments, and fitted with shelves to hold our good companions. If these tables or stools are

lacquered a Chinese red, they give a charming touch of color to the room, especially when there is a fire burning.

Other Ideas

Then there is the fitment that sits at your elbow, when you relax in your favorite chair before—if you are lucky—a real fire. On the top is your reading lamp, tilted to just the right angle, underneath, within reach, your beloved books.

But your books won't be very decorative if they are not looked after, so here are a few hints on how to take care of them.

Bookcases with glass doors are the ideal, because then your books get light, but neither dust nor dirt.

If your shelves are open back and front, then tack a piece of linen across the back, to save any damp from the walls touching them.

It is a good plan to take down all your books at least once a year, shake them so that the leaves get the air and thoroughly dust. Some people find the blower and small brush of their vacuum cleaner ideal for this purpose. Others (and in this category is the writer) put as many as possible into a clothes basket, take them out into the sun, then dust them carefully.

It is during this spring-cleaning that marks on bindings are discovered.

A calf binding can be made to look like new if rubbed up with a good leather cream, as near to the color of the binding as it is possible to get.

Mould can be removed by rubbing the back with a piece of cotton wool which has been dipped in oil of lavender, and mould will not again appear, if the inside of the book-case is wiped over with oil of lavender, and then dried thoroughly.

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GRACE BROS.

12 DAYS SALE

BOYS' BLACK RUBBER RAINCOATS

Special Purchase! All New Goods; as illustrated.

Sizes, 18 to 22in., 24 to 30in., 32 to 40in., 42in. to 48in.
Fit ages 3 to 5 yrs., 6 to 8 Yrs., 9 to 14 Yrs., 15 to 18 Yrs.,

SALE PRICE. 6/11 8/11 11/9 12/11

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DO THIS NOW!

If you wish to avoid colds this winter take steps to fortify your body against them. Everyone is rather run down after summer and needs a tonic to enrich and fortify the blood.

Resist colds, as well as the dreaded germs of 'flu, by doing what thousands of others do during the winter: Take Clements Tonic regularly and in this way improve your health and increase your power of resistance to illness.

Clements Tonic is unsurpassed for that "Run-down" feeling, "Nerves," Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia and Loss of Energy.

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities
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CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS CLEVER IDEAS

For the best "Clever Idea," 10/- will be paid. A minimum of 2/6 will be paid for other ideas published.

A THIMBLE placed on the end of a curtain-rod will not only make the rod slip easily through the slotting, but will prevent damage to the net.
10/- to C. Egan, Byron Bay, N.S.W.

HERE'S A cheap butter roller. Get a metal top from a soft-drink bottle, and solder a strong wire handle to the back. . . . make the handle about four inches long. Have a cup of boiling water handy when you are using the roller. Dip the head in the boiling water, and then draw it once across half a pound of butter. Each "draw" makes a dainty butter roll.—Mrs. Herman, 6 Wyuna St., Kogarah.

FRUIT STEWED in barley water is nourishing, and annuls the acidity of the fruit, making it more easily digestible for elderly people especially.—"Ancient."

IF THE business ends of golf sticks have become rusty, they can be restored to their pristine brightness by a vigorous rubbing with kerosene, benzine, and castor oil prepared in equal proportions.—"Golfers," Rose Bay.

TRY GROWING parsley in a sponge. Get a large sponge and fasten a strong string on each side to form a handle. Soak it in water for an hour, then sprinkle it with parsley seeds. Hang it on a hook in your fern-house, and keep the sponge moist. You will soon have a lovely supply of nice green parsley.—Edna Keating, Rookwood Cemetery, Lidcombe.

TO PREVENT a stiff-fronted evening shirt from bulging after it is on, bend the bottom of the starched front upwards about an inch or two. Crease it well with the fingers, and when the waistcoat is donned the bosom of the shirt will remain flat and show no tendency throughout the whole evening to bulge.—"Jay," Lindfield.



WHEN SENDING flowers by post or rail, push the stalks into pieces of raw potato, and they will arrive as fresh as when packed.—S. Rothschild, 10 Ravenwood Ave., Randwick.

IF DISSOLVED in a tumblerful of water, a lump of sugar will act as a wonderful pick-me-up. It is an excellent thing to take after a long, tiring day's work.—"Faery," Petersham.

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SALE

LOOK FOR
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WATCH FOR THEM DAILY! Throughout the Sale leaflets will be distributed daily in the Store, telling of HIGH-SPOTS of VALUE! Unadvertised super-bargains created on the spur of the moment to lend excitement to the Sale. Be among the first to receive the news.

BEGINS 8.15 a.m. THURSDAY, 6th JULY — WATCH FOR DAILY BARGAINS



25/-
USUAL
39/6 32/6
Ridiculous Price!

VW4—A record breaker if ever! Style illustrated is in quality velour with selected coney collar; half lined. The season's smartest colours. S.S.W., S.W., W., Be early!
Coats Salon, Second Floor, No Mail Orders

All **2/11** yard
Woollens clear!

325 yards Wool Frisco. 36 inches. Us., 5/8.
247 yards Suting Tweeds. 36 in. Us., 4/6.
One Price, 2/11. NO MAIL ORDERS.

WOOLLENS FIRST FLOOR. LAY-BY?

SILK
must go!

8/11 VELVET, 6/11

J4—Semi-ring, excellent quality; colours for coats, frocks, etc. 36 inches wide.

2/11 Shantung, at 1/5

J6—All silk, full colour range, heavy-weight, for frocks, undies, etc. 36 inches wide.

6/11 Printed Silk, 4/11

J5—Marocaines, flat Crepes, Crepe de Chine, hoods of smart designs. 36 inches wide.

SILKS FIRST FLOOR. A LAY-BY?



1750 Hats at Half

Amazing Style Clearance Here!

USUAL, 5/11. Smart Felts. Black, mustard, dark brown, light brown, rum brown, red, grey, royal, light navy, bottle, wine, lido, beige.

2/11

USUAL, 17/6. "Soleil" Velours; satin finish! black, navy, nigger, manilla, wine, red, grey, bottle, sapphire. 22, 22 1/2, 23, 23 1/2 head fittings.

8/6

USUAL, 12/11. Fur Velours Hand made by expert milliners. Black, navy, nigger brown, mid brown, bottle, wine, lido, grey medium and large fittings.

6/6

USUAL, 9/11. Felt Ready-to-wear, assorted shapes and styles. All fittings. Navy, black, browns, cherry, emerald, bottle, beige, royal, lido, grey, mustard.

4/6

SALON, THIRD FLOOR. MAKE A LAY-BY IF YOU PREFER

Huge Linen Sale

35/- BRIDGE SETS **19/11**

MV20—Beautifully made! Designed and worked by hand. Pastel colourings on cream Irish Linen. Cloth 30 x 36 ins. 4 serviettes.

9/6 CLOTHS, for 8/6 19/6 DAMASK, 16/6

MW9—In their very design these Cloths carry an air of distinction. 67 x 72 inches. MW10—Irish linen Damask Cloths—real Farmer's value. 70 x 70, Us., 19/6.

7/11 CLOTHS, 5/11 17/6 CLOTHS, at 13/6

MW11—Damask Breakfast Cloths; with blue border; hard wearing. 60 x 60 ins. MW12—Hand-made Madeira Afternoon Teacloths, on white, Irish Linen. 30 x 36.

FIRST FLOOR. WHY NOT A LAY-BY AT SALE PRICES?



HUNDREDS OF SHOES GO!

BW3—Brown Suede 2 hole Derby, brown kiddy-calf trim, underlay of imit. crocodile, sewn soles; also black suede and calf. 2's to 7's, half sizes. Us., 15/11. **12/9**
BW1—100 pairs Rich coloured Nevis Slippers! Flexible leather soles for comfort; heel stiffener, silk pom. Red, rose, blue, brown, black. Us., 7/11. **4/11**
BW2—100 pairs "Farmer's famous Country Shoe; patent only, 1-bar; leather cuban heel, genuine, welted sole. 2-9, half sizes. Us., 21/-, Special Sale Price, 13/-

ALSO RACKS OF ODMENTS. HALF and QUARTER PRICE

Men's Socks, Shirts Boys' Suits HALF!

RW5—Men's Wool Cashmere Half Hose in the very newest designs. Usual, 2/11. Sale, pair, **1/9**
RW6—Those wonderful printed Poplin Golf shirts. Us., 7/-, Sale, 6/8. 3 for 19/-. Lay-By if preferred. **25/-**

Mercery, Ground Floor, "Lay-By"

Boys' Wear, Fourth Floor, No Mail Orders.

Accessories Go!

3/11 Silk Hose, 3/9 8/11 All-Wool, 5/11

1,000 doz., fully fashioned, pure silk, service-weight; every pair perfect. New colours. 3/11. Sale Price, per pair, 3/9 100 doz., superior, all wool Hose; fully fashioned; soft quality, fawn brown, beige, gunmetal, black. 8/11. Sale, pair, 5/11

HANDBAGS HALF!

10 Dozen Imported Leather Handbags—also Silk Bags—will be cleared at half usual prices which were 9/11 to 70/-. NOW HALF USUAL PRICES

ACCESSORIES, GROUND FLOOR. WHY NOT LAY-BY?

CHAMOISSETTES 13/11 Nappa, 12/6

"Chamoisette," fancy Gauntlets, grey, beaver, chamoise. Nappa, strap wrist Gauntlet fringe trimmed. Brown shades. 13/11. Us., 2/6, 2/11. Sale, 1/11 Sale Price, each 12/6

WATCH FOR NEWS OF "HIGHSPOTS" OF VALUE! ANNOUNCED ON LEAFLETS DAILY THROUGH THE STORE

Four VERY BECOMING FROCKS and ONE for the Little Maid

DELIGHTFUL YOKE TREATMENT

THIS week's Free Pattern (at left) is distinguished by an unusual yoke treatment. The yoke forms tiny magyar sleeves to which are fixed long, tight sleeves. The gored skirt gives slim lines over the hips and flares slightly at the hem.

If the long sleeves are left off, and the neck cut slightly lower, a delightful tennis or sports frock can be made from this pattern.

You will require three and three-quarter yards of 36-inch material, and three-quarters yard contrasting color for the yoke.

This free pattern is cut to fit size 36-inch bust. When cutting out the material, all seams and hems must be allowed for.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the frock illustrated at left. Address requests to The Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4688W, Sydney.

Name

Address

Pattern Coupon, 8/7/33.



FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN



WX1—Frock of one of the new woollen materials with contrasting yoke and semi-dolman sleeves. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 30-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 38, 40, 42, and 44-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX2—Smart frock of tweed with scarf of fur fabric. Material required, four yards 36-inch, and quarter-yard 48-inch fur fabric. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 38, 40, 42, and 44-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX3—Girl's frock of basket weave with yoke and long sleeves. Material required, two and a half yards 36-inch. To fit size 8-10 years. Other sizes, 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.

WX4—Frock of velvet with unusual collar and sleeve treatment. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36-inch, half a yard 30-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 38, 40, 42, and 44-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

The GILL KNITTED D'OYLEY You'll Enjoy Making This Dainty Article

The following directions are for one of the eight sections which comprise the d'oyley, and they must be repeated seven times in each round. Use linen thread No. 30 and 4 No. 15 steel needles.

Abbreviations: K for plain knitting; O, thread over the needle to form a hole and also an extra stitch in the following round.

Cast on 16 st (6 on each of 2 needles and 4 on a third needle).

2nd round: K.

3rd round: O, k 1, O, k 1, repeat 7 times.

4th round: K 32 stitches.

5th round: K.

6th round: K.

7th round: O, k 1, O, k 1, k 2 together, repeat 7 times.

8th round: K.

9th round: O, k 1, O, k 2, k 2 together.

10th round: K.

22nd round: K 10, k 2 together.

23rd round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 6, k 2 together.

24th round: K 11, k 2 together.

25th round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 7, k 2 together.

26th round: K 12, k 2 together.

27th round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 8, k 2 together.

28th round: K 13, k 2 together.

29th round: O, k 1, O, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st over, k 9, k 2 together.

30th round: O, k 3, O, k 11.

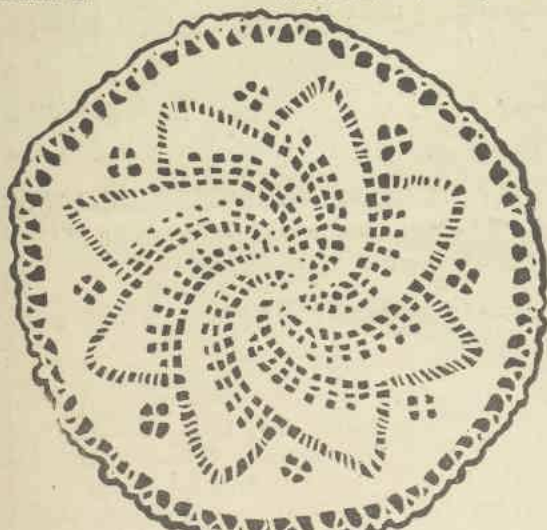
31st round: O, k 5, O, slip 1, k 1, pass st over, k 7, k 2 together.

32nd round: O, k 7, O, k 9.

33rd round: O, k 9, O, slip 1, k 1, pass st over, k 5, k 2 together.

34th round: O, k 5, O, k 2 together, k 4, O, k 7.

35th round: O, k 13, O, slip 1, k 1, pass st over, k 3, k 2 together.



11th round: O, k 1, O, k 3, k 2 together.

12th round: K.

13th round: O, k 1, O, k 4, k 2 together.

14th round: K 6, k 2 together.

15th round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 2, k 2 together.

16th round: K 7, k 2 together.

17th round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 3, k 2 together.

18th round: K 8, k 2 together.

19th round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 4, k 2 together.

20th round: K 9, k 2 together.

21st round: O, k 1, O, k 2, O, k 5, k 2 together.

36th round: O, k 5, O, k 2 together, k 1, O, k 2 together, k 5, O, k 5.

37th round: O, k 17, O, slip 1, k 1, slip st over, k 1, k 2 together.

38th round: O, k 9, O, k 2 together, k 8, O, k 3.

39th round: O, k 21, O, slip 1, k 2 together, pass slipped st over, k 1, k 2 together.

Do 3 rounds of plain knitting and finish off by slipping the first st on to a crochet hook. Thread over and draw through. * Chain 4, slip st back into first chain for plect. Thread over and insert hook into 3 stitches on knitting needle, over, draw through 3 sts twice, chain 3, and work another treble into same 3 stitches. Repeat from * all round.

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You can have a constant supply of new and exclusive frocks as worn by any of Hollywood's Paramount Film Stars. Bebarfalds have arranged to supply absolutely FREE with every Bebarfald Bureau sold during July a twelve months supply of Hollywood designed Frock Patterns, cut to your measure, also Children's Patterns.

Bebarfalds guarantee to teach you how to make these dresses, and, in addition, give you with your Sewing Machine a complete illustrated dressmaking course, conveniently bound in one volume. This is equal to any £10/10/- correspondence course.

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The Bebarfald-Vickers is aptly described as the "Automatic Dressmaker." It sews backwards and forwards—hemstitches, embroiders, darns, tucks, shirrs, or pleats as easily as it sews straight seams. It is guaranteed for a Lifetime! 8d a day brings it to your home!

10/- DEPOSIT OFFER.

Select a Bebarfald-Bureau before July 31st, and you will receive, absolutely FREE, a 12 months' Hollywood Frock Pattern Service, FREE Hemstitcher and other Dressmaking attachments, and a copy of the famous illustrated text book on Dressmaking—"The Better Dressmaker." 10/- deposit will secure this offer!

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I want a copy of "More Frocks for Less Money," which tells about the Free Dressmaking Course, the Bebarfald-Vickers Sewing Machine, and how to get a 12 months' supply of Hollywood Patterns. Also, please send me a Free Copy of the 140 page illustrated book, "The Magic of Colour Harmony in Dress."

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Make X here if you want full particulars of Sewing Machines and Baby Terms.



You can obtain a free pattern of this evening gown, worn by the Paramount actress, Mae West.



Head rises automatically as you lift the lid, ready for sewing.

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OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, Sydney

PRINCE EDWARD

Now Showing—11 a.m., 2.15, 5.30, & 8 p.m.

Great Chevalier Songs:
"In the Park in Patee,"
"Home-Made Heaven,"
"Look What I've Got,"
"M'sieu Baby."

Meet a New Maurice and Hollywood's Latest Baby Star!

Sydney is all agog over Maurice's baby "find," the child whose gorgeous smile is winning millions of hearts.

Maurice
CHEVALIER

"A
Bedtime Story"

HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES - BABY LEROY

Associate Programme

On THE STAGE—
Sydney's Brilliant
Young Pianiste,
**MISS DAGMAR
ROBERTS**,
Presenting a Special
Arrangement from her
Repertoire.

ALBERT CAZABON
and Concert Or-
chestra playing
"Souvenir" and
"Coppelia."

Popular Prices: 1/-, 1/6,
at 11 a.m. 2.15 Mat.
from 1/6. 5.30 Session,
1/6. Evening from 2/-.

LITTLE THEATRES

CONSISTENTLY sparkling Noel Cowardish dialogue, as well as the outstanding performance of William Rees, in the part of the practical joking uncle from South America, who pretends he will leave a fortune to whoever of his young relatives makes a financial success of life first, were the chief items in making last week's Repertory Theatre production, "Making Good," a success.

Otherwise, apart from some intriguing saxophone excerpts on the part of Mr. Arthur Spence, and a pleasing change of frocks at frequent intervals among the women characters, this was not one of the Repertory's better presentations.

The actors might all with advantage learn the prime importance of the voice in their work, and such properties as red whisky and a song which is a hollow mockery made the action ridiculous in the wrong places.

Frances Cottingham and Arthur Spence (a newcomer, who, although inaudible in the first act, remedied this later) did good work. Marjorie Rogers, the happy-go-lucky mother of this gifted but carefree family, was also satisfactory, although not even grandmothers nowadays have white hair, or, if they do, their faces are lined to match.

THE value of training over inexperience, no matter how gifted the present "rough diamond" may become, was strikingly demonstrated at the Impressionist Theatre's studio evening at the Forum Club last week, when "The Blue Lantern," Housman's Chinese fantasy, was presented.

Mimi Spaul, Clive Coppard, Norah Casabon, Alice Bolger, and John Casabon, stood out from the rest of the cast—with one exception, that of Nan Gardiner, who was a fascinatingly attractive little Mee-Mee, with an appealing and effective voice. Mimi Spaul's performance equalled Miss Gardiner's.

EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE: "Mr. Prohack," at Savoy Theatre, July 19.

PLAYERS' CLUB: Four one-act plays at St. James Hall, July 13.



Could anything be more easy than this lemon, shetland wool, hand-knitted evening frock. Its bodice is of softest Angora, the neck is outlined in white. There is a fascinating white cape and a muff that sports a jaunty lemon bow. There is a sash, too, which ties loosely at the back. This dress was made for Miss Marjorie Duncanson, of Bellevue Hill, to wear at the "Dance of the Loveliest," in aid of the Industrial Blind Institute. The dress, which was presented to the Fund, was made by Mrs. Jardine, of the Treasure Cok, 40 King Street, assisted by Miss Doris Sears.

STUDENTS' EXHIBITION

Life-studies, from finished oil paintings to hurried pencil sketches with a few scattered landscapes and other types of compositions, will grace the walls of the Royal Art Society's rooms at 545 George Street from July 5 to July 15.

As the work of students the exhibits reveal considerable artistic ability, but the stamp of the beginner is on many of them. Certain subjects would definitely not appeal to those of us who like "pretty" nudes.

The most outstanding work is the studies of heads, some of which show remarkable vigor, and expressiveness.

OPEN DOOR to HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 1)

The finalists selected by the five New South Wales theatres which are co-operating in the search—the Prince Edward, Sydney; the Orpheum, North Sydney; the Hurlstone Park Theatre; The Capitol, Canberra; the Five Ways Theatre, Paddington; the Civic Theatre, Newcastle; and the Ritz Theatre, Central Concord—will be judged by the New South Wales committee on July 17.

Screen tests will be made of the State winners, and on July 28 these test films will be sent to Hollywood. There they will be viewed by seven noted Paramount directors, who will select the national Australian winners—one man and one woman.

The names of these two winners will be cabled to The Australian Women's Weekly and published immediately. The winners will sail for Hollywood on August 23 on the Mariposa.

They will be given a part in the Paramount picture, "A Search for Beauty," at a salary of fifty dollars a week for a minimum of five weeks—and a chance to compete for a special bonus of 2000 dollars.

More than this: If they show striking ability, they will be given a chance of a real screen career. No more wonderful opportunity could come their way.

Transport to and from Hollywood and hotel accommodation in Hollywood is guaranteed.

Splendidly generous gifts have been offered to the Australian man and woman winners.

Beharfeld's Ltd. (Sydney) will give elaborate wardrobe trunks to both winners.

Viner and Hall Ltd. will give to the woman winner a magnificent canteen of cutlery, valued at £200.

Myer's Emporium (Melbourne) will present both winners with a full wardrobe, valued at £150.

State finalists will have the benefit of Max Factor's cosmetics and make-up specialists. James and Anderson Ltd., Australian agents for Max Factor, will personally supervise the making-up of competitors—so that every State finalist will appear at his or her best.

You'll laugh, sigh and thrill when Maurice Chevalier tells you this bedtime story that makes dreams come true. Refreshingly new! And Maurice with a new boy friend that will charm your heart. Hear these new songs, "In a Park in Patee," "Home Made Heaven," "Look What I've Got," and "M'sieu Baby."

NOW SHOWING

Prince Edward Theatre



HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES - BABY LEROY

Watch also for these great Paramount Pictures:

"KING OF THE JUNGLE," with The Lion Man (Buster Crabbe) and Frances Dee.

"MURDERS IN THE ZOO," with Charlie Ruggles, Lionel Atwill, Kathleen Burke, Randolph Scott.

"I LOVE THAT MAN," with Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong, Lew Cody.

"THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK," with Fredric March, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, and Jack Oakie.

"SUPERNATURAL," with Carole Lombard, Randolph Scott, Vivienne Osborne.



If It's a Paramount Picture, It's The Best Show in Town.

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Every Friday, 8.30 to 1, 3/7

Club secretaries, let us show you how to make a profit with no possible chance of any loss.

Theatre Royal -- From Sat. July 8

J. O. Williamson Ltd. announce the first presentation in Sydney of the outstanding musical attraction. The delightful musical romance.

In sheer loveliness and fragrant atmospheric allure, in the richness and grace of its musical score, "Music in the Air" ranks as the most notable and memorable production in years.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN SYDNEY OF TWO NOTED LONDON ARTISTS
SYLVIA WELLING, & **FRANK SALE**,
Prima Donna from His Majesty's Theatre, London. Principal Baritone from Covent Garden.
And the Re-appearance on the Stage of Australia's Great Favorite,
CARRIE MOORE.

'MUSIC IN THE AIR'

Written by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, who have been responsible for "Desert Song," "Rose Marie," "Bally," "Show Boat" and other notable successes.

ASSEMBLY HALL, WYNYARD SQUARE,
NEXT SATURDAY,
TUESDAY, JULY 11,
THURSDAY, JULY 13,
Three Great Farewell Concerts.

JOHN BROWNLEE

Australia's World-Famed Young Operatic Baritone.
RITA MILLER, Soprano. RAYMOND LAMBERT, Pianist.



LATEST SHOWS

By a Woman in the Audience

"STATE FAIR"

I ALWAYS like Janet Gaynor, and so I did enjoy "State Fair." Of course, there is not anything particularly marvellous about the photography, and the plot is quite commonplace, but I am not a fussy critic, and just go to the pictures for a pleasant evening. Janet Gaynor is just as sweet and unsophisticated as ever (it is so clever of her not to try to be exotic). Louise Dressler and Will Rogers are an awfully nice dad and mum. You get fond of them, even though they aren't bright enough to notice that their children had both had a love-affair on their trip, and were therefore miserable at returning home. Lew Ayres and Norman Foster were well cast as the young men.

A particularly interesting travelogue through China precedes the main feature, and has some remarkably fine photography.

—State.

"RE-UNION IN VIENNA"

THIS is a really good show, with attractive settings and photography. Interesting plot and dialogue. It should not be missed. John Barrymore does one of his best studies as the Archduke Rudolph, who can't realise that "was" is not "is," and that the time is past when he can have anything he wants. Diana Wynyard is an exquisitely lovely, if a trifle too lady-like (for the part) heroine. Frank Morgan and May Robson make perfect cameos of more subsidiary parts.

—St. James.

"TELL ME TO-NIGHT"

THIS is Sydney's most delightful current release, and the box-office is still proving it. Even if you didn't know, you would suspect the hand of U.F.A., because you can always tell. There is an atmosphere of freshness and originality about the whole production, and everything there to please, whether you like best to be amused, hear attractive singing, or look at beautiful photography. The cast includes, as well as Jan Kiepura, Magda Schneider, Sonnie Hale, Athene Seyler and Edmund Gwen.

—Mayfair.

"MIDSHIPMAID"

BRIGHT, light farce (almost), with no problems for solving, no reasons to advance for anything that is done, and everything perfectly inconsequent from the pomposity of the economy expert.



Sylvia Welling, who will play the lead in "Music in the Air," opening at the Theatre Royal on Saturday July 8.

played by Fred Kerr, to the light-heartedness of his "daughter," Jessie Matthews, or the lugubriousness of the A.B. (as depicted by A. W. Bancroft). Ian Hay and Commander King-Hall have produced here their usual exciting situations and witty dialogue, and Jessie Matthews, in the title role, is so perfectly charming that one is not surprised to hear she is Britain's "It" girl.

—Plaza.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is of the opinion that it is harder to miss a golf ball than to hit it. For a scene in "When Ladies Meet," his new M-G-M picture, in which he is co-starred with Ann Harding, he spoils scene after scene because he could not miss a golf ball. His drive is so perfect that he reckons he can hit the ball in his sleep.

CHEVALIER'S Baby!

MAURICE Brings Romance Into An ORPHANAGE



MAURICE SINGS to him and he chuckles. Snuggly wrapped in Maurice's dressing-gown and nestling among the pillows, he casts anxious eyes on the bottle Maurice holds for him; and in the swimming pool he shows complete faith in Maurice by splashing and kicking with infant abandon. Baby Leroy will tug at your heart strings in "The Bedtime Story."



THIS young man recently caused such a stir at Hollywood that everyone within coo-ee, from the dressers to the stars, called stop-work meetings in favor of devotional rallies! He has the most ravishing dimples, great big eyes that simply sparkle all the time, and he wears his hair cut very short, in manly disregard of prevailing fashions.

In fact, such was his fame that psychologists applied some searching tests—and he came through with flying colors, all dimples and eyes and general hugableness.

Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman have been completely eclipsed by young Leroy, and he is only eight months old. And Maurice Chevalier, who temporarily adopted him, has permanently provided for him.

This adorable infant was placed in the seat of honor when Maurice Chevalier gave a luncheon at the completion of "A Bedtime Story," the picture in which the baby star made his talkie debut. At the party Maurice presented him with an insurance policy for 2000 dollars, to be drawn when he is sixteen years of age.

The babe demonstrated his vigorous appreciation by hammering his spoon on the table and waving expressive little feet in the air.

BEHIND all the excitement lies a story, for Baby Leroy belongs to an orphanage. This sturdy lad, surely the most popular baby in the world, has no father or mother. He is just one of a number in a home, fed and clothed in uniform garb and, at sixteen years of age, cast into the world to fend for themselves.

Baby Leroy has now an assured start in life, partly as a result of his own personal charm, but mainly owing to Maurice Chevalier's forethought.

When it was decided to make "The Bedtime Story" babies thronged the studios, but Maurice insisted on one from an orphanage. Whereupon he and Norman Turog, the director, inspected over four hundred babes between six and twelve months old and chose Baby Leroy.

The baby star was paid for his services, and the money banked for him. Now he has the insurance money to come, too. He's a lucky baby, but such a darling!

Spotlight

CLARK GABLE is an excellent marksman, and has repeatedly outshot guides and other woodsmen during his various hunting trips. Another good shot is John Miljan, the well-known villain. It is an interesting fact that both Gable and Miljan won fame for playing gangsters. We're not insinuating anything, but—

PHYLLIS DU BARRY says she just can't help loving both Buster Keaton and "Schnozzle" Durante. Yet whenever she does a love scene with Buster she can never be quite sure whether she will be kissed or tripped up by a beer keg that Durante is playing roll-the-hoop with. "Schnozzle," by the way, is afraid of fast driving, and walks whenever possible to the studios.

MADGE EVANS is a passionate devotee of ping-pong. Many evenings will find her tapping the celluloid ball to and fro across the table of her living-room. It is said that she is one of the best players among the stars.

My CHILDHOOD and the RUSSIAN BALLET

By MME B. MINOOTOTCHKA.
(Of the Lightfoot-Burlakov First Australian Ballet.)

THE great days of the Diaghalev ballet are over, their glories now are only reminiscences engraved in the memories of those who saw those superlative productions on the historic stage at Drury Lane Theatre.

Diaghalev died some months ago, in his beloved Paris, Nijinsky, the incomparable "Faun," is incarcerated in a mad-house, Michel and Vera Fokine are in New York teaching, and Karasvina is in retirement in London.

Picture me in London just before the war, recently arrived from my native Poland, tinier than I am to-day. I was living with my family in the East End, where living was cheap, work hard to find, and money hard to earn.

All my life from my smallest childhood in a small Polish town the desire to dance and to dance well was strong in me. I was already an accomplished mimic, and grew up with brothers and sisters who, despite their poverty, were to become poets, writers, and singers.

Marvellous is Fate! One of my sisters became acquainted with Maria Stepanovna, the wardrobe mistress of the ballet, and soon to Maria Stepanovna I haltingly told my desire to become a dancer. One glorious night Maria led me by the hand through the stage door at Drury Lane, and, pushing me into a dark corner in the wings, she said, "There! And keep out of everybody's way."

And before me unfolded all the glories of "Scheherazade," with all its flashing action, its peerless dancing, to the sweeping rhythms of Rimsky-Korsakov's music. I stood entranced as the ballets

came and went, as Karasvina and Fokine leaned heavy and panting in the wing after some particularly tiring dance.

In the entr'actes I wandered past the dressing-rooms, peeping in with all the curiosity of a child of fourteen. My fairy godmother, Maria Stepanovna, was there, quickly stepping, coming and going with dresses, occasionally patting my curly head, joking with white teeth under her wide little Russian snub nose. How my ambition grew and flared!

Diaghalev and his ballet packed up and went away to Paris, and I was left without money and without the means of learning. Again my sister came to my help, and one day she took me to the great ballerina, Astafieva, who was then conducting a ballet school in the West End. Astafieva took me without a penny, and I became her "Sievushka" (Russian for "little plump"). From her I learned the technique of the ballet, all its hard work and difficulties. The long walks, hungry and tired across London down Fleet Street and the Strand, the trouble to get money to buy my first shoes, the joy of my first photograph, perched crazily on my toes with an armful of lilies gathered in my arms.

So, can it be wondered that dancing is in my blood? To look forward to a time when I cannot dance, is unthinkable. Karasvina and Genze have settled down to lives of comfortable retirement. Pavlova died dancing, and Gelfer, the Soviet's greatest ballerina, is still dancing at the age of sixty in "The Red Poppy" in the Bolshoy at Moscow.

The Russian ballet is for all time; it is the greatest, the supreme art. I shall dance until the very end.



The REST CURE

(Continued from Page 11)

"T HAT'S all right, Will!" she told him. "I ought to be able to."

"Aw, you can't help it, I suppose. Anyway, just wanted to tell you we were sorry."

"Thank you." She gave him a smile, and he actually, incredibly, blushed. The doctor came early next day, but not before Zoe had extracted from Aunt Emmy the fullest available details about him. His name was Brian Chase. He was in the middle thirties, was Sydney-born, but had gone abroad to finish his studies. He had, Aunt Emmy said, "a wonderful name" throughout all the neighboring districts, not only for his remarkable skill, but for his generous and devoted service to the suffering.

When he came to her room, it was somehow like a greeting between old friends. She began asking him about his work. She felt that was the one thing about himself that he would discuss freely. His enthusiasm was passionate, not a ray enthusiasm, but a strong consciousness of the need his people had of him, and a burning admiration for their heroism and tenacity.

Zoe confided in him about her early clashes with her cousins.

"You mustn't feel like that about them," Chase counselled.

"Their antagonism isn't towards you, but towards the attitude they feel city folk have towards them. They feel they don't get a fair deal, and, in their reckoning, the city is to blame!"

When Chase came again, the city-country question again absorbed them. Gradually they came to grasp one another's point of view, more or less, as people can whose sympathies are deeper than their differences.

Every day he called, even after Zoe was able to leave her bed for a deck chair in the garden. His visits ceased to be professional, and, though they were short because of his busy life, they were very happy for both. Chase was rather starved for lively, sophisticated converse. Zoe had formed her first really deep friendship.

One day, when a wild dust storm had clouded the landscape and made the air, even indoors, almost unbearably stifling, they talked in Aunt Emmy's old-fashioned sitting room. Pleading for him to see why she loved the city, Zoe endeavored to re-create in words the symphony of urban beauty that had haunted her in the train.

He sat enthralled, and long after she had stopped speaking he sat gazing into her face. "You feel things very deeply," he said. Then he leaned forward.

"Zoe," he said, it was the first time. "I do see all that you see, but you must grasp all my feeling too—my love for the bush. I can never forget the thrill of a thousand mornings when the slow, sweeping dawn, advancing over the silent valleys and hills, awakened me to new days of fresh, clean sunlight of soft, beneficent rain, of hush, pitiless heat—even of dust storms like this."

"I love them all—all the bush days. And the people, too, I love. You love your mysterious million, whom you will never know, and I love my familiar handful, whom I know as well as myself . . ."

His voice went on, deeply thrilling to his enthusiasm. As he did, Zoe saw his bush as he wished her to see it. In all its appeal, in the depth that is under the harsh surface. They parted better friends than ever.

S HE wrote to Doctor Breckenridge, and was surprised at the volume and vigor of his reply. He declared that Chase was one of the best and most brilliant men Sydney University had ever turned out, and everyone had wondered where the devil he had vanished to. It was a crime for him to be stuck away in a hole like that, he declared.

Zoe assailed Brian the moment he appeared.

"But," he defended, "the work I am doing here is better than any I could do in town. There are so many doctors there, and so few out here. And I'll swear no man in Macquarie Street has a greater proportion of satisfied patients than I."

"But, Brian, think of the success you could be!"

"Perhaps—it doesn't always follow. At any rate, success to me doesn't mean money or glory. It means doing my job, and doing it well!"

(Continued on Page 39)

FOR MOTHERS AND YOUNG WOMEN BY A DOCTOR

BABY'S MOUTH

A L THOUGH Baby Clinics

have done a very great deal in making the world safer for babies, there are still some evils which do not seem to be realised by many mothers, especially older ones. One thing which is still frequently done is to swab out the baby's mouth as a part of its toilet. This practice is to be condemned. Sometimes the swabbing is sufficiently energetic to rub away the very thin lining of the mouth and so leave it open for infection. This habit, too, is a cause of thrush. After all, nature has provided a baby with a very efficient mouth and a salivary system which cleans it sufficiently. Another point is that, even if no thrush, or ulcers develop, wiping out of baby's mouth may make it sore.

OVER-EATING IN PREGNANCY

ONE of the delusions that persist concerning pregnancy is that the mother-to-be must eat enormous meals in order to provide the requisite nourishment for the extra little life she is guarding. This is quite a wrong idea, and over-eating is not an uncommon cause of dyspepsia in pregnancy. The simpler the dietary the better, but the mother must eat enough to satisfy her, of course, and keep her fit.

As discussed in a previous paragraph, on this page, the essential things are milk, eggs, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables,

STAMMERING IN CHILDREN

THE time to treat stammering is when it first commences. Modern medical opinion is emphatic on the point that much of it is due to a psychological re-

Every mother or mother-to-be should read this column. It will contain invaluable medical advice, written by a well-known doctor, upon every phase of motherhood and baby welfare.

action, a kind of "inferiority complex" in the child. The stammering child is generally of a "highly strung" disposition, and needs careful handling. When stammering first begins the child should be treated with the utmost consideration, and its attention should not be drawn to its deficiency.

The immediate relatives should make a point of speaking slowly and easily in its presence, at the same time taking particular care to put the child at its ease. In this way, it is possible that an early case might be arrested and much misery saved the victim. It will be noticed that, in the act of stammering, the speaker is always tense.

Relaxation, i.e., complete ease, is the first essential in correction.

As part of the daily diet, a little cod-liver oil (in the various commercial preparations of it) is also useful in building up healthy bones for the child.

PAWPAW

AS knowledge of food increases, investigations continue to be made into all varieties of food. Most of the fruits used in Europe have been analysed as to their food and vitamin value, and even a tropical

fruits in our own country have come under the eye of the scientist. The pawpaw, which should be more popular than it is in the southern States, has a high reputation as an article of diet. It has just been pronounced to have practically all the vitamins, and is reputed to be a valuable thing for children, especially those suffering from vitamin deficiency. Apart from this aspect of the case, ripe pawpaw contains something which considerably aids digestion.

CAUSE OF HAEMORRHOIDS

ANOTHER common delusion is that haemorrhoids are caused by sitting on damp or cold surfaces. The writer knows of no cases of this nature. A pile is only a swollen vein. A vein swells because it cannot empty itself freely. This is due, in many cases, to constipation. Piles are also seen in pregnancy, and this is helped by over-pressure on the veins of the pelvis by the foetus. The modern treatment for this trouble is injections. Not all haemorrhoids are suitable, but it is always worth while considering the matter. The cure in suitable cases is permanent and often painless.

PROBLEMS of LIFE

By "The Matron"

"COULD you please supply me with some information as to the legalities attached to adopting a child?" a Chatswood woman asks this week.

She adds: "My own child died at birth, and as my doctor is of opinion that I am not likely to have another, I would like to adopt a little girl to take her place in my heart. My husband is as anxious as myself to make the adoption, provided the parents or parent will give up all claim to the child, and leave it entirely to our care."

"We are comfortably off, and would do all in our power to bring the baby up properly, and to provide for her future. Perhaps you could find out for me what authorities I should approach with the purpose I have tried to make clear," she concludes.

THIS wish to adopt a little girl and bring her up as one's own is one which I warmly applaud. The Child Welfare Department (at the Education Buildings, Loftus Street), will be able to assist. A special section deals with such matters, and the officials are most sympathetic and understanding. You will, of course, supply them with particulars as to income, mode of living, health, and other necessary information, so that they can be assured that you are fitted to become the legal parents of an infant. In that case, no difficulties will be placed in your way. You will be made cognisant of the name of the natural parents, but they will not be informed of yours, though they will be assured that the welfare of the child will be your first consideration. The case would go through the Supreme Court without cost.

Naturally, the religion in which the child has been baptised will be considered—a Catholic child to a Catholic family, and so on.

Many adoptions are made each year through the Child Welfare Department, and strangely enough the demand for girls is much greater than for boys. You and your husband can either visit the Department, in person, or make preliminary arrangements through Box 189, G.P.O., Sydney. I must add that the greatest privacy is observed in adoption cases, and that, while the demands of the law are observed to the letter, the Department's methods are essentially humanitarian. I hope I have given you the information you require, and that when I hear from you again you will have finalised matters to the satisfaction of all concerned.

ETIQUETTE



A LADY should never be presented to a man, but in all cases the man is presented to the lady. If two ladies are being introduced, the younger is presented to the older, the spinster to the matron, the social inferior to the social superior, etc.

When Parents Separate

MY FATHER and mother separated when I was quite small, and I have lived all my life with my mother. Now my father wants me to go to see him. I feel that I can't do this without telling my mother, of whom I am very fond, but I can never forget the fun dad and I used to have when I was quite a tiny tot. What shall I do?—Gwen D., Strathfield.

Take my advice and write to your father, telling him you will visit him, but that before you do so, you will tell your mother about the letter. But be careful in the telling, as you do not want to hurt your mother. Who knows, but that this will be the beginning of happier times for all.

Don't Worry About Dress

I HAVE been asked to a dance by a young man whom I have only met at tennis. It's a swish affair, and my evening dress is very shabby. Should I accept the invitation, and then plead sudden illness. I don't want to refuse, as I would like our friendship to grow.—Anna.

Accept the invitation and go to the dance. The young man, too, evidently wants the friendship to grow. He is interested in you and not in your clothes. When the evening comes, make yourself as nice as you can, and don't once let the thought of your dress disturb you. Just be natural. Your companionship will probably make all the difference between a happy and a dull evening for your friend.

WHY NOT . . . have Naturally Wavy Hair



The hair—woman's crowning glory—will soften the plainest features with permanent waving—done properly—and make the beautiful more beautiful. . . . Buckingham's Ltd. have built a reputation for skilled permanent waving—because only talented artists serve you—and only the very best materials are used. You will marvel at the speed and efficiency of the new, quick-drying vacuum dryers—the cleanliness of the rooms and the spotless linen . . . "privacy, also, you'll enjoy." There are 21 of the finest rooms in the city in our salon, and they are usually booked to capacity.

Skilled Waving at a New Low Price . . .

ANDREE OIL WAVE only 15/-

For a limited period only we are offering this splendid OIL PROCESSED PERMANENT WAVE. The advantage of our ANDREE Wave is that it gives the hair a beautiful, soft, natural wave—supple and lustrous, and instead of harming the hair, really adds to its quality and texture. . . . Women with the straightest of hair, as if by a stroke of magic, can now have glorious, soft, wavy, natural curls. . . . As this is really a 25/- wave, special price of 15/- for a limited period only. Ring F3141 for your appointment.

EUGENE • Done on the latest "GRAFTON" Machines, which we have just landed. Only genuine imported Eugene Sachets are used, which wave your hair with tiny jets of steam, giving it lovely, soft, supple waves of lasting permanency. We are so busy that several of our artists do nothing else but Eugene Waving, so you are sure of a perfect wave, done by highly qualified experts.

MACDONALD • The most expensive wave of all, and, of course, it's a wonderful wave. This is selling elsewhere in the city from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Madame Grainger herself personally attends to all customers having a Macdonald Wave. You will be thrilled with this lovely, graceful waves obtained, and appreciate the gentle, absolutely safe method.

CHIROPODY—CORNS 1/- REMOVED For . . .

There is no need to suffer excruciating agony caused by corns, callouses, and ingrowing toe nails. These can be removed in a few minutes and cured permanently by our expert chiropodist. Corns removed from 1/-—no pain—immediate relief guaranteed.

FACIAL REJUVENATION

No one bothers about your age—so long as you look young—but how often does one hear the remark, "She must be getting on," when tell-tale lines from nose to mouth—wrinkles around the eyes—sagging cheeks and neck—denote that age is definitely creeping on? . . . Madame Louise Day, our beauty expert, has just returned from abroad, studying the latest treatment methods in face rejuvenation—she was trained in U.S.A. by Elizabeth Arden and Max Factor. . . . It will be a revelation to you to hear her explain her treatment, and prove definitely what she can do to restore your face to its former youthful appearance, and which, incidentally, will also give you a new lease of happiness.

Treatment only 5/6 ea. or Course of 6 sittings, 30/-

BUCKINGHAM'S OXFORD STREET

Chilly Mornings Are NOT SO BAD after a GOOD BREAKFAST



Miss Shepherd's authoritative articles on cooking will appear each week. For some years Miss Shepherd has been actively interested in the science and preparation of foods, and has lectured in hospitals throughout New South Wales. She has made a special study of recipes suitable for small families, and for the sick and convalescent. Tested recipes will be specially featured in these articles.



DON'T RUSH your meals, especially breakfast, says Marie Dressler, famous film star. The cook often spends hours preparing tasty dishes, and it is a poor reward to see them hastily gobbled.

It is not too pleasant having to get up early these cold mornings. Therefore the first meal of the day should influence our outlook, making it bright and hopeful.

Let the surroundings be cheerful. Place the table in a sunny spot. See that everything is fresh and bright. Nicely arranged flowers on the table or a bowl of fruit.

The meal should be light and nourishing, commencing with fruit juice, stewed fruit or sliced oranges, or grapefruit. Followed by a cereal and hot milk, and the piece de resistance made of eggs, meat, fish, or cheese.

BREAKFAST SUGGESTIONS

Baked prunes, oatmeal with milk, banana and honey, toast, coffee.
Sliced oranges, crispies with milk, mushrooms with scrambled egg, wholemeal bread, conserve, coffee.
Stewed apples, West Dix with milk, liver or toast, wholemeal bread and marmalade, tea.
Chilled grapefruit, buttered steamed rice with maple syrup, vegetable hash, toast, coffee.
Orange juice, crispies with stewed fruit and

cream, egg croquettes, wholemeal bread, apricot conserve, coffee.

COFFEE

If the housewife values her home and happiness, she should serve good coffee. It is not hard to procure freshly roasted and ground coffee these days, buying it in small quantities, as coffee loses its fragrance and essential oils if kept more than a fortnight. Always keep coffee in an airtight tin—a cool spot for preference.

Before buying, consider the type of coffee pot you have, and method of making. If coffee is boiled, a rather coarse-ground coffee is preferred, while the finely-ground coffee is used for percolators. The very finely-ground bean is used for drip coffee. Never serve reheated coffee. If there is any over it can be used as iced coffee or to flavor the pudding.

TO MAKE PERFECT COFFEE

Put 1 tablespoon of ground coffee in each cup of water into a coffee jug. Add some crushed egg shell. Mix with 1/2 cup of cold water, then add the boiling or cold water (1

New your coffee should be sparkling, clear, and fresh flavored.

BAKED PRUNES

Wash prunes, cover with cold water, and cook overnight. Put into a pyrex or earthenware dish with water in which they have been soaked; add some finely pared orange and lemon rind. Bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. Serve cold. Allow 5 prunes to each person.

EGG OR CHEESE CROQUETTES

Four hard-boiled eggs or 102 of grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, 1/2 cup milk, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, pepper, chopped parsley or mint. Finely chop the hard-boiled eggs, add parsley, salt, and pepper. Heat the tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix, then add the milk; stir on the fire until it is a very thick paste; remove from the fire, add the tomato sauce and eggs or grated cheese. Mix well together, then form into cork shape. Dip into egg glazing, then into bread crumbs; roll lightly. Just before breakfast fry in sufficient boiling fat to cover the croquettes; when a golden brown lift on to paper to drain. Serve on dorys; garnish with parsley. Sufficient for four or five persons.

LIVER ON TOAST

Half a lamb's fry, 4 or 5 slices bacon, toast, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter. Prepare the toast, cut into shapes required.

By MARGARET P. SHEPHERD

Stand in a warm spot. Fry the onion in the butter until a light golden brown, add the minced or finely chopped liver; cook slowly, turning it frequently (care should be taken not to cook it too long). Fry the slices of bacon; pour a little of the bacon fat on each slice of toast, then pile the liver on the toast. Arrange a slice of bacon on the top. Serve immediately. Sufficient for 4 or 5 persons.

POTATO CAKES

2 cups left-over potato, salt, pepper, to taste, chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, egg glazing, breadcrumbs. Mash the potato well, add salt, pepper, milk, and a dessertspoon butter; mix well together until firm, then add the grated cheese. Form into balls. Dip in egg glazing, then into breadcrumbs. Then fry in sufficient boiling fat to cover the potatoes. When a light, golden brown, drain on paper and serve hot.

HONOLULU EGG

Allow 1 poached egg for each person; 1/2 apple, 1 banana, 1 slice bacon. Peel and cut apple up roughly, fry in a frying-pan with sufficient butter or bacon fat to prevent burning, add the banana, cut into lengths. When lightly fried, draw to one side of pan. Fry bacon. Put the apple and banana on to a hot plate. Arrange the poached egg on top. Garnish with bacon.

BANANAS AND BACON

Choose small bananas (one for each person) and slices of bacon about 5 inches long. Peel the bananas, wrap lightly in bacon; fasten lightly with wooden skewers. Put into a hot frying pan, cover with a lid, and cook slowly for about 7 or 8 minutes. Remove the lid of pan about 2 minutes before serving. Arrange on slices of toast which have been lightly spread with savory mustard, made as follows:—Mix mustard, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, with sufficient lemon juice or vinegar to moisten, then mix in 1 teaspoon butter, salt and pepper to taste.

VEGETABLE HASH

Left-over vegetables, as potato, celery, carrot, onion, peas or beans, 1 finely chopped

If Your Gas Bill Worries You Read This

Can your gas meter tell a lie?

Many householders, with memories of gas bills which seemed higher than they should be, would answer without hesitation, "Yes," but just a minute—

"No meter may be used to sell gas unless bearing the Government stamp, which indicates that it has been through a Government testing station, and is an accurate measuring device," says Mr. Telford Waugh, of the A.G.L. Co. "The responsibility for the accuracy of the registration of the gas meter lies entirely with the Government testing department in exactly the same way as the accuracy of weighing scales or measures under the Weights and Measures Act. There is no more reliable measuring device in daily use than a gas meter."

After being in use for seven years, every meter is sent to the factory for repair, and then to the Government for re-stamping, so that the consumer can rest assured that his gas meter is an accurate and reliable measuring instrument.

onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup cream or fresh milk, 3 tablespoons grated cheese. Cut all the cooked vegetables into small cubes. Fry the finely chopped onion in butter in a frying pan until a light golden brown. Add the vegetables, season with salt and pepper. When well heated, add the cream, then draw the vegetables to one side and add butter to frying pan, allowing it to run under the vegetables. Spread out vegetables and allow to brown slightly. Serve with grated cheese on top.

EXCITING RECIPE CONTEST Attracts Hundreds of ENTRIES

From other States, from city and from country, readers vie with one another for the £5 Recipe Prize offered by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Your favorite dish may win £5 or one of the six 5/- consolation prizes. Send yours along for next week's competition.



CHAFING
Relieve baby's suffering with **REXONA**

Baby's soft sensitive skin needs very little irritation to make it painfully chafed and sore. To take the soreness away immediately and restore baby's skin to healthy firmness, smooth Rexona Ointment on the chafed skin and use Rexona Medicated Soap for his bath.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Poisoned wounds, piles, flugworm, cracked lips, sunburn, "Sore's Foot," boils, pimples and all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 5/- TO THE FOLLOWING:

TASTY FISH DISH

Take 1 large fresh bream, wash and dry the fish. Trim the fins, rub the inside of the fish with lemon. Make a seasoning with 2 tablespoons of bread-crumbs, 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley, a little grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and 1 egg.

Mix all ingredients together, binding it with the egg. Stuff the fish, fasten with a skewer, place on a greased baking dish, cover with a piece of buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve hot and garnish with slices of lemon.

5/- to Mrs. R. Ayling, No. 5 Queen Street, Petersham.

POTATO CRABS

Peel and grate 1 large English potato, add a pinch of salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon of butter, and a little milk. Beat the white of 1 egg to a stiff froth. Mix all these ingredients together. Have a frying pan on the stove with fat, and when this is boiling add the mixture in despatch-spoonfuls. When brown, turn and cook on the other side. This can be eaten cold, with the addition of salad, or hot, as desired.

5/- to Mrs. Evelyn Cook, Main Avenue, Wilston, Brisbane.

NUT AND CHEESE PIE

Put 2oz. butter in a saucepan with a gill of water, and stir till melted. Add half a small



onion, chopped finely; cook till tender. Chop finely a cup of shredded nuts, mix with the same quantity of grated cheese, a cupful of bread-crumbs, and a little grated lemon peel, pepper and salt. Add to the onion and nut till all is well mixed, adding more water if necessary.

Turn into a buttered pie dish, sprinkle grated cheese on top, and bake till brown.

5/- to Miss M. Parker, 224 Bonlevard, Dalwich Hill.

STEAMED BREAD PUDDING

2 cups of stale bread-crumbs, 1 cup chopped suet, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon powdered cinnamon, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger.

THIS WINS £5

Mexican Pancakes

Make the pancakes very thin, then fry in a very hot pan. For the batter use one cup sifted flour, one egg, a bare 1/2 cups of milk. Fold over after putting one tablespoon of sauce on each. The sauce is made as follows:—Add to one medium-sized tin of tomatoes four chopped green or sweet peppers, one sliced onion, one drop chili sauce, one teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, and (if liked), a small piece of garlic. Simmer until smooth and thick, stir in three hard-boiled eggs, one dozen chopped olives, 1-cup of scalded raisins. £5 to Miss Evelyn Stone, Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

1 cup treacle, 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 cup currants, 1/2 cup almonds, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 egg.

Grease a mould and decorate it with almonds, pour hot water over bread-crumbs. Add treacle, suet, flour, soda, spices, and currants; salt and egg, well beaten, turn into prepared mould, cover with greased paper, and steam steadily for 2 1/2 hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

5/- to Mrs. M. Cregan, 24 Marion Street, Enmore.

DELICIOUS CURRY PUFFS

Take 1lb. steak, minced, 1 tomato, 1 small onion, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon oil. Dice apple and onion, slice banana and tomato, fry meat in fat until lightly brown, then remove from pan and fry apple and onion. Add tomato and banana, and cook for a few minutes, then add flour and curry powder. Brown and make a gravy with stock or water. Add other ingredients, replace meat and cook gently 1 hour. Cool mixture. Have ready about 1/2lb. rough, puff, or flaky pastry, cut pastry into rounds about 1 1/2 inches. Place 1 tablespoon mixture in each, and fold over. Brush with beaten egg and bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Serve very hot.

5/- to Miss J. Anderson, 14 Melody Street, Croydon.

TOFFEE RHUBARB PUDDING

3oz. pastry, 2oz. brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 2 bunches rhubarb. Grease a pudding basin thickly, using all the butter. Sprinkle with half the sugar, pressing it firmly into butter. Roll out pastry and line basin, then put into it half the rhubarb, cut in small pieces, add remainder of sugar, then other half of rhubarb and 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger. Place a piece of pastry over the rhubarb, cover with a greased paper, and the assembly. Bake for 2 hours in a moderate oven. Turn out on hot dish; the surface will be coated with a delicious brown toffee sauce. £5 to Miss R. St. Cormack, Wallace Street, Brisbane.



The clear eyes of perfect health!

Perhaps you would not dream of discussing CONSTIPATION in public, but do your eyes betray this unpleasant condition to everyone you meet?

Lack-lustre eyes, sallow skin—a revelation indeed!

No one need tolerate for a day the handicap and humiliation of CONSTIPATION. CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts relieve this condition naturally and surely. They cleanse the INTESTINAL TRACT, rid the body of URIC ACID, and ELIMINATE DREADFUL BRUISES, ACID, that breeders of CARLISTA bring remember each bottle of CARLISTA and the active principles—of the active benefits too—of the combined spas of Europe.

Begin the CARLISTA health habit to-morrow morning. Watch your skin clear and your eye-brighten after even the first dose or two.

To enjoy a healthy, happy life is your birthright. Find it in the Salt. Future health has provided and which are available for your convenience in CARLISTA.

CARLISTA is ideal in the treatment of Stomach Disorders, Constipation, Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Neuritis, Migraine, Hay Fever, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Irritability, etc.

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Dr. SCOTT'S COMPOUND
Glycerine and Linseed

The tried and proved remedy for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, and affections of the Chest, Throat, and Lungs arising from colds and chills.

KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE!

1/-, 1/6 and 2/6

Obtainable at All Chemists.

EVE'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER IV.
In the Kitchen

"I WAS asleep. It woke me. I felt the bed shaking, out on the verandah."
"Too right!"
"At first I thought a dog was shaking himself under my bed."
"It's like that."
"Will it return?"
"No! At least, let's hope not."
"Hasn't it definitely gone?"
"Yes, it's gone. It is all over now. Haven't you never been in an earthquake before?"
"Never!"

"And you were frightened all by yourself out there in the dark?"
"I thought of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Messina, and being swallowed up alive. And then I ran in here!"
"That's right, and Ma and John never heard a thing."

As gently as though he was talking to a frightened child, Bill was using a half-tender, half-humorous voice, and all the while he held her hands in his tight, kind grasp, and even in her terror she was conscious of the extraordinary hardness of those hands, with their broad, calloused palms. She was conscious, too, of the firmness of his grip, so honest, so tremendously reliable when you were in danger.

But even as she moved away the humming sound began once more.
A second oscillation was felt.
"Don't be frightened!" said Bill.
"I'm terrified! I can't help it! Isn't it better to go outside? The house may fall in!"

"It's over now."

But she was looking at him stupidly, with no sense in her eyes.

Her face was a queer color.
The lids drooped down over the turquoise eyes, and she seemed to be crumpling up. She fell forward.

Bill caught her just in time.
He lifted her to the sofa, rolled the ironing blanket round her, and leapt to the cupboard.

P
ERHAPS it was just as well that she had fainted, for another tremor came and went.

"She's missed that, anyway," muttered Bill.

But even as he spoke a fourth tremor set the world trembling again, followed a few minutes afterwards by a fifth.

"Brandy! Take a sip," coaxed Bill. She was opening her eyes.

"Take another sip!"

He was forcing it between her lips. "Take another. Sip it up. Go on, now. I wouldn't give you that if you weren't bad. Now you're feeling better, aren't you?"

She nodded her yellow head.
"Your color all left you, but it's came back now a bit."

She lay wrapped in the ironing blanket and sheet, while Bill knelt on the floor beside her, the tumbler in his hand.

Bill's eyes were full of practical anxiety, such as a hurt calf, or sheep, or dog, might have aroused.

"You were so lifeless. I was frightened," said Bill.

"Are the others asleep?"

"Yes, I never waked my mother; she is not as young as she used to be, and I am better than her, if anything's wrong."

"I suppose I must go back to bed."

"What about me carrying you?"

"Thanka. I am no light weight. I look thin, but I'm long, and I've got heavy bones."

He did not tell her that he knew just how heavy she was.

She closed her eyes, collecting energy to rise.

"When I came in here, was music playing?" she asked dreamily.

"The gramophone was going," he replied.

"L'Après Midi d'un Faun," she said.

"You've heard it before?"

"I heard that at the first performance in London... that was in 1913... they did it at Covent Garden... and Nijinski was the Faun... he was wonderful... Oh, marvelous."

"Was he? And who was he?"

"The greatest dancer in the world. The Russian. He danced the music."

"I reckon I'd rather hear that music than watch anyone dance it."

"How strange you should say that." The brandy was making her brain work. "I'll tell you something. They produced 'L'Après Midi d'un Faun' in London one Saturday night in May just before the war. I wasn't there, but my husband was... He loved music, and came back absolutely enraptured... Never had such enthusiasm been seen in London. They had recalled 'L'Après Midi' ten times. Then Covent Garden broke its rule. They took the encore, and the whole piece was performed again. It was unprecedented."

"It must have been."

"On Monday night I went to hear it. I sat beside my husband in the dress circle. When the music began, I shut my eyes. The music went on. I kept them shut. I couldn't open them. My husband whispered, 'Open your eyes. Do look. You are missing Nijinski! He's wonderful!' But I couldn't open my eyes."

"No more could I have," said the husky voice at her side.

"So I sat from beginning to end, with my eyes shut against the spectacle, dead to everything except the music."

Bill knew there was more, and kneeling there on the floor, his grey eyes on her face, he listened intently.

"Covent Garden was crowded that night. It was packed from floor to ceiling. Such a wonderful audience! Everyone in the world seemed to be there. Kings, queens, princes, dukes, English, American, French, Russian, Italian, German, the whole gamut. And then I had my reward. 'L'Après Midi' was done again! All over again. From beginning to end. And this second time I opened my eyes and listened and saw! And the Faun was a real Faun. Only, never a Faun danced as Nijinski. He danced right outside the third dimension. He was the Faun, the Faun, and more, far more than the Faun."

"I wish I'd have saw him," said the simple man on the floor.

"Then how strange to hear it again."

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(Continued from Page 14)

no colonial can endure, a quality, or lack of quality, called "side"? "I won't promise," he said.

"But it must be in a wood."

"We don't have no woods."

"You don't use the word 'wood' or 'woods'! But what does that matter? You say 'bush'! I say 'woods,' and the trees don't care what you call them. And now, I must go back to bed."

She looked away from him, and he understood.

She was averse to his seeing her rise up in her nightdress with the ironing blanket about her, yet she was averse to ask him not to look at her.

"I'll go out and see where Sharp is. He don't like earthquakes neither."

"Who's Sharp?"

"My little, red dog."

"I like him. I patted him on the head as I came through the yard, and he showed his long teeth."

"My God! Don't you never do that! Why, even me, I wouldn't dare give Sharp a hiding. He is a wild dog, Sharp; his mother was a dingo. Don't you never touch Sharp."

"Listen, I want to ask you something. May I? It is something horribly personal. But you won't mind. I want to ask you: Why do you speak such bad grammar?"

He stared at her as she lay there on the sofa, her white face framed in its yellow hair, smiling a little at him who was still kneeling beside her on the oil-cloth.

She went on: "I have been dying to say that. Now I've said it, I'll say more. You misrepresent yourself. You give a false account of yourself, using horrible grammar. And you must know better."

"Why must I know better?"

"Because you appreciate good books and good music."

"Perhaps there is a reason why I speak like I do."

"But whatever reason can there be? Do tell me, I am consumed with curiosity. I simply can't imagine any reason. Tell me."

"If I spoke good English, the men

Pat White Says

ABOUT THAT BALANCE

Keep well forward, swinging your legs freely from the hips. Your knees should be straight but not stiff, and, above all, don't pull away from your partner.

I have to mix with would take me for a snob."

"You don't mean it. You can't mean it."

"Too right," Bill said; "It's true. If I were to speak correctly, like you do, for instance, and the Colonel, and my officers, and the English I visited over there, why, the men about here would turn me down. My blacksmith's shop might lose its business. I wouldn't be able to sell my butter fat to the creamery. The butcher mightn't buy our lamb, the shearer mightn't shear our sheep. If it once gets about that a chap is putting on side, the other chaps simply put his lid on. They give him the go-by."

Her turquoise eyes glittered. "I never heard anything so preposterous in my life! Never! And I never heard anything so mean, so really cowardly, so contemptible. Is that what you people are made of? So frightened of public opinion that you'd rather commit murder than be criticised adversely by fools?"

"There isn't no murder about it."

"There is! There's murder of the King's English."

Her turquoise eyes glittered. "I never heard anything so preposterous in my life! Never! And I never heard anything so mean, so really cowardly, so contemptible. Is that what you people are made of? So frightened of public opinion that you'd rather commit murder than be criticised adversely by fools?"

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AFTER SALE

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7'6

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19'11 Boys' good serviceable quality all-wool Tweed Suits, plain knee knickers 14'3

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MURDOCH'S LTD. PARK AND GEO. STS. SYDNEY

The Paths

Some take the path of love, some lust,

To satisfy an inner urge.

As each unto his nature must

Expression give desires that surge.

And some there are who live to serve,

To solace off a brother's need,

Augmenting funds of love's reserve,

Without a care for caste or creed.

So act the Children of the



The up-to-date violin teacher gives radio lessons to his pupils.

By SARABANDE

EACH of the 5000 students has a text-book of lessons distributed free, and every Monday it is opened at the lesson for the day. The largest group in any one school numbers 150, and the smallest 7.

As well as this group instruction, over 2000 work in a room, each by himself, studying the violin in his own home.

Superior musicians may smile at this instruction, but demonstrations have already been provided as evidence to its efficiency.

In one American State this teacher (Dr. Maddy) called together all his pupils and met them for the first time. They played, at a concert, pieces which he had been practising with them over the air, and on which they had had no other instruction. The performance was said to have been creditable. The idea gains new enthusiasm every week. It is somewhat difficult for the beginner to come in once the course has been well under way, but the estimates are that next year's tuition will include at least 20,000 beginners.

Not the least interesting feature of the work is, that the teacher appears to be actually able to see his pupils. A student standing in a room in his or her own home with not a soul about, is often startled to hear the man on the microphone say: "I do not believe you are holding your hand just right. Remember, the fingers should be up—up a little higher. That's better. Remember, too, to keep your shoulders straight. Now we will try that part again."

The students wonder how on earth this uncanny teacher knows what they are doing wrong. The answer is a very ingenious one. Set into the room in

Every Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock a well-known teacher of the violin steps up to the microphone, lifts a baton, and says, "Ready." Five thousand children pick up their fiddles and their lesson starts. The children who take part in this lesson are residents both of Canada and America. What wonderful possibilities this opens up in the way of international co-operation!

which Dr. Maddy is broadcasting, is a little piece of glass through which he sees the adjoining room. In that room stands a group of beginners picked at random from the neighboring town. They cannot see their teacher, and, like the others, can only hear his voice. He, however, can see them, and watches their every movement. When he finds that an unduly large percentage of them are doing something wrong, he guesses that possibly a vast number of his 5000 air students are doing the same thing. The group, too, act as a very good guide to him in the matter of speed at which he takes his lesson.

This remarkable teacher also achieves a certain amount of personal touch with his pupils. Anyone who wants to be invited to report to him by correspondence, and he answers the letter immediately he receives it. Every now and again he visits as many groups as he can, and has a little talk with them, at the same time hearing them perform something or other.

A couple of years ago, some of the music houses in Sydney formed a Music Advancement Guild, and through it they inaugurated class teaching of the violin at some of the public schools. It was going on very promisingly, when,

unfortunately, the depression caused an alteration in the plans.

Here is a chance for the Broadcasting Commission to get to work on a big scale at a very small cost.

At first sight music teachers might object, but a moment's thought will enable them to see that it is something to their very great advantage. Obviously this class of teaching has certain limitations, and of the thousands of students undergoing tuition, many will become impatient for quicker progress, and want more individual tuition; so will they pass on in large numbers to private violin teachers.

The University concerned in the scheme quoted above is the University of Michigan.

THIS week, and on other occasions, those following the Commission's educational session will hear the voice of Vivian Peterson giving a talk on music. A master at the Canterbury Boys' High School, Mr. Peterson has always had a flair for music, and has the unique distinction of getting some hundreds of boys together in a purely voluntary way to sing.



MR. PETERSON

His boys' choir has appeared at the Conservatorium and elsewhere, and created a most favorable impression. As well, this enthusiast is the conductor of the Hurlstone Park Choral Society, which has triumphed at various Eisteddfods. It would be difficult to find a school-teacher more fitted to instill enthusiasm for music into scholars than Vivian Peterson.

Our LOUD SPEAKER

"If wishes were horses"—Jill would certainly be the proud possessor of a bevy of thoroughbreds. This popular little lady, who has been conducting the children's session from Station ZUW, is relinquishing the microphone in favor of matrimony. Theo Meillon is the lucky man, and the romance has been of particular interest to the personnel of the studio, for it was at a party, sponsored by improvisator Clifford Arnold, that the couple first foregathered.

JUST returned from a successful tour of the North, Dagmar Roberts may be expected to delight listeners again shortly. This accomplished girl is a great favorite, and has won high opinions from the critics who really matter.

She has an insight into music given to few. Among her other accomplishments is a taste for literature, and her pen has been responsible for some neat verses on more than one occasion.

It is Dagmar's ambition to seek advancement overseas before long, should

opportunity offer, and one feels certain that, should that happy circumstance eventuate, she will make the fullest use of it.

THE latest addition to announcers at 2SM is Miss Nora McManus, a bright and cheery personage who returned to Sydney after a three years' absence in London to take up her present job. She hails from Auckland, had a successful stage career, the foundation of which was laid in her native town in amateur shows, and later she joined the J.C.W. organisation, where she added to her experience before leaving for London.

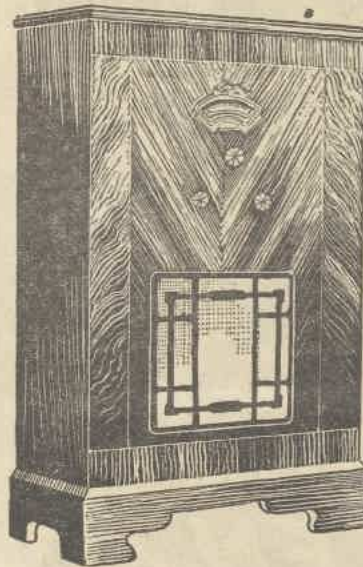
In the "Big Smokes" she had the satisfaction of appearing successfully for the B.B.C. She was also associated with Tauber in London, and toured England, Ireland, and Scotland with Anne Croft. Besides conducting the midday women's session for 2SM, Miss McManus supervises the arrangement of the musical programmes broadcast from that station.

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Palmers especially recommend this set, and no wonder! Owners (whose unsolicited letters can be seen in Palmers' Radio Dept.) have reported reception of over sixty stations, including Japan, New Zealand, etc. Another great feature is the 8in. Dynamic Speaker, only found in the highest priced sets.

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The World of MUSIC

By
ROBERT McCALL

Russian INFANT PRODIGY

ELEVEN years ago, Phyllis McDonald, pupil of the Golden Grove Convent, was awarded a scholarship, tenable at the Royal Academy. It was not long before she herself became a professor of the violin there, and earned a reputation as a brilliant concert artist in London.

Last week Miss McDonald gave her first concert in the Town Hall since her return to Australia. She played the Brahms "Sonata in D Minor," a concerto by Delius, and several shorter things. These were sufficient to reveal the player's high accomplishments in all departments of fiddle-work. Lacking the proper support of an orchestra, the Delius made somewhat arid, if interesting, hearing, although Frank Hutchens was as effective as one could hope for with the unsatisfactory piano support.

Clement Williams sang as artistically as ever in several baritone contributions.

ANOTHER violinist, Nora Williamson, who has foreign successes to her credit, gave a recital during the week at the Forum Club. She is one of the soundest



musicians in our midst. Even had she not given proof of this on former occasions, her playing at this concert of Mozart's "B Major Sonata" and the Bach "Partita in E" would have sufficed to acquaint one with her cultured and forceful fiddling. Miss Mildred Hill also deserved praise for her intelligent piano accompaniments.

MOLLY DE GUNST, too, is back from a Queensland concert season, and, I see, has been engaged for a presentation at the Prince Edward Theatre. If I remember rightly, it was there that she made her first public appearance in opera. She sang Leonora in some excerpts from "Trovatore."

It seems that we cannot claim a monopoly in musical prodigies for Australia.

THE latest sensation of the Moscow season has been the appearance of a nine-years-old girl conductor, Margaret Heffetz. This little lass led the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra in Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade."

As a rule, the Soviet frowns upon prodigies, but this recital roused unusual interest, being given in the most important Moscow auditorium. The extraordinary maturity of the girl's conducting, her fine command of the orchestra, sensitiveness to detail, control of rhythm and balance, astounded the critics, and roused a tumultuous ovation.

Meanwhile, our own Philip Hargrave gave his tenth Sydney concert on Saturday. He has packed the Town Hall on each occasion—an amazing feat for a lad of ten. His share of the takings should provide an ample basis for studies overseas.

INTERESTING news is to hand from England. Gladys Cole, sweet-voiced Australian soprano, and pupil, it will be remembered, of the late Philharmonic conductor, Joseph Bradley, is back at Covent Garden singing in the "Valquiries" and other operas this season. Florence Austral is there too.

Elena Daniell, another Australian soprano, and protégée of Melba, is singing in opera at the "Old Vic."

JUVENILE musicians are to be encouraged in a scheme, announced by Mr. Carl Sauer, which includes the formation of a youngsters' orchestra. Public concerts are to be given, the headquarters of the organisation being at Paling's.

JOHN BROWNLEE is certainly an industrious concert giver. He is said to have conducted 150 since his return in Australia and New Zealand, and now he embarks on a series at the Presbyterian Assembly Hall.

THE address on his experiences in Parisian opera, which Brownlee is announced to give to the Music Lovers' Club on Sunday, should be most absorbing. He has co-starred at L'Opera with some of the finest singers in Europe—Georges Thill, Berthoin, Elde Norena, Fanny Heldy. I wonder if he will tell his audience that the last-mentioned



and lovely lady is her own jockey on occasions when her racehorses compete in the French classics!

ACTING upon her doctor's advice, Miss Nora Hill, the popular soprano, has been compelled to cancel some singing dates for the time being. Miss Hill is noted for the brilliance of her interpretative powers, but this quality imposes a heavy strain on the nervous system, hence the medical advice.

New Records

BROWSING through the new lists of the record companies this week, I found several gems which I think you should hear. Richard Tauber sings two old ballads by Loewe, "Tom de Reimer" and "Die Uhr." Sir Edward Elgar conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in his first and second "Pomp and Circumstance" marches. This is a magnificent record. Georges Thill, the finest of present-day French tenors, sings beautifully the charming little aria, "La Maison Grise," from Messager's "Fortunio" and Massenet's "Elegie."

GANGSTERS of the GARDEN

By THE OLD GARDENER

"CHICAGO'S got nothing on this here patch of your garden, Miss. Who looks after it? Your husband, eh? Well, it's over-run with gangsters of the garden. Some people call 'em weeds, but I call 'em gangsters; you never see one but there's fifty others; they work in gangs and pushes, and they're dangerous, too . . . pinch all the nourishment from the garden bed."

"Through this month o' July, Miss, the flower folk grow very slowly, but not so them gangsters. They get round all over the place if you don't up and at 'em."

"THERE, now. What did I tell you? See that? Al Capone Clover, one of the worst gangsters, has been and put all them little seedlings on the spot. Bumped 'em right off . . . poor little things. Well, we'll fix Mr. Clover straight away. Come on, out of it, me lad! We got you this time. The game's up. Ho! You won't come, eh? Going to put up a fight? All right, me hearty. That's fixed him, Miss . . . up by the roots, see. Pity that wasn't the end of the gang, but it's not. They got a good hold there, the Clover push. Look there . . . see over there. They're everywhere, the thieving, murdering scoundrels. Pull 'em out, all of 'em, and by the roots."

"Do you see that chap over there? Looks innocent enough, like a bit o' grass. He's one of a big gang of con-



DOWN IN THE GLEN—Clara Butler is not taking a walk in the mountains, but at "Glen Bona," Bondi, the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Alfred Lee, who has lived there continuously for 30 years. Recently Sir Philip Street, visiting the Glen, recognized it as a favored haunt when he was a schoolboy attending Miss Hall's school in Waverley. Reminiscing, Sir Philip thought of all the other legal lights of to-day, who gathered see-hungs and five-corners in the romantic Glen. Clara Butler is the only daughter of Mrs. W. Butler, and is at present at "Bona."

fidence weeds. Winter Grass is what they call him. "Plenty o' people think . . . oh, he's

only a bit of grass, and dig him into the soil as manure. Never do that, Miss. That Winter Grass gang is one of the toughest of the garden criminals to destroy. They seed quickly, and if you don't pull them out by the roots this year, you'll have double the number next season."

"THERE goes another fine, thieving scoundrel. Come on, Onion weed, old boy; got you this time! He's another difficult crook to handle, Miss. He roots down very deep. A real member of the garden underworld. Now, Miss, look what you've done. You've just pulled the top off that one. That's no good. He's like a crook you catch by the coat tails. He escapes, and you stand holding the coat. The Onion Weed gang's laughing at you under the ground. Now, you watch me on this one. Come on now, me boy; it's no use resisting; you got to come quiet. Ho . . . You won't, eh? All right, we'll dig a bit deeper . . . there now."

"See the small onion-like bulb, Miss? That multiplies very quick like. Small lumps form around the parent bulb, and you got to be careful when arresting any of the Onion Weed mob that none falls back. One of those little lumps will grow into a hundred weeds. Have a tin ready when weeding, and put all the gangsters you catch in it, and burn them. Capital punishment for the lot . . . it's the only way, Miss."

"WELL, well! Of course I expected to find him. That fellow Oxalis . . . he's in every garden. He's a worse pest than Onion Weed, and that's saying something. Here . . . I'll fix that chap

In The Kitchen Garden

The mint was rude to the rosebud red, And called it "A useless thing!" There came a laugh from the parsley-bed Down there by the old rope swing.

The thyme conciliably cried, "Hear, Hear!"

And so did the clumps of sage! Radishes, onions, started to jeer! The rose flushed deep in its rage.

Then cook came hurriedly, smiling, by And, treading the herbs about, She cut the rose, with its fiery eye, To wear on her "evening out."

—From Mrs. Ely, Cabramatta.

myself. Look at him, Miss . . . looks a bit like the Onion Weed gang, but he don't root as deep. He spreads quicker, though. I'll deal with him and his mates myself before I go this morning, otherwise your garden will be pestered with 'em."

"THE deepest crook of the lot is that chap there . . . Nut grass, Miss. See here, I'll dig this one out. On the end of the root is a very hard nut. If you don't get that out and burn it you'll never be rid of the villain."

"Be sure to burn all your gangsters, Miss. Don't throw them on the footpaths or on the rubbish heap and think they'll die. They won't."

"HULLO . . . what have you got here in this verandah basket? Well, I'll be damned! You liked it because it had a pretty flower? That's Jer Vine, perhaps the toughest gangster of the whole crew. I've seen 'em treated that way as friends before . . . turn 'em out, Miss, and burn 'em. I'll give you some regular flowers to put in your baskets and window boxes another time. That Jer Vine gang roots very deep, and creeps over the garden, smothering young plants. No, it isn't safe up there. I'll take it out, Miss, before it starts any trouble."

What I have bought THIS WEEK

By SAIDE

For one hectic week this "shopping sleuth" has shed the role of mere window-gazer and price-assessor and assumed that of practical buyer. And believe me, it has been a week fraught with adventure! My decrepit household goods cried aloud for renewal. I plunged, and my fresh possessions are still proving a delightful tonic.

Electric Gadgets

WHO would be without an electric bedside lamp at the small cost of 3/11— or 6/11, with flex, globe and shade complete? This was something I had long coveted. It promised hours of cosy comfort, tucked under the blankets with a favorite book! I chose a lamp with a stand enameled in deep orange and a decorative scheme in blue. It is a fascinating contrivance, and such an addition to the appearance of my room. A bedroom radiator—small enough for convenience, but giving adequate warmth—was my next purchase, at a cost of 12/6.

An electric jug with a holding capacity of three pints and a reputation for reaching boiling point in four minutes, at 6/9, was too good to be ignored. By the way, this particular jug has the advantage of a removable element, thus ensuring easy cleaning. The whole thing is guaranteed absolutely "shock-and-fool" proof, a consideration for timid souls.

Ingenious Ideas

A FLOOR is but a thing to be trampled underfoot, no doubt; but it can assume a far happier role in the daily round with the addition of attractive rugs. Wherefore, lightweight models, colorfully woven, were immediately included on my list when I discovered that the price was only 1/6 each.

Still with my thoughts on the ground level, I purchased a Pixie mop. It's a cute little contraption which, I am sure, was invented by a woman; for it is a versatile piece of work, automatically waxing the floor from an attached container during the mopping process.

Following this practical trend of mind, I next procured an aluminium pudding steamer for 2/6, and have visions of something very appetising in the way of steamed sweets on chilly nights. My steamer has a novel clip on the lid, resourcefully anticipating any encroachment on the part of the boiling water.

Of Borrowed Plumes

THERE is, to me, an absolutely irresistible allure about furs. It always gives me that "million dollar" feeling to wrap myself in a luxurious fur coat—borrowed, of course!—and sally forth. But one just has to face the fact that furs are the perquisite of the "idle rich." At least, that was my firm conviction, until on "sleuthing" bent, I found furs at the most amazingly reduced prices.

To add a fur to one's most prized possessions was the work of a minute. I had trekked to the furthestmost end of George Street, but there is no doubt that my diligence brought—like virtue—its own reward.

The reason for this surprising state of things was, simply, that the furs are to be sold out to make way for frocks in a salon to be known as "The Hollywood Slim," a title that will certainly ensure the presence of this "sleuth" at the opening thereof.

That Well-Groomed Feeling

MOST of us feel that, in a well-cut coat and skirt of decent material, and the electrics that go with them, we can face "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with an easy mind.

Winter suits, or the lighter ones that carry us into the warmer days of spring, are now out and finished on tailored ideals. The days are gone, thanks be, when a "ready-made" proclaimed its humble origin to all and sundry. We can get the suit of our dreams for half the price, and look twice the women we are!

These remarks apropos of a ducky little two-piece suit I saw depending from a rack in a frock shop door. It favored a warm shade of brown, and was built on a rakish line, smartness itself, with its cosy little pockets, its removable cape of soft, brown caracul tied intriguingly just below where the chin should be, and its deep, pointed

cuffs (removable, too) of the same material. The price, 39/11, looked too good to be true. That penny below the second pound worked the oracle. A reckless shopper congratulated herself on the saving; then proceeded to spend it, with 1/11 added, on a hard-earned luncheon.

Reductions In Reptiles

SHOES as a necessity were not on my list; but truly the tempter lies in wait for women on shopping bent. My roving optics were directed to a shoe-shop window, displaying its wares as genuine skin, an imposing 19/11 setting off the legend. Genuine skin, they were—crocodile, karung snake, water snake, lizard, and the whole range of skins—cut on beautiful lines, with the regulation still heel and the lovely spots and scales which have made this type of footwear so popular.

Never since reptile skins came into vogue have they been so much in demand as at the present moment, and to pick them up at such a price seemed a veritable godsend.

"Just one pair," purred my particular tempter, and before the attendant bowed me out my little nest egg had diminished to the tune of 22, minus a trivial two coppers.

For the Sewing Machine

SUCH a clever little idea I discovered in my wanderings. Something that every woman who has her own sewing machine will welcome as a personal possession.

You know the bother of rushing out to get your hemstitching done at the last moment, and what a finish the dainty plect edge makes to scarves, frills, and the hundred-and-one other articles which simply refuse to adapt themselves to a commonplace hem, and cry aloud for plect.

This new attachment is a hemstitcher, so simple that the merest tyro can attach and use it with the greatest ease. It is easy to follow the instructions so clearly given with each hemstitcher, and to make a success of the job!

There is nothing complicated about this gadget. You simply loosen the top tension of the cotton and the little device that performs the work goes between the sewing and the pressure foot.

A marvellous little contrivance, so opportune, too, just as we begin to dream of over-and-under frills for the spring.



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ENQUIRIES COST NOTHING—POST NOW

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Address.....A.W.

The Rest Cure

(Continued from Page 34)

"YOU could do it much better with money and prestige behind you. Here you waste your time on whooping cough and broken collar-bones when you should be specialising in some work that only you could do!"

"Nanbook will do me. It's a real practice, this. A battlefield where you fight everything alone."

"Please, Brian, won't you, for my sake?"

She hadn't meant to say that. He was as surprised as she.

"Why, Zoe, what's it to you?"

"You know I like you, and admire you. I want to see you succeed."

"It's awfully nice of you. But you must see it wouldn't be success for me—it would be desertion."

"Then you won't see my side—"

They separated in constrained silence. Next day he did not call. Zoe was bitterly unhappy all day. At night they heard that he had been called unexpectedly to a case a hundred miles away.

All night she could not sleep, but gazed into the shadows, bewildered by the turmoil that had arisen in the sweetest relationship of her life. She knew that she more than liked and admired Brian—she loved him. She wanted to share his life and help him become the great man she knew he could be. But she saw that this was impossible. His success was, as he said, this simple existence wherein personal greatness had no part. In tears, but with resolute heart, she made up her mind to leave Nanbook next day, before his return, and so avoid the inevitable debacle which would end their relationship otherwise.

She lay and watched the dawn sweep slowly in as Brian loved to see it, and she thought of the strange, unearthly dawn of the city day. She fell into troubled sleep, to be awakened in broad morning by Aunt Emmy with a breakfast tray—and, on the tray, a letter.

She knew that the writing was his, but it only disturbed her more. Putting off the painful aggravation of her worry, she laid the envelope down and took her aunt's dry hand.

"Dear, I'm not staying with you any longer. I'm going home to-day."

"But, Zoe, I thought you were beginning to like the place."

"So I am—that is, I was, but now I feel I'd rather get back to town. I'm quite well enough, and, besides, I'm needed at the office."

"Oh, Aunt Emmy's voice was troubled. 'Well, dear, I'm sorry to hear it.' She moved slowly out of the room."

Zoe tore the envelope open almost angrily. Whatever he might have written, it would make no difference. But somehow it did.

He told her that he loved her. He also said that he needed her, she was the one person whose help and encouragement would really make his life significant. And he said a lot of other things that Zoe loved to read, even though she was too modest to believe them.

Somehow, it changed the whole thing. When she had been conscious only of her love for him she had thought their lives irreconcilable. Now that she knew he loved her, it seemed—

"Child," said Aunt Emmy, coming in distressfully, "are you really going to-day?"

"Aunt!" said Zoe, "I'm never going. I'm staying in Nanbook for good."

NEXT day he came over. He looked pale and worn, not having slept for two nights.

"Zoe," he said, without greeting her, "were you glad to get my letter?"

"Of course, Brian."

"I mean, for Heaven's sake will you marry me?"

"Yes, Brian. I want you more than anything in the world."

He clasped her with strangely shaking hands. When he lifted his lips from hers he said: "I am giving up everything else in life for you, and you are worth it!"

"But what do you mean—giving up?"

"Why, I'll sell my practice at once, naturally, and go to Sydney to start."

"You'll do an such thing? You'll stay right here where you belong?"

"Darling, I couldn't take you away from the city."

"Darling, I couldn't take you away from the bush."

"But—"

There was a cry, and the thudding of boots down the verandah.

"Where's the doctor?" Bob Kelly's been thrown off his horse, and he's in a bad way."

"Good-bye, dearest," Zoe whispered hurriedly. "I'll be waiting for you."

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS

To all interested in visualising the hectic night life of the London of 1919, and early post-war years, the reminiscences of Kate Meyrick, known as the Queen of the Night Clubs, can be recommended.

FROM the night she opens the doors of Dalton's Club, in Leicester Square, next door to the Alhambra, till we hear the prison gates of Holloway clang behind her, her hand was on the pulse of fashionable London, and all the glittering demi-monde that floated, naturally, to the floors of her night clubs from every big city of the world.

Here's an extract from the book that gives some idea of the cosmopolitan nature of Dalton's Club:—

"What a mixed lot our visitors were! Ex-officers, Belgian and Russian refugees, peers and princes—all sorts and conditions flocked there to revolve round the candle-flame of pleasure, from the highest in the land to the lowest. The King of Denmark arrived one night accompanied by a large retinue—all fully armed, since the presence of a dangerous 'red' element in London made it inadvisable to take any chances with the King's life."

It was Marie Lloyd, who, coming in one night with a huge party of admirers, was the cause of Mrs. Meyrick's breaking the law for the first time. She wanted her friends to have a merry evening, and champagne was ordered, and against Mrs. Meyrick's wiser promptings, for it was after hours, she allowed the wine to be served.

THIS book proved so popular that Angus and Robertson have published an Australian edition. This is sold at 6/-, as against £1/1/-, the price of the English publication.

Not only did the famous and great visit Dalton's. To it also came gangsters.

"Generally the gangsters would arrive at Dalton's in groups of four to twelve or so. The earliest indication of impending trouble would be when a waiter came to me with the complaint that 'a party of gentlemen won't pay for their drinks.'"

KREUGER INCIDENT

About Ivar Kreuger (the match King), Mrs. Meyrick writes:—"Whenever he came to London, his first port of call used to be the 43."

"His personal tastes were simple, but when he entertained, he did the thing lavishly. He would take a private room upstairs, and there would be a long list of dishes out of season, with a profusion of flowers, and an unceasing flow of wines selected with faultless instinct. But all this was for the benefit of his friends only."

"Although quiet and shy, Kreuger loved beauty in the abstract. On one occasion he watched with pleasure the dancing of one of my hostesses. When the dance was over, he requested me to introduce him to the girl. On my presenting him, he folded up a £50 note, and handed it to her with this delightful little speech: 'Please take this. Thrills of enjoyment are getting few and far between, and when one enjoys, one should make offerings.'"

The Silver Slipper seems to have been one of Mrs. Meyrick's favorite clubs.

"One of the club's most remarkable features was that it possessed two dance floors, one of which was of glass."

This was illuminated from underneath by hundreds of different-colored lights.

Tallulah Bankhead and Prince Nicholas nearly went through this floor one night when, being in a frolicsome mood, they started to dance, or rather to prance about, and a particularly heavy stamp was followed by an ominous cracking sound. A pane had given way.

The book is full of human nature on every page.

Mrs. Meyrick had the great quality of sympathy; customers were not only customers to her, they were humans.



NELLIE SCANLAN, the author of "Pencarrow," is a New Zealander. Her latest book, "Tides of Youth," is now on the bookshelves.

—Dorothy Welding.

Racial Problems of Outback

DID "in-breeding" of humans among the pastoral families of out-back Australia ever reach the point indicated by Jim McCarter in *Love's Lunatic*?

Unlike Mr. McCarter's first book, "Pan's Clan," which told of hard times on the station and stock routes, it is in the emotions and reactions of a handful of people and the havoc in-breeding makes of their lives that "Love's Lunatic," which has all the ingredients of a real melodrama, deals.

The heroine, Maude Fisher, finds on the outside of her bank manager father that her fortune consists of £100, and her ability to keep house. Tragedy almost overtakes her when as housekeeper she goes to Nulla Nulla station and becomes infatuated with the young owner, Barclay Newton. But true love and happiness come to her in the person of overseer Nick Watson. Barclay's hatred of the Watsons (brother and sister), with whom he grew up, and the diabolical pleasure he takes in betraying Belle Watson, indirectly lead to his death. What is behind his desire to drag the name of Watson in the dust is dramatically revealed at the end of the book, after he has been murdered, and his young wife has taken a dose of veronal.

However, there is a vein of humor running through the story. The station-hands are real men, and their chaffing of each other is natural and mirth-provoking under the skillful pen of Mr. McCarter.

"Love's Lunatic"—Jim McCarter (Deaton and Spencer).

ROMANCE OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

"TWELVE Years in the Foreign Legion," by Ex-Sergeant A. R. Cooper (Angus and Robertson).

"Whatever his character, however much he may grumble—and all Legionnaires grumble—after a year a man will become imbued with the spirit of the Legion, and I believe that all, even those who are most mutinous at first, find what they come for—whether it is a quiet conscience, forgetfulness, regeneration of character—or death."

So says Ex-Sergeant A. R. Cooper, in his "Twelve Years in the Foreign Legion," and surely none should know better than the man who joined the army of Soldiers of Misfortune at the age of 18, and who, before he was 17, had fought with it in the Dardanelles, and had won the Croix de Guerre.

The author does not paint the Legion in a romantic manner, rather from his intimate knowledge he gives us a picture both realistic and pity-inspiring of these men—many of whom are drawn to the Legion for the sole purpose of hiding their identity.

In the Legion every slight misdemeanor is punished severely, yet in spite of the strict discipline, which, in some cases amounts to torture, again and again men who have got their discharge rejoin to fight under the flag that bears the words, "Honneur et Fidélité. Valeur et Discipline," and the author himself is proud that one of the finest officers in that unique regiment, The French Foreign Legion, has called him "un bon Legionnaire."

In view of the several films Sydney has seen lately that show this phase of army life, the book commands attention, and will, no doubt, be more read by men than women.

LAND OF MEMORY AND LATER

"LAND of Memory and Later Verse," by M. A. Robertson (Beacon Light).

In this slim book, Miss M. A. Robertson has collected about 80 of her poems, some of them a reprint of her previous book, "Land of Memory." Nearly all are old favorites, having appeared over a number of years in various Sydney journals and newspapers. The songs show a mind sensitive to beauty and have a rhythmic and romantic, rather than a powerful quality, and they display a refreshing absence of the so-called modern trend.

Of the "Later Verse," perhaps one of the most delightful is "A Thrush."

symptoms, cause, and remedy, attached. In addition, the book is fully indexed.

Attractively got up on buff paper and printed in a pleasing shade of sepia, with marginal motifs in apple green, the small book would make a delightful and welcome gift to anyone interested in the cult of the goldfish.

"Goldfish in Australia," by Jno. Baker, B.Sc. Our copy from the Graham Publishing Co.



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Prudential Assets	£255,000,000
Life Policies in Force	28,000,000



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C. F. WARREN, F.I.A., General Manager for Australia and New Zealand.

I am interested in The Prudential Plan for a guaranteed income for my family, by means of the Heritage Policy. Please send all particulars.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ AGE _____

H

HAVING determined some hours earlier, that this man was not to be allowed to go out of her life, Felicity graciously informed him that she would let him meet her again.

"That's sweet of you! Are you by any chance free to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"I've got this lurch at Grosvenor House to-morrow, but I'm free in the evening. Will you have dinner with me?"

"I'd like to."

"Let's see, now, where shall we dine?"

The question was not settled. There was a screech of brakes applied in a hurry, the frantic hooting of motor horns, a man's yell.

Felicity felt Mr. Blighe's arm round her, and but for it would have been flung forward against the glass. As it was, she was on her knees on the floor of the taxi, shaken, dazed, her hair tumbled about her eyes.

For the next five minutes life was full of excited voices, policemen telling people to keep back, staring eyes of the kind that gloat over even small street accidents.

Then Felicity was standing on the pavement, with Mr. Blighe asking her over and over again if she were sure she wasn't hurt. She wasn't, of course. Only a little shaken.

THE accident, as many witnesses proceeded to state with emphasis, was obviously the fault of the driver of the private car, who had taken the corner at mad speed. He'd paid for his recklessness by having his face cut rather badly by the smashed glass of his wind-screen. He was taken into a house to have his cuts attended to.

"I'll have your name and address, sir," said a policeman to Mr. Blighe.

The GUEST Who Must NOT Shine

(Continued from Page 6)

snatched from Mr. Blighe had been written:

Timothy Blighe,
5 Grosvenor House,
W.

"I intended to explain," said Mr. Blighe, calmly, "before we'd said good-night. It happened like this."

"I was calling on Mrs. Errol, for the first time, this afternoon. A cousin of mine who knows her had asked me to do so. While I waited for her in the drawing-room, I heard her telephoning in the next room."

"You know how some people shout when they're phoning. I heard everything that she said to the agency that supplies Hired Guests."

He paused.

"Go on!" said Felicity. Her voice was still cold. She'd pictured herself and a man who was as poor as she was amusing themselves cheaply in London, discovering all sorts of things about each other, falling in love with each other.

Lord Shenfield's son, who lived in Grosvenor House, didn't at all fit into those pictures!

"I decided," he went on, "that I'd like to meet this Miss Lane. I've never met a Hired Guest before—at least, not to my knowledge. And it amused me to hear Mrs. Errol stressing the fact that the agency must send a girl who would be nice to look at, but who wouldn't . . . er . . . damage the chances of the other girls! While she was talking to me, a man phoned her to say he couldn't come to the party. She asked me. I accepted with delight."

She thought: "Of course, it was a novelty to him to meet a Hired Guest. I expect he's enjoyed his evening!" She felt very bitter.

"When I met Miss Lane," he went on, "I decided to pretend that I, too, was a Hired Guest."

"Why, exactly?"

"I wanted to see how you'd behave once you thought I wasn't one of her ordinary guests."

"And did my behaviour come up to expectations?" asked the cold little voice of Felicity. She did not look at him, but stared out into the dark streets.

"Very much so! You were natural and charming, whereas if I hadn't pretended, you'd have failed to do what you did."

"What I did?"

"Damage the chances of the other girls. Are you angry with me, Miss Lane?"

"Angry? Oh, no! Only—"

"You deceived me, didn't you?"

"I did, yes!"

"As a matter of fact, I'm not really a Hired Guest."

"Not?"

She told him what had happened.

"Well, I'm glad, for your sake, because I think that being a Hired Guest must be a pretty ghastly job. Anyway, I'm not really very apologetic for what I did. What's your real name?"

"Felicity Grant."

"If I hadn't done what I did, I'd never have discovered the real Felicity. I did discover her, and I fell in love with her."

Felicity gasped. She felt that a sophisticated girl would not take this seriously.

"Just fancy!" she murmured.

"Not fancy, Felicity—fact! Won't you look at me? How can I tell what you're feeling if I see only one darling ear?"

She made no answer, and she did not turn her head.

"Do you mind me toying you?" the humble voice went on. "If you do, then I'll say good-bye and not good night. But if you don't mind, if you'll let me meet you again, tell me so!"

By a Girl of 16

IF YOU KNOW—

If you know, now, what it be like To portion out each loaf of bread; If you have felt the gall of debt And poverty has bowed your head:

Write all these things down in your soul, Secure against the rising tide, Lest when good Fortune turn to you You scorn your brothers, in your pride.

—YVONNE WEBB.

He paused.

"You know, Felicity, it's an altogether adorable ear, but, like ears, it registers emotion imperfectly. If I could see your eyes now!"

He saw them, creased up with sudden uncontrollable mirth.

"Oh, no wonder she stared at us, at dinner!" gurgled Felicity. "By the way, why were we put together?"

"We weren't! I was put next to her daughter. I crept into the dining-room and changed the cards."

"Oh!"

T

HEY looked at each other, and laughed and laughed. The taxi stopped outside the block of flats where Felicity lived. The taxi man got out, opened the door and stood waiting.

"Is it," said Timothy Blighe, "to be good night or good-bye?"

She gave him her hand, and smiled up at him.

"Good night, Mr. Blighe," said Felicity.

What never ceases to cause Timothy Blighe and his charming wife intense amusement is the pride with which Mrs. Errol broadcasts the fact that it was she who "brought them together."



RAYMOND SAINTE, the beautiful son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil C. Sainte, of 16 Byrnes Street, Bexley, N.S.W.

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Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,

It was very nice this week to find that not one boy or girl forgot to put full name, address, and age on each entry. And what beautiful entries they were too. But there is just one little thing I want to tell you—don't make your sketches too big; this applies to Merle Robertson, of Stanmore, in particular. Merle's sketches are remarkably good, but too large for our little section. The best letter for this week was written by Frances Sephton (15), 43 Camberra St., Randwick, for which she receives a prize of 5/-. During the recent May vacation, Frances had a lovely holiday at Katoomba. She visited most of the falls around Katoomba, "and," says Frances, "we were all delighted with the flood-lighting at Leura Cascades. The water scintillates over the rocks, leaping and dancing like something alive." Frances also went for a trip to Wollongong, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. On this trip she saw many white rabbits bobbing across the railway line, and numerous kookaburras, parakeets, magpies, and other birds.

Pals, I am so glad that you like this page such a lot, and wish to thank you for all the nice things you have said about it.

Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

A FALSE ALARM

By JOYCE EVANS

"Come out for a fish, Betty," said Jim Baxter, and his sister eagerly agreed. Soon they were seated in their father's little rowing boat, and Jim rowed out into the middle of the small bay. Thinking that their time, they began to fish—becoming so interested that they did not notice big black clouds hovering above them. Betty at length looked up, and gasped in dismay. "Look, Jim!" And she pointed to the sky. It was a dark, leaden grey, and the wind was beginning to rise.

Jim pulled for the shore quickly, but it was too late. The storm broke, and it was with great difficulty that



PRIZE Card to George Preston (13), 180 Ross St., Glebe.

Jim managed to land at a sheltered part of the cliff. The waves were breaking over the rocks, as the two children clambered up the cliffs in the mouth of a cave. Soon they were aware of noises coming from the cave, and saw a faint glimmer of light in the distance. Jim drew his sister back, saying: "Most likely there are murderers in this cave, Betty." Tip-toeing cautiously a few steps inside the cave, they stopped and listened. The storm had dropped, and the only sounds they heard were the muffled voices of the men within. They then turned and ran quickly to the Coast Guard's home, and told him of their experience.

Arriving back at the cave, the Coast Guard strode in majestically. The cave was lit up, and two men were painting a launch. At the sound of an over-cautious footstep they looked up. "Oh, you've found us out," laughed one.

PAINT THIS PICTURE



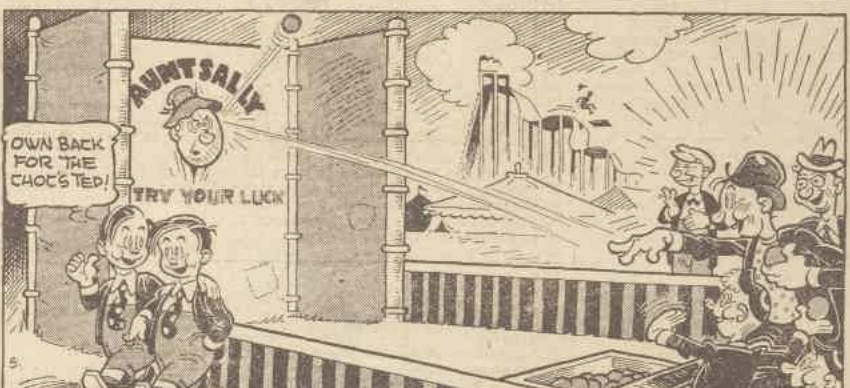
PRIZE of 5/- to Merle Puddicombe, "Rhesus," Bent Street, Greenwich, for this pretty sketch. Color it nicely, and you may win a Prize Card.

"This is our new launch, The Swift. We were finishing her off for the big race tomorrow," Jim and Betty looked downcast; they felt quite awkward in their present position. But they soon regained their brightness when they were promised a ride in the launch. A prize of 10/- to Joyce Evans (15), Goulton St., via Berry.

Address all entries to Connie, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O. Sydney

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



CROSSWORD No. 5

ACROSS

- Jump
- Kind of shoes
- Above
- Alas
- Choir
- Tusk
- Reptiles
- Pertaining to Scotland
- Quick
- Beverage
- Sola (Reversed)
- Stevens
- A fraction
- Ever (poetical)

DOWN

- Animal
- Where meat is baked
- The foot keys of an organ
- What we all are
- Same as 20 across
- Male descendant

A prize of 5/- will be given for the nearest correct solution.

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD No. 3

Across: 1. Triumph, 6. Red, 7. Optum, 10. One, 11. Tan, 12. La, 13. Echoing, Down: 1. Trounk, 2. Rep, 3. Indot, 4. Pa, 5. Hastings, 8. Vux, 9. Men, 13. At, 14. In, Joan Farmer, 41 Hastings Pde, North Bunde, since the prize of 5/-, and Prize Cards are awarded to May Ryan, Johnson Street, Byron Bay, Joan Mills, Victoria Barracks, Paddington, and Henri Martin, P.O. Austral, via Liverpool

THE APPLE TREE

By CHERRIE PEMBERTON

When I was very tiny—
I think I was only three—
I had a favorite little tree,
Under the apple tree.

There were lots of pretty flowers,
Lilies, pansies, all in bloom,
But I liked the apple tree the best,
In the merry month of June.

The little girl across the way
Would play with Fred and me;
But I didn't like her very much—
'Cos she didn't like my tree.

She said, "That it was bent and old
With only one apple," so I told,
But I don't care. Oh, no! not I!
For I still play there, when summer goes by.

A prize of 10/- to Cherrie Pemberton (10), 20 Spring St., West End, Brisbane.



PRIZE Card to Edna Rothery, 96 Gilsdale Rd., Camplse.

JUST CHATTER

Marie Kenavan, of South Brisbane, is very fond of reading; Elsie Ferguson, of Berowra, attends Chatswood Commercial High School; Sylvia Delacour, of North Auburn, likes playing skippping; Peggy Rusby, of Bingera, has a doll named Peggy; John Hopton, of Strathfield, has a kitten; Edith Buckley, of Camplse, has a fox-terrier for a pet; Joyce Kemble-Allen, of Chatswood, will be fifteen next November; Marjorie Riddell, of Lane Cove, likes all kinds of sport, with the exception of football; Margaret Gilbert, of Montecore, lives in the centre of a rich wheat and wool district; Gordon Macpherson, of Gully, has a little foster-terrier pup; Myra Pearson, of Wagonston, is a music mase; Lynette Monkey, of Chatswood, is fond of painting pictures; Irene Borey, of Paddington, plays basket-ball during the winter months; Joyce Maltender, of Port Kembla, learns dressmaking and music; Leslie Bain, of Randwick, is very fond of dancing; Irene Bailey, of Point Clark, loves art; Iris Lardner, of Bickwood, is working hard for an examination at the end of the year; Douglas Maclean, of Waverley, likes playing "Belongings"; Keith Abraham, of Crow's Nest, has just recovered from a severe illness; Audrey Turner, of Epping, attends Ashfield High School; Cassia Leggett, of Paddington, likes knitting on wintry nights; Joyce Blakey, of Cobarra, writes with her left hand; Jean Watson, of Wollond, is in third-class at school; Joyce Wright, of Pyrmont, likes playing tennis and skippping; Ella Jones, of Harbord, is fond of doing crossword puzzles; Margaret Piller, of Newcastle, attends Cook's Hill Girls' School; Yvonne Austin, of Hurstville, went to Exeter on a pleasure trip; Mary Swift, of Sydney, is at present staying in Brisbane; Edith Bland, of Kempsey, had a lovely playhouse built for her by her daddy; Norma Day, of Googong, plays tennis and net-ball; Joyce Evans, of Coolangubra, is a great admirer of beautiful scenery.

A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND

By DAPHNE RIX

It was a beautiful summer night, and as I lay in my bed the spirit of restlessness was stirring in my veins. Suddenly I felt something touch my hand, and sitting up, I observed a tiny man in a bronze suit standing by my bed.

"Come, follow me," he chanted, leading me to a small silver box.

I took it, and felt myself slowly shrinking. I followed him, flying swiftly over the land, till we came to rest at the door of a beautiful palace.

By my side, and there sat the Queen on a throne of woven silver and gold threads interlaced with ivory rosebuds.

"Welcome," said the Queen, as I bowed before her. I asked myself on the step at her feet.

The Star Fairies came dancing in, dressed in brocaded silver evening gowns. They held a long golden thread closely

with tiny sparkling crystal bells that tinkled merrily.

Following the Star Fairies came a dainty Blossom Fairy, dressed in shell pink rose petals. She wore a wreath of silver dewdrops, which matched her wee shoes.

"Bong!" I had dropped the silver box, which the little man had given me, and its contents dashed my eyes. Gazing them, I found that my small sister was holding a lighted match before my gaze.

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PRIZE of 5

ASSOCIATE From GRIFFITH WINS GOLF TITLE

Through-out the week, at the N.S.W. Club's course at La Perouse, star golfers from the great open spaces battled for the annual championship.

THE result was not surprising. Miss Vedas Ebert, from Griffith, the winner, had already given city dwellers a taste of her quality as runner-up to Miss Lefebvre in the State championship two years ago. Her victory in the final, in which she defeated Miss Kitty Parkman, the Blue Mountains champion, stamps Miss Ebert as a champion, and a strong contender for the N.S.W. open title.

Her success can be attributed to her long, powerful drives, which far outdistanced her opponents.

Tall and loosely built, the new champion left-hander has a remarkably free swing, her one weakness being faulty putting. The wind-swept, difficult course on the sea coast suited her, but played havoc with many of the competitors' games. The failure of Miss Muriel Phillips, the former title holder, and Miss Bannister, the Tamworth champion, to qualify, robbed the match play rounds of much interest.

The success of the record meeting was a triumph of organisation for the N.S.W. Ladies' Union. Next year, no doubt, many more country players will make the trip to Sydney. On present indications there will be sufficient competitors to confine the play to country golfers only. To mix them with metropolitan silver and bronze medal players tends to create congestion.

Nancy Walker, who is playing in the first section of "A" grade badges with the University team, has forsaken architecture for the more prosaic study of economics, so she should have plenty of time to devote to sport these days.



MISS VEDAS EBERT (Griffith), winner of the title, with the Blue Mountains champion, Miss Kitty Parkman, runner-up. In circle: Miss Crago (Leura) at the top of her swing.

AN IMPROMPTU UMPIRE

At the conclusion of her match on Saturday last, Doreen Blake, of the Sans Souci team, was called upon to act as umpire for the ensuing match between Golden Eagles and David Jones.

It was her first appearance in this role, and serves to illustrate the importance to baseball players of being conversant with the finer points of the game.

With this aspect in mind, the executives of the Baseball Association arranged a series of lectures for the girls.

They have been allowed to lapse for the present, but it is hoped that renewed enthusiasm will warrant a repetition of these lectures, which should prove of inestimable value to players.



Personalities In GOLF

Handicap Reduced

THE L.G.U. Bronze Challenge Bowl, played on the New South Wales course, La Perouse, was won by Miss Carl Bayley, with an outstanding score, which reduced her handicap from 23 to 22. This young player is a recent recruit to the New South Wales club, and has been playing for only three months. Previous to taking up golf, Miss Bayley was an enthusiastic A grade tennis player.

Forging Ahead

WITH a round of 84, 24-60 at Roseville last week, Mrs. W. H. Newman reduced her handicap to 19, and should enter the coveted silver division at an early date. She is enjoying a successful season, and is a semi-finalist in the club championship. Her family are all keen golfers, husband W. H., who is secretary of the Metropolitan Transport Trust, is a promising middle marker, while a son and daughter are exhibiting early prowess at "the royal and ancient game."

At Cammeray

BEFORE a big gallery of interested club members at Cammeray last week, Miss Mary McKee defeated Mrs. H. Clarke-Smith in the final of the club championship, 1 up at the 36th hole.

On the same day Mrs. Keith Carnegie, a member of the club's grade team, won the consolation eight, defeating Miss A. Wilson by 4 up and 3.

Four Sisters

THE Avondale championship, played over 36 holes, aroused interest in club circles last week. In a keenly-contested round Miss Phyllis Saddington defeated Miss Nancy Gillespie five and four. The new champion is one of four sisters who have been prominent at Avondale since the club's inception. The former holder of the title is her sister, Miss Elinor Saddington, who now plays with the Australian Club. To honor the winner the committee entertained her, together with Miss Gillespie and the finalists of the consolation eight, at an afternoon tea party at the clubhouse.

Bridge Party

THE funds of Deewy Associates will be considerably augmented as a result of a successful bridge party arranged by Mrs. W. Boyd last week at "Glenferrie," Kirribilli. Among those who arranged tables were Mesdames McDougall, J. Blow, Woodhead, H. Andrews, G. St. Heaps, O'Brien, and Miss Inness. Successful prize-winners were Mrs. Howarth and Mrs. Howard.

F. H. Clark Cup

THE F. H. Clark Cup, presented by the chairman of directors of the company owning North Brighton course, was won by a new player, Miss Kelleher with a net card of 66 from the limit mark 36. Consistent Mrs. W. Powell was runner-up, four strokes away, while Miss Rita Johnston, one of the club's most outstanding players and low markers, was in third place.

Reduced Handicap

MISS MARJORIE AVELING, of Roseville Club, reduced her handicap last week from 26 to 19. Her stroke round was 85, 26-69, and 4 up on par.

Weekly Golf Hint

Be SMART, But DON'T Overdo It

IT is a mistake to try and play in an afternoon confection. It is not only uncomfortable, but bad form. Silk stockings with sports clothes look wrong, and they are bad for the feet. The wearing of high heeled shoes ruins your balance, as well as the putting greens. The wearing of necklaces, diamond rings, pendants, and other jewellery does not improve the appearance of your sports attire, and is likely to have a disastrous effect on your game by impeding your swing or restricting your grip.



LUSTRE HOSIERY SPORTS GIRLS

THE Lustre Hosiery Sports Girls are noted not only for their prowess in the playing fields, but for their picturesque uniforms. In this matter the directors of the firm have been most generous.

A hockey team was formed for the first time last year, and their uniforms, comprising black tunics and salmon colored blouses, with blazers in the same color scheme, excited general admiration in the march past.

But it was as far back as 1935 that the Lustre girls first came into prominence. Cricket and tennis were their main activities, but in addition to this,

NEW FEATURE

Welfare associations of the staffs of leading houses are a definite force in the sporting world. Just what they are doing will be told each week in this new Australian Women's Weekly series.

they turned their attention to charity. Approximately £1800 was raised in the succeeding two years for Hospitals and for United Charities.

Then, perhaps, remembering that "charity begins at home," Lustre Girls won the Popular Girl contest.

The organizer of all these activities is Miss Percival. She is also assistant secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association, and secretary of the Cranbrook section. Mr. E. Moore, superintendent of the firm, a keen hockey player, is coaching the girls.

Rushcutters Bay Oval is very close to the Lustre Hosiery Mills, and every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon finds the girls of the salmon and black uniforms hard at practice.



LUSTRE HOSIERY girls, in their well-known salmon and black blazers, discuss hockey tactics.

VIGORO EXECUTIVES ELECTED

The New South Wales Vigoro Association held their first annual meeting last week, when they elected their officers for the coming year. Miss K. Senior, who is perhaps one of the best known figures in the vigoro world, was elected unopposed to the position of president, pending her acceptance. The representatives from each association spoke in glowing terms of the work she had done in the interest of vigoro. The following office-bearers were elected: Mrs. A. Wright and Mr. W. J. Finn, vice-presidents; Miss I. Svenson, honorary secretary; Mr. F. Seely, honorary treasurer; and Mr. Webster, assistant secretary.

Five associations have already affiliated, and various country organisations have signified their intention of doing so in the near future.

CRICKET CLUB GROUNDS

IN the condition of women's cricket grounds there is undoubtedly room for general improvement. Central Park, Chatswood, affords a striking example of what can be accomplished by women cricketers. The Annandale Waratah Cricket Club, too, have shown enterprise, for they hold the distinction of being the first women's club to have their own scoring board installed.

The Kuring-gai Women's Cricket Club is forging ahead. Three years ago the council granted them a piece of land for a playing area, and they are now hard at work transforming what was just scrub land into a delightful cricket ground. August 26 has been marked for Arbor Day, and 50 trees will be planted under the direction of a very fine committee, of which Mr. Downs, of the Town Planning Association, is a member.

This lead is one that other clubs with their own grounds might well follow. In some instances their grounds are in such a deplorable condition that matches are robbed of all pleasure.

Prominent Baseballers

DAVID JONES team registered another win when they defeated Golden Eagles. They are now running second place with Nestles, and Drummoynes are well in the lead.

David Jones team represents a strong combination. Its members include interstate players, Topy Howell, I. Dillon, N. Cauden, and D. Kelly.

Topy Howell, the champion pitcher, played with St. George Club three years ago, last year with David Jones.

Each year her team have been premiers. Is an element of luck with the team, or is it Topy's skill?



Unbroken Record

For five years, Mrs. Howe, goalkeeper for the Telephone I team, had not missed a match. But influenza is no respecter of records, and last Saturday the team was forced to call on the services of their reserve keeper.

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

IS INVALUABLE TO CHILDREN

because it contains the very nourishing elements which their little systems require in the process of building up bodily fitness. Roboleine has proved a real blessing to thousands of anxious Mothers who have seen their ailing little ones brought back to health and strength by means of this "magical" tonic food.



Bobbie Wilson, of Simmons Street, East Drummoynes, N.S.W. At three months he was not expected to live, but Roboleine has made him a picture of perfect health.

THERE IS NO SECRET WHY ROBOLEINE IS GOOD FOR CHILDREN!

The formula is made known to everyone—but it is in the scientific selection of the ingredients known to be rich in Vitamins and utilising only the finest quality of each that the success of the preparation is mainly due. Roboleine is a correctly balanced food complete with all the food elements necessary in a proper diet, containing the four Vitamins essential to the health of the body.

ROBOLEINE BUILDS HEALTHY CHILDREN!

Every Mother wants her little ones to grow up strong and healthy, with sturdy limbs and firm flesh, with just that reserve of inner strength so that they will enjoy every moment of their lives and not be handicapped either in school or at play by recurring sickness. What Roboleine has done for thousands of Australian and New Zealand children it can do for your little ones. Not only does Roboleine restore weakly children to robust health, but in normal children it lays a good foundation of reserve strength so that they are not so susceptible to colds and other infectious diseases to which school children are so exposed.

ROBOLEINE . . . RICH IN VITAMINS

The importance of Vitamins in regard to children cannot be exaggerated. Children must get a sufficiency in their daily diet, as many conditions of ill health are directly traced to lack of Vitamins. Roboleine will make good any deficiency in this regard. Every spoonful is concentrated nourishment which in itself is not only a perfect dietary ration, but is able to exert an influence upon assimilation which nothing else can supply, actively nourishing and converting food into blood, bone, and tissue.

Roboleine contains:—
Red and White Bone Marrow, to make good red blood, and increase resistance, and strengthen the whole nervous system.

Cream of Malt, a natural laxative and source of energy.

Egg Yolk, containing Lecithin, the greatest nerve food known.

Lemon Juice, neutralised for building bone and preventing skin trouble.

Vitamin, a wonderful tasteless concentrate of Cod Liver Oil, the most powerful natural source of vitamins A and D.

Write to Neil Ltd., Box 1232, G.P.O., Sydney. I enclose 2d in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

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Sample Voucher

SPECIAL OFFER! BUY DIRECT

WE ARE THE MANUFACTURERS A GENUINE SAVING OF 2 GNS. ON YOUR LEATHER COAT

HERE is an ideal opportunity for you to get a HIGH-GRADE LEATHER COAT at WHOLESALE PRICES. EVERY woman who values appearance must possess one of these BEAUTIFUL LEATHER COATS, particularly when it can be purchased at such a reasonable figure without sacrificing QUALITY or FASHIONABLE DESIGN. THE phenomenal interest which these LUXURIOUS COATS have aroused will be intensified by the announcement of a substantial PRICE REDUCTION. THESE STYLISH COATS are POSITIVELY WATERPROOF, and besides being LIGHT in WEIGHT, are thoroughly WARM. They may be procured in PLAIN SHADES or TRIMMED with CONTRASTING COLOURS, and fully lined with figured silk to match, and fully secured one of these GENUINE LEATHER COATS whilst such a wonderful opportunity occurs.

(As Advertised over the air.)

SEND TO-DAY—DON'T DELAY for Samples and Catalogue, etc.

LADIES' COATS

IN ALL SHADES: Red, Blue, Green, Brown, Black, Navy, Tan, Medium Tan, Silver, Brown.

Suitable for Motorcycling or every day Street Wear. When ordering state Chest Measurements and Colour.

84/-

GENT'S COATS

Being both Warm and Waterproof they are most Serviceable and Reliable Coats with wind and rain resisting qualities for motorcycling or everyday wear.

OUT REDUCED PRICE Without Sacrificing Quality.

75/-

When ordering, make all monies payable to D. MARKS. A deposit is requested on all goods sent V.P.F. ONLY ADDRESS—

D. MARKS, 429 GEORGE ST. Queen Victoria Buildings, Corner Market and George Streets, OPEN TILL 5 P.M. FRIDAY. SYDNEY. PHONE 4270.





WHAT WOULD the M.C.C. have to say of these barrackers? Golden Eagle players urge their comrades on in the Baseball match against David Jones at the Domain.

HARDCOURTS TOURNAMENT

Unsettled weather has occasioned certain delay in the Combined Hardcourts Tournament, but the finals of several events have now been contested.

Miss Selwyn annexed the Ladies' Singles Championship for the second time. Her opponent in the finals, Miss Williams, was, apparently, at a disadvantage on the slower court. Miss Selwyn, however, displayed a fine sense of timing and of stroke control.

In the mixed doubles, Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Lloyd, forming an excellent combination, easily defeated Miss Selwyn and Miss Betts.

A deceptive underarm service was principally responsible for Miss Ander-

WHY not WOMEN'S TENNIS TEAM From OVERSEAS

That negotiations are afoot to invite a men's team of tennis players out from England, and that a team of men players may soon leave these shores for Noumea, following on the tour of our Davis Cup players, augurs well for the future of tennis in Australia—but what of our women tennis players?

ARE they always to remain satisfied with just playing in the Australasian Championships as their highest achievement? In New South Wales we have had visiting men's teams from England, France, Japan and America. It was during the latter's visit that we had the opportunity of seeing in action the only overseas woman player to visit Australia, Mrs. Van Ryn. Would it not be possible for Australian and State bodies to foster visits from women with international records as tennis players?

To date not one team of women players has visited these shores. If the Australasian Lawn Tennis Association can only finance men's teams, then could not the Women's Councils of the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association be appointed to take the matter in hand. Mesdames Conway and Warburton and



MRS. ROLAND CONWAY, Miss Lloyd, and Mrs. Warburton, women councillors to the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association, hold the unique position of being the only women appointed in any Tennis Association in the world.

Display By Champions

Exhibition matches at Manly have created keen local interest. Joan Hartigan and Nell Hall played the singles, in which the former won in two straight sets. Hall and Thompson were their respective partners in the doubles of a display that was not only interesting, but instructive.

DAPHNE AKHURST MEMORIALS

Daphne Akhurst was a Normanhurst girl, and in 1917 won the New South Wales Schoolgirls' Championship. For five successive years she again won this title. This record renders the presentation of a trophy, to be open for competition to schoolgirls, a very fitting tribute to her memory. This trophy for the junior ranks has been presented by the Western Suburbs Tennis Association to the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association. It will be known as the "Daphne Akhurst Memorial Shield."

A further memorial takes the form of a Cup, presented by the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association to the Australian Association for the winner of the Australian Women's Singles Championship.

Each of these trophies will be held by the respective winners at the annual events, but cannot be won outright.

ON OUTLOOK COURTS

The ladies tennis tournament organised by Miss Farrelly, with the assistance of Mrs. Doyle and Mrs. Simpson, in aid of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, was a financial success, over £30 being collected.

Mrs. McPherson and Miss Jones won the first division, and Mrs. Carrick and Miss Stewart the second, with Mesdames Fletcher and Wheatley only three games behind. The tournament was played on the Outlook Courts, Neutral Bay.

Sporting Romances!

Miss Phyl McColgan, of the Y Browns Hockey Club, has announced her engagement to Mr. Kevin Bowland, of Darlinghurst.

Another Hockey player to announce her engagement is Laura Meredith, of the "Lathallions" Club. She is engaged to Mr. Allan Brown, of Burwood.

In Brisbane

Mrs. Peatfield, Sports Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., is at present in Brisbane, attending the National Conference. The Misses Gladys Fairs, Gwen Pittard, and Rene Swinfield, all well-known sports girls, are with her.

Miss Barbara Peden, member of the Killara Badminton team, and a noted cricketer, is also in the northern State for the conference. She will devote some time during her stay to coaching the tennis players.



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ATHLETES are VERSATILE

IN other fields of sport they are well to the fore. Vigoro has claimed E. Robinson; the Bandits Hockey Club has added Heather Kennedy, and Nancy Shields to its ranks, while Eileen Meredith is centre forward for Lathallions, Chrissie Dahm and Phyl McColgan are playing hockey with the Y Browns.

Swimmers, Too

Hockey also claims a number of swimmers. Perhaps the most outstanding player is Evelyn Baldwin, who has just left with the hockey team for Suva. She is captain of her hockey team during the winter, but the summer again finds her in the championship class both as a distance and a backstroke swimmer. To add that she excels at water polo, is a well-known horsewoman—she won the high jump at the Monaro Show—a fine shot with a rifle—she won a First at the Berridale Championship—gives a very fine example of all-round proficiency at sport.

SEVEN COURTS

Miss Collins, assisted by Mrs. Wren and Miss Johnstone, arranged a tennis tournament, whereby £8 was raised for the Home for Incurables. Seven courts were engaged at the Agricultural Ground, and all the prizes, refreshments, and balls were donated by various firms. Miss Culterwell and Miss Hunt won the Ladies Doubles. Two Blackwell Cup players, Messrs. McKay and Hughes, annexed the Men's Doubles, while Miss Culterwell scored another win in the mixed doubles with Mr. Robertson as her partner.

On Holiday

Mrs. T. McDonald, who managed the Newcastle team during Country Hockey Week in Sydney, is at present holidaying at Herberton, in Queensland.



BASKETBALL IS STRENUOUS

A HIGH PASS by one of the Citizens team in their match against Rozelle II. at the Show Ground.

Don's lead in the first set against Miss Bruce in the finals of the Ladies' Plate. Miss Bruce, however, speedily mastered it, and won the next two sets.

THERE'S NO AGE LIMIT

Vigoro is a sport which knows no age-limit, at least, from the viewpoint of extreme youth!

IN the majority of the Vigoro Association there are teams comprising children between nine and sixteen years of age. They are known by the rather quaint title of Midgets, but neither youth nor title proved a handicap to the Midgets of the St. George Women's Vigoro Association. In their last match against their seniors the Midgets registered a decided victory.

In the Bankstown to Sydneyham Competition, the Midgets are all twelve years of age—and younger.

Miss Lloyd could form a committee, which, within a short space of time, would be working to finance the visit of a team from overseas in 1934.

It will be remembered that the tour of the Australian Women's Tennis Team that visited Europe and America was only made possible by the generosity of tennis enthusiasts, who arranged tournaments to defray their expenses.

Mrs. Jack Crawford is at present in London, and could be appointed an overseas delegate to make arrangements for a visiting team. Now that interest is centred on the Misses Scriven and Round, we would prefer a team from England, but, failing that, Mrs. Crawford could be given power to obtain the best team of women players available. A move of this nature would undoubtedly serve to further the interests of women's tennis, and would create general enthusiasm in the sporting world.

SEE BEST LETTER CONTEST ON PAGE 12

PREF. VOTING COUPON

GROUP 1:

I would like more (or less) of—

More

Less

GROUP 2:

I would like more (or less) of—

More

Less

GROUP 3:

I think more (or less) space might be given to—

More

Less

I suggest as a new feature—

.....

HOW THE PAPER IS NOW ARRANGED

GROUP 1 (Maximum Space): Fashions and Patterns, Careers for Women, Short Stories, Serial, New Books at a Glance, Poems, Louisa Mack's Diary, Weddings and Engagements, Questions My Patients Ask Me, Problems of Life, Shopping News, Housecraft.

GROUP 2 (Medium): Interesting People, Clever Ideas, Things That Happen, Competitions, New Books at a Glance, Poems, Louisa Mack's Diary, Weddings and Engagements, Questions My Patients Ask Me, Problems of Life, Shopping News, Housecraft.

GROUP 3 (Minimum): So They Say, Bridge Article, Women in Business Series, Music, Quick Service Department, Little Theatres, The Old Gardener, Radio Gossip, Knitting, Half a Moment, Our Dogs.

Which do you prefer:

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Big-new Puzzle

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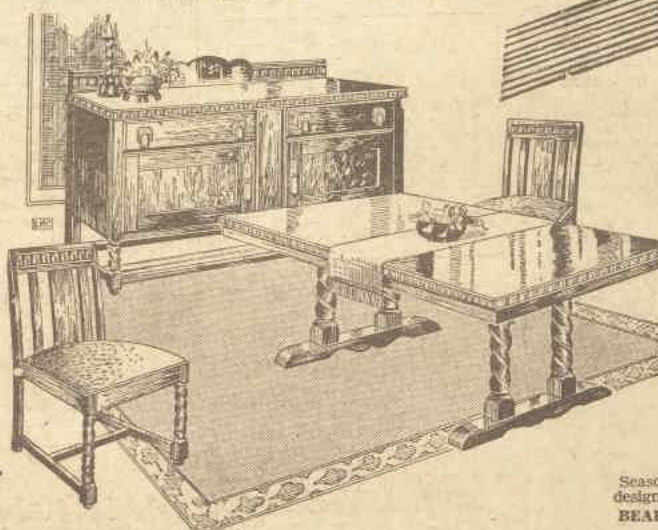
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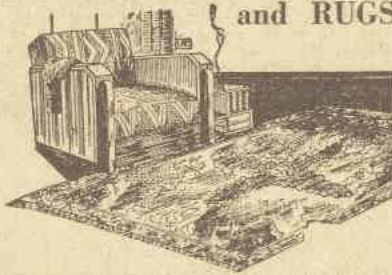
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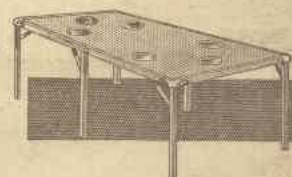
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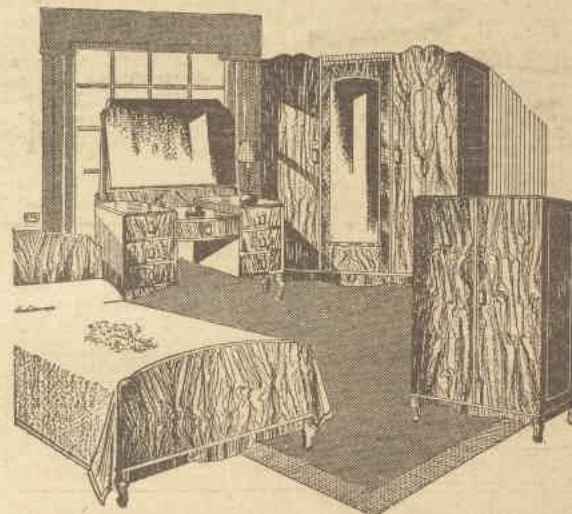
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